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Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout—May Edginton—F. Scott Fitzgerald
C. E. Scoggins—Meade Minnigerode—Sam Hellman—Samuel G. Blythe

"You need not dread your baby's second summer, if the diet is correct"—say baby specialists

ALONG with the pleasure which a baby brings, there is a natural undercurrent of anxiety. Especially is this true of the second summer.

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Baby specialists use Cream of Wheat

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Minneapolis, Minnesota

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- ☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
- ☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

RICKLER? Sarah? Fanny? Golda? Bertha? Esther? Leah? Rae? Rebecca? Flora? Anne? George? Abraham? Solomon? Philip? Max? Joseph? And Joseph, youngest at the moment of the Webers, would pipe "Papa, I'm here."

It was nose-counting at bedtime in a cellar in East Broadway, the time fifty years ago. A true cellar, too, in the New York ghetto; no half basement with windows to peer at the sun. In it were housed seventeen children in stepladder sizes, the father and mother; not infrequently the little nephew, Lawrence, now owner of the Longacre Theater; and, at intervals, a boarder to eke out the family income.

This cellar was the first stand on American soil of a Jewish family come to America from Poland by way of England, where, in Birmingham, they had halted long enough to acquire a working knowledge of English, a distinct advantage over the generality of their neighbors.

Getting a Start

IN THE confusion of embarking at Liverpool, the family—then eleven in number—missed the sailing ship on which they had booked passage. The vessel, they were to learn in New York, was lost that voyage with all hands. In a ship sailing the following day, they were thirty-five days from port to port. On the thirty-third day, the youngest child, a babe in arms, died. For all the steerage passengers knew, they still were in midocean; and they knew the burial customs of the sea. The family was gathered in prayer, a tallith, or Jewish ceremonial cape, spread over them, when the ship's surgeon entered the steerage. Sharks were following the vessel, a certain sign to an old-school seaman that death had come aboard. The surgeon demanded that the body be surrendered.

PHOTO FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Weber and Fields of the "German Senators" Period

Mrs. Weber held the dead baby to her breast as if in suckling, and her ruse succeeded. Two days later the Webers carried their dead ashore with them, their first act in the New World a funeral. At once upon finding rooms in Mott Street, the senior Weber went to a synagogue. There, in an interval in which there was no prayer, he turned to the man next to him with some commonplace remark.

"You are a stranger here, no?" the man asked. "Whence come you? From Birmingham, in England? I have relatives there. Did you, by chance, know a family named Weber?"

At the next word the men embraced. They were uncle and nephew. The uncle, believing that his kinsfolk had sailed on the lost vessel, had said the prayers of the dead for them.

The flesh that orthodox Jews may eat, and the manner in which it may be killed, is laid down in the Mosaic code; and the kosher butcher is a lay officer of the synagogue. The senior Weber was such a schechter, paid at so much a head for the fish, fowl and flesh he prepared. As many as two hundred chickens were dressed in a day in the Weber basement. Rats, attracted by the odors, overran the rooms. The children were taught to think of them as household pets, the usual dependents of any well-ordered ménage, and had been known to boast that they had twice as many rats as the most favored of their neighbors.

Around the corner and up the block, on the second floor of a walk-up tenement, there was another roll call at nightfall, not quite so long in the saying. Papa Schanfield, by occupation a tailor, direct from a Polish village only a few versts from the former Weber home, would call:

"Max? Rene? Wenny? Solly? Abraham? Nathan? Annie? Lew?"

And little Lew, who was to drop the Schan from before his family name, and add an s, would pipe "Papa, I'm here." Like his future partner, he had been born after his parents had crossed the Atlantic.

Papa Schanfield made twenty-five dollars a week some weeks. Below Fourteenth Street that was comparative opulence. Three rooms the Schanfields luxuriated in, and thought of Poland without regrets.

The Old Bowery

THE Bowery then was the Bowery, from the Civil War to the 1890's a sanctuary for the devil and his work, linked in the mouths of sailors with the Barbary Coast of old San Francisco, and with Port Said. New York, after the lapse of a generation, inclines to think of it romantically. The glamour of its defiant diabolism is remembered, its vicious realities forgotten or sentimentalized. Its neighborhood shunned by the better class of trade, rents were cheap in its side streets, and the poor crept in to make a witches' caldron of bitter struggle and prosperous vice.

Out of this sink, and using it as a springboard, came Weber and Fields and other men and women to contribute unvarying decency to the American stage, and the sober honesty of their private lives to American society. The stubborn resistance of orthodox Jewish family life to its environment, the product of two thousand years of oppression, served them better than they knew.

Might was right, and every boy was on his own. Quickness of wit and limb alike stood him in stead. And on the sidewalks of the Bowery and the flagstone yard of Public School No. 42, in Allen Street, first was joined the team that was to become one of the classic partnerships of our stage.

A partnership of nimble legs and nimble minds each used to advantage one Monday morning in the '70's—their first joint appearance their ransacked minds recall. Baths were had at public bathhouses. A nickel entitled one to a towel and locker. Otherwise you stood in line and were herded through somewhat in the manner of cattle being dipped at a quarantine station.

With five other boys, young Joe Weber had set out for the nearest bathhouse before breakfast this Monday morning, a two-cent piece, then a current coin, tied in the tail of his shirt against the appetite a public-bath scrubbing made certain.

In the bath he lost his crowd and emerged alone, shining, hungry, in enemy territory, and two cents in his fist. As such, he was a lawful prize for the first eye to see him, and he knew it well.

Before such an eye could rest upon him, he converted the two-cent piece into a bolivar cake—a sandwich of gingerbread and cocoanut cake—at a street stand before him, and crammed the entire cake into his mouth. Nor too soon, for privateers bore down on him from all quarters and seized him. His mouth and throat crowded with dry cake, he could only wave his arms in frantic gestures. One of his boarders jumped to conclusions.

"Deaf and dumb!" he exclaimed. "Better leave him be. Them deaf and dummies are awful strong. If they hit you and kill you, they don't do nothing to them."

Weber and Fields of the Dime Museum Era

One of the enemy wrote on the sidewalk with a stub of chalk, "How long you been deaf and dumb?"

Weber borrowed the chalk and wrote, "All my life."

This distinction gave him a pass through the lines. When he had put a sporting distance between him and the enemy, the cake now swallowed, Weber spoke—spoke in jeers and insults.

"Get 'im!" shrieked the enemy in many voices.

Their cries and the rush of their flying feet rose above the clatter of horse cars and trucks. Running beside him, Weber became aware of a strange boy. With something like manslaughter as the penalty of failure, the two, after three hard-pressed blocks, just won into the Weber basement, where the stranger explained that he was an earlier victim of the privateersmen, having surrendered a ginger cake. His name, he said, was Lew Schanfield.

The Gingersnap King

WITH no pastures, weedy lots or back yards in which to expand outward, the boy life of the East Side, fighting and frolicking in the streets, had a tendency to dilate upward in handsprings, cart wheels and primary acrobatics. With that alert opportunism of the slums, that thirst for elbow room in life, the more gifted youngsters saw there was a market for such wares and sought to turn them into cash. Today, and much more so half a century ago, a child in the ghetto was expected to earn part of his keep. If it might be earned by posturing for the public's applause instead of by drudgery, so much the better. Parents were interested in the sum, not the source.

FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

A Dime Museum of the 80's. At the Right—The Great Tony Pastor

Hardly were these two putting one foot before another with any surety before they were performing flip-flops. At fifty-five, Fields still is doing it. He turned them in his latest show last year. Of the apprentices in the Allen Street school yard, Paul Salvin, now owner of the Palais Royal and other Broadway cabarets, was the furthest advanced.

As Master Paul, he already had been seen on Bowery stages; and as the owner of the only pair of clogs—made to order at a cost of three dollars—in the neighborhood, he was the monarch of a court of urchins anxious to follow in his steps. Francis Wilson, James T. Powers and other lads whose names later were to shine on billboards were of this court. An adjoining street housed Arthur and Jennie Dunn, a child team of some small experience.

In cellars, the haylofts of livery stables, and on a vacant lot in what then was known as Little Twelfth Street, the hopeful talent of the streets, led and bullied by Master Paul and the Dunn brother and sister, played theater and practiced ground-and-lofty tumbling, charging as much as two cents and as little as one pin. Other children in ten thousand other American communities were playing the same game no doubt, and grew up to earn livings everywhere but on the stage. Play for them was pure pretense. On the East Side play and reality were only one station apart. Again, the sources of the American theater were as near at hand as the courthouse to the youth of Greensboro, North Carolina, and one did not have to run away with a circus or a Tom show or borrow money to attend a dramatic school, in order to smell grease paint.

Ten cents was a respectable sum, better known to hearsay than to possession. Dimes were not given away either by parents or by benevolent old gentlemen. They were earned, won in crap games or by pitching pennies at a crack. Among the followers of Master Paul was one whose pockets never lacked a jingle. He had been known to show two and even three dollars, sums that seemed to merit the notice of the police. He made the money, he said, selling gingersnaps on Sundays in One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street in Harlem. Joe and Lew shadowed him for two days until they learned where and at what terms he bought and sold his cakes. Borrowing thirty-five cents each from their fathers by describing this business opportunity, they walked the five or six miles to Harlem, with its peculiar susceptibility to gingersnaps, and cleared $1.30 between them the first Sunday. They repeated the following Sabbath, though tempted away from business every time the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street drawbridge opened for a passing tug and offered a free and novel ride. The senior Weber and Fields met and congratulated each other on their sons.

The third Sunday Weber perfected an imitation of a tongue-tied boy trying to say, "Please buy my gingersnaps," which promised to move the heart of every woman who passed. It was especially designed for ladies on the arms of their Sunday escorts, and it had not failed in three try-outs, when a heavy rainstorm broke. Before they could reach shelter, their gingersnaps were a sodden lump. Afraid to go home without even the original capital, they loitered back toward the Bowery afoot. All boys knew that a coin was to be found now and then in the street-car tracks, dropped by conductor or passenger. The story sounds unlikely, but it is a fact that by gluing their eyes to the tracks, they found almost a dollar in pennies, nickels and dimes in the path of the horse cars from Harlem to the City Hall. But Harlem had to get its gingersnaps elsewhere thereafter.

The rare dime that did not go toward feeding and clothing the families took them to the gallery of the Bowery Theater, now the Thalia, and one of the few New York theaters of half a century ago still in use. Ten cents' worth included a comedy, a drama, a pantomime and three or four specialty acts. Theater hours have shrunk now to eight-thirty or eight-forty-five to ten-forty-five or eleven o'clock. Then the curtain rose sharply at eight o'clock, not to fall finally until half an hour past midnight. To get a seat in the front rows meant gulping supper and dashing off to the gallery entrance to stand in line for an hour before the doors opened.

There are no galleries in New York theaters less than ten years old. The audiences have gone to the movies, and architects design only two floors. In that pre-Hollywood day, however, the gallery was the pulse of the popular stage. Actors played to the gallery literally, not figuratively. And the nigger heaven, as it was known in the West and South, voiced its likes and its antipathies just as the spirit moved it. It hissed and jeered the villain, shouted encouragement to the put-upon hero, guffawed and stamped at the clowning of the low comedian when it approved and stopped the show when it didn't.

A bouncer, armed with a rattan cane for boys and brass knucks, more than likely, for the older gods of the gallery, censored its comments. When he, in his own wisdom, thought that there had been enough of whistling and cat-calling, he would rap for order. The wise heard and obeyed. The foolish were snatched from their benches and whaled with the rattan. Fields has a habit of rubbing his legs reflectively when he describes the bouncer.

New York in 1876

NEW shoes oppressed young Lew's feet one such winter night in the Bowery Theater. Off came the shoes. That was characteristic of the gallery; so was the sequel. In his pop-eyed absorption in the alarming fortunes of the harassed heroine of Escaped from Sing Sing, he forgot the shoes. When he reached for them at the final curtain they were gone. The boy had to walk home in his stockings, and caught both a cold and a licking.

The year was 1876 and the dollar was large in American pockets. It came hard and bought much. The whistles blew at seven A.M., and blew again at seven P.M. Stores opened before eight o'clock and closed after six, or as late as trade offered. Only bankers and brokers went to work as late as nine o'clock, and business men did not give two hours to their lunch and then telephone the office that they could be found at the golf club. The American home was something more than a dormitory, and the tired business man was tired. Woman's place was in that home, and she spent such money as her menfolk gave her.

The Centennial was on in Philadelphia, Grant was President, Colorado was the newest star in the blue field, and Moody and Sankey were evangelizing the land. The electric light was flickering its first commercial flutters, the telephone had not yet dispersed the armies of messenger boys, and young men were learning to write on the typewriter. The Brooklyn Theater had recently caught fire during a performance of The Two Orphans and two hundred and eighty persons had died in its ruins, and in New York the Rialto lay on and below Fourteenth Street.

FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

New York is a world metropolis now, and a year-around playground attracting an average of fifty thousand visitors a day. These visitors are the mainstay of the

(Continued on Page 68)

THE CHILD IN THEIR MIDST

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE worst duke in Europe—who did not seriously deserve that description in which he took such pleasure—had succeeded where every other man who really counted in his *milieu* had failed. At last Grace was coming to supper with him, alone, in his flat.

It was not a matter of mere weeks, but a matter of sheer months that the duke had pursued Grace, the new dancer at the King's Theater, Piccadilly. They had been introduced in the wings, whither he had hastened directly the curtain went down on the first act of the revue, after his first rapturous sight of Grace's incomparable legs. Her face, seen close, almost took his breath away; and he was a very experienced man, too, and the face, of course, was masked in make-up. It was little, brave, reckless, tender, fair. It was so—so—so —— He had never, anyway, seen a face like it.

Grace took the introduction warily, although it was Mr. Macpherson himself who had been induced to make it, and who said privately to her afterward, "Mind you, I don't consider any girl with a ha'porth of sense need really be scared of William."

She had since lunched with him once—her lunch times being, except for that once, and for some tiresome, inscrutable reason, unavailable. She had danced with him two or three times for half an hour between matinée and evening performance at the best dance club in London, and accepted a cup of tea, but not the following cocktail, before returning to the theater. She had his flowers in her dressing room, but had sent back his jade-mounted vanity bag.

Vanity bags de luxe usually appealed to them too. However, the rebuff of the vanity bag was not final at all, for now she was coming to supper.

The duke had been thinking about her more seriously than he had thought about any woman for years and years—since, in fact, the desperate loves of his boyhood. He had traveled the world round in his yacht and had met all the most famous beauties in every continent and of every color. He achieved amours with ease and distinction both as to their beginnings and their endings. The endings were nearly all the same, though the beginnings varied so enchantingly. One grew tired. One said to one's skipper, "Steam up tomorrow morning." One passed on. It was a good world.

But when he had met Grace he did not so readily pass on. For one thing, Macpherson—the most inspired theatrical manager in London—had hesitated a long while before he made the introduction. That gave a fillip to it. Then the girl herself, so mysterious, so aloof, a little flower with its roots nowhere as far as anyone knew—for her, for the first time in the last five years, anyway, he felt actual passion, a great passion.

So, when he knew that she would come to supper, he told himself, "I love her devilishly hard."

"Grace," he had said—she had no other name except, one supposed, to her own friends and family; and who, what and where in heaven's name were they?—"I want you to give me—an old friend by now—a great pleasure. Come out to supper."

Grace was in her dressing room, and his flowers perfumed all the air she breathed. She had looked frightened and adventurous and sorry, so that the duke murmured under his breath, "Adorable!"

Then she repeated for the twentieth time, patiently, "I never go out to supper."

"Well," said the duke, "after all, I am not exactly asking you to go out. Let me explain. I want you to come in to supper—*chez moi*, Grace. Ah, do!"

"You Live in a Cottage, Dear, Set in Fields, With Only a Footpath Leading to It, Thirteen Miles Out of London? Is There Such a Place?"

But she continued resisting.

"Supper parties are impossible for me."

"And it isn't, after all, a supper party, Grace. Heaven forbid! Just you and me, my dear. Ah, do!"

"My last train home is at midnight."

"What are trains? And how far away is home?"

"Home is"—and she hesitated a long while—"thirteen miles out of London."

"My dear! Thirteen nonsensical miles! How purely ridiculous! I shall send you home in a car. Come to supper with me, Grace, and see my flat. I'll show you my lions and tigers and tusks and things. Don't worry, my dear. Don't think of trains. What are cars for?"

After quite a long while Grace consented.

II

THE duke was dining with his twice-widowed sister, Madame la Comtesse St. Juin, on the night of the supper. There were just a few people there, all intimates. There were Elena, who was trying indefatigably, by every wile and trick conceivable to woman, to get enough evidence against Ferdinand, her husband, to divorce him; Lord Charles, the tiredest bachelor in London, who was reputed to know everything in the world; and the twin sisters who had been so admired for four seasons, the Ladies Angel and Mary, each with a well sleeked and ironed dancing partner with whom she was going on somewhere or other afterward. It was one of those gay, tired, witty, hateful, lovable parties, the food being exactly right, the champagne iced exactly right, the flowers and lights exquisitely planned—purplish silk shades that yet glowed pinkish on the women's faces, and a table decoration of orchids. The windows were open, and behind silk curtains the roar of London came softly but relentlessly.

The duke knew that Elena watched him across the table, wondering, suspecting, jealous as a cat. Lately he had rebelled at her indefinite but enduring chains. He had rather sickened of love with verdigris upon it. And he thought he'd perhaps ask Lord Charles to meet him in one of their clubs later on, when he could enjoy one of those talks with the sage for which there seemed all too little time nowadays. Alternatively he thought that he might drop in to a show to kill time till 11:30. He thought ——

But in the end he lingered behind the other guests to chat with his sister. He saw the thin hectic girls go, and the thin hectic young married woman go—and Lord Charles went, too, obeying her command for his escort. The wonderful wispy frocks and the long ropes of pearls, which seemed as much a part of the women inside them as did their restless eyes or their restless limbs or their incalculable souls, had disappeared. The large drawing-room enjoyed a temporary quiet, and he was alone with his sister in one of those queer silences that seemed sometimes to hang over her like a cloud.

She had effervesced and now was every one of her fifty-nine years—yes, every minute of every year of them. She had been a shy and shining debutante when the duke first saw the light.

"Going on, Sarah?" asked the duke.

"Not yet."

"You are tired, my dear."

"Always," said the countess, and it was as if she took off a mask and laid it down on her lap and looked up over it at him.

"My poor dear!" said the duke. He held out the cigarette box, but she shook her head.

"I've given it up. I have a new doctor, who says that it destroys women's youth."

The duke did not smile. He looked at her with that courteous gravity that was one of his many charms, observing, "Ah!"

"Do you know what date it is?" whispered the countess.

He thought carefully; then he started, and said, "Yes; yes, Sarah. You're right. It is ——"

"Hilary will be—will be free again in a fortnight exactly," said the countess, and she put a hand to her spoiled throat as if the words hurt her.

And, indeed, they hurt her, for she spoke of her only son, a child by her first husband, whom not even her influence and prestige had been able to keep out of penal servitude in a common prison.

"Fifteen years," she said. "It has been reduced for good conduct." She laughed. "I disown him," she whispered; "he knows that. He does not exist."

"Leave it all to me, my dear," said the duke. "I'll give it to your solicitors to do for you. He'd better be got out of the country."

"Out of my sight."

The duke lighted a cigarette.

"No wonder you were looking bad, poor old girl. But don't worry."

"Worry?" answered the countess in a bleak, contemptuous voice. "Worry? It is no longer my affair. He is not my son!"

The duke was thinking of Elena and all that her eyes had said to him across the dinner table. The countess thought of her too.

"Elena loves you," she said presently. "She is lucky. I wish—I wish my time for all that was not most hopelessly past. They say she is thinking of getting rid of that husband in Rhodesia, and —— I suppose you'll have to settle down sometime."

"Shall I?" said the duke. "But I'm not tired yet. And now I think I'll be off, Sarah."

"Come on to the Loughmeres' ball with me, William."

"No, thanks. I have an engagement at home a little later on." And smiling down at her, he added, "A young person is coming to supper."

"A person?"

"And a personage in a way," said the duke; "but not in your way, my dear Sarah. Good-by."

III

THE duke walked home from Sarah's great house in Mayfair, and as he approached his flat he saw, drawn up outside, the back of a little coupé that he thought he knew. And, indeed, he did know it: it was Lord Charles' coupé, with Lord Charles inside, smoking a cigarette and sleepy with patience. The duke looked in, frowning.

"Elena," said Lord Charles. "She—she—er—on our way to Claridge's she thought of something she wished to say to you, and insisted on my driving her here to—ah—wait for you."

"How did Elena know I should be coming back?"

"She—ah—telephoned from your sister's, I believe, and your man told her."

She was waiting for him—quite young still, so beautiful, so haggard. She ran forward and put up her face. The duke kissed her cheek. But she had for him a stale savor. Her mind, her soul, her emotions—all had inexpressibly staled. He knew why it was. She had tired most terribly of everything and everyone, save always the new lover on whom she had set her heart. He did not want her; he had never wanted her. It was one of those sad things between a man and a woman.

"Bill," she whispered—her nostrils dilated—"you have a table set for two in there!"

She pointed to the dining room, which led out of the reception room where they stood together. The door was ajar as she had left it after she had stolen to look in.

"What do you want, Elena?" said the duke, taking her wrists.

"How can you ask? What is it between us? Why don't you—don't you ——"

"My dear Elena, our friendship ——"

"Friendship!"

"—— has been—thank heaven—an innocent one."

"Thank heaven—you thank heaven!"

"Stop, my dear! Stop! You don't mean half you say."

She was limp with exhaustion of nerves and passion. The duke gripped her wrists hard.

"You must go, Elena. You might still have a reputation if you'll nurse up and preserve what you've left yourself of it."

"My reputation! Besides, Charles is down there waiting for me—a perfect chaperon."

The duke laughed, but his light eyes in his dark face were in earnest.

"Listen, my dear! Don't waste your time, your thoughts, your good name, over me. Enough of heroics. They come too easily to a woman who's worked herself into the state of mind and health you've worked yourself into. Go, my dear, now. And let us—let us, before you go, ratify a good friendship."

"Friendship! After your kisses, Bill! Your letters! Beautiful letters I read again and again!"

"Could You Bear to be a Duchess?"

"What?" cried the duke. "Destroy them!"

Elena laughed; and her laugh, too, was crooked, like Sarah's.

"Never, never, never! Not as long as I live!" She leaned against the wall, her face in her arm. "Live? I wouldn't mind dying!"

"Oh, nonsense, my dear," said the duke earnestly. "You'd hate it. To exchange the oysters and champagne and sunshine and caviar of life, and the shires in the winter, and your wonderful dressmaker—for mere worms! You'd loathe it!"

"You brute! You laugh!"

"Laugh, too, Elena, and then you won't cry." He walked rapidly the length of the room and back. "Elena," he said, stopping before her, "how do we make such infernal chaos of everything?"

"We?"

"All of us."

"I don't know," she whispered.

"We have too much to play with, I suppose. Our lives are just one big playground stacked with toys. They keep inventing those toys to amuse us—and more—and more. One by one we tire of them all."

"Oh, yes, you tire of them all!"

"You too, Elena. You too."

"I too. Oh, yes—yes. But, Bill, we are different, you and I."

"The last love is always—different, Elena."

"Ah, but we are so different. Surely you still love me, Bill?"

"No," he said in a sorry voice. "My loss, Elena; but I don't."

"Once you did."

"Never! I haven't loved any woman for years and years and years."

"But you ——"

"Oh, yes," said the duke; "one does, of course, play act. And you too ——"

"I am real now! I am real now!"

"Go, my dear."

"Listen, Bill! If I divorced Ferdinand ——"

"Ferdinand, who loves you, Elena?"

"Oh, you are trying to be hard—to be stupid! Wouldn't he give me anything I asked for?"

"Yes; since he loves you, I suppose he would. Men do even that sometimes."

"Wouldn't you marry me then, darling? Shouldn't we begin a new life together, you and I?"

"No," said the duke. "We should begin a very old life together, you and I, Elena—for we are such old people."

"Thirty-nine; twenty-nine."

"Together we are very old, my dear, for we are tired of everything. We have nothing to give each other. There is nothing at all. What you and I and most of our friends want, Elena, is to be able to believe again. What we both want in our souls, my dear, is to be able to begin everything all over again as if it were for the first time."

"One can't," whispered Elena.

"Yes," said the duke, his light eyes shining; "sometimes one has the chance. All the beauty and the surprise of first things can come over again. And oh, what a joyful thing it is to find again! It makes us want to begin once more—with someone who is just beginning. To learn to play, and have all the first things again, and not to let them go again, my dear. That is what men like me want, and that is what women like you want, if you only knew it."

"Lunacy!" cried Elena fiercely, but exhausted with her stress of anger, and now crying.

"I'm talking like a book, I know," said the duke, a little sheepishly for him; "but, by Jove, I was feeling like one too! One of those uplifting books, you know, full of love and ——"

He turned away from her, but she had seen his eyes shining.

"Billy," she whispered, moving after him, "I so want to be your wife."

"My dear," said the duke, wheeling round and looking her now straight in the eyes, "I have fooled, I have played, I have rioted, I have made love all over the world—no one knows it more frankly than you know it—but I have not forgotten one thing: That I have a great name and a great house and a great torch to hand on; and when I marry ——"

"It—won't—be me," whispered Elena, shrinking back.

She touched his hand. He understood, and returned the faint caress.

"It won't be anyone at all like—us, my dear."

She unresisting, he lifted her golden cloak about her shoulders and fastened the great frilled collar around her neck, so that, above it, she looked like a sad pierrette.

"Recapture it all with Ferdinand," said the duke; "Ferdinand, who sickened of what you do and I do, and saw there is no profit in it; he knew better than all of us; and so he went away to do something he felt worth doing."

"Oh, you are mad tonight! Ferdinand!" Then she cried, galvanized to a new ferocity at the thought, "And you? You? Who are you looking for, then? What woman is coming here tonight?"

The duke did not answer, and in the silence, the stroke of a clock fell clearly into the room.

It was 11:30.

"You will go, Elena."

IV

WILLIAM, fourth duke of Kingsland, had a dream of a little supper laid out in this princely flat, which he so much preferred to the sobriety of the Kingsland town house.

When Grace entered, like a slim lath rolled in a pink satin cloak over a pink chiffon frock, she thought that he looked very wicked, very sophisticated, very dangerous, as he turned, dark and smiling, to greet her. Yet she came into this new country with a laugh, on her dancing feet, and he loved them. They had a twinkling way of moving as if, even when she soberly walked, they were dancing to the music of the world.

"At last!" he exclaimed, pulling the cloak from her. And then he looked at her silver slippers, so little, and he whispered, "I love your feet! I do love them!"

And she cried suddenly, "Oh, so do I! My feet—my dear feet, my darling feet which have danced me all the way to London from ——"

"Ah, quick—the revelation! From where?"

But then Grace only smiled; and her smile was a little crooked, wistful, so that he was strangely reminded of Elena, whose perfume lingered in the flat, and also of Sarah.

"Grace," he said, "you have not a damaged heart, have you? Tell me, quick!" She shook her head, laughing. "Well," said the duke, "I have a damaged heart." And he took her hand and kissed it.

"I am going to get to the bottom of all the mysteries tonight," he warned her, and he seated her at the table.

She saw oysters and chicken mayonnaise and strawberries and cream, and a butler appeared to open the champagne and then vanished for good. She saw the biggest and most beautiful box tied with golden ribbons, and containing no doubt the biggest and most beautiful chocolates in the world, upon the table at her right hand.

"We're going to look after ourselves," said William. "More amusing, don't you think?"

Grace had taken off all her make-up. She had a faint fresh color of her own even at night, with only a light dust of powder on it. Her eyes were big, deep and secret, with the secrets of the young. Her hair was parted as plainly as a Madonna's and knotted at the back in the circle of a great plait. She was very simple, and how she began to enjoy her supper!

After half an hour had passed they still sat at the table. The chocolate box had been untied and the sweets sampled. Grace was like a child sated with ecstasy at a birthday banquet, and yet not so sated that she could not long for more. It made the duke feel like nineteen again to look at her

"You are wonderful!" said he. Again he took her hand and kissed it, thinking of her lips. "You are like a little song."

She laughed.

"What are you thinking?"

"How nice it all is."

"What is so nice, dear?"

He put his brown face close to hers, and his light eyes looked sidelong at her flushed cheeks.

"It is so pretty, so wonderful; I love it."

"But surely, my dear, you always take the sweets and skim the cream of life like the rest of us?" She shook her head slowly. "No? Oh, child! Tell me what you do with your little life when you are not dancing. Tell me a little about you. Grace, let me be just the one friend who is different. I will keep your secrets."

Then the thought that would have flashed to his mind instantly with any other girl flashed into it as he sat looking at Grace.

"Is it a man?"

He felt his face flush darkly; his heart beat thickly; the blood all over his body was in revolt. He was immensely surprised at himself that she had stirred him so. And yet had he not known when he persuaded her to come here ——

"Grace! Quick! Is it a man?"

She shook her head.

"Grace, that is truth?"

"Truth," she sighed.

"Why do you sigh?"

"Oh, perhaps I wished it was a man. Wouldn't any girl? We're all human, aren't we?"

"If you're not too ambitious," said the duke slowly. "I believe ambition kills humanity in a woman quicker than anything else does. I've known so many of you, Grace."

"Well," said the little dancer, "I am ambitious."

The duke was looking right into her eyes.

"Yes," he breathed; "but what for? Just for your dancing, or—to get to heaven, eh, Grace?"

"Heaven?"

"There are heavens even in this life, Grace." He put his arms round her softly. "This is one. Wouldn't this be heaven? Say it would, dear."

Her arms, very round and soft, very thin, the arms of a child, went round his neck. They clung. The duke kissed her.

"Oh, yes, it would," she whispered. "I've liked you so much—right from the beginning."

"I've loved you, darling."

"Have you?" said Grace innocently, putting her head back to be kissed again.

"Grace," whispered the duke—and he was only nineteen now, like Grace. His heart beat like a boy's heart; his mind was cleared of all the things it knew, and filled with magic. And there and then, with the little dancer from nowhere in his arms, he knew in a revelation that came stealing to him softly, like music, that with her he could recapture the virginity of all the first things. Bliss that he had not known before, love that he had not known before, ecstasy that he had not known before—all were here; and old beliefs and old hopes and old dreams and old desires were new again like primroses and aconites waking to the joy of a spring morning, after a long summer, autumn and winter of dust and death.

"Grace," he vowed, "I love you—I love you."

"Love me just for this little time," said Grace, "and then we will stop."

"We will never stop."

"Oh, but—if you only knew!"

"Tell me everything, for I want to know."

She said sorrowfully, "I could never make you see. No; your world and mine are different. They are—oh"—she leaned forward and kissed him of her own accord—"so different!"

"And what do worlds matter, Grace, to people in heaven?" And then the thought came to him for the first time definitely, "Yes; with her I am in heaven. But I—could not marry her." And as he thought this he was no longer a boy. He grew old again. "There is a great deal I could do for her," he thought, "that I want to do

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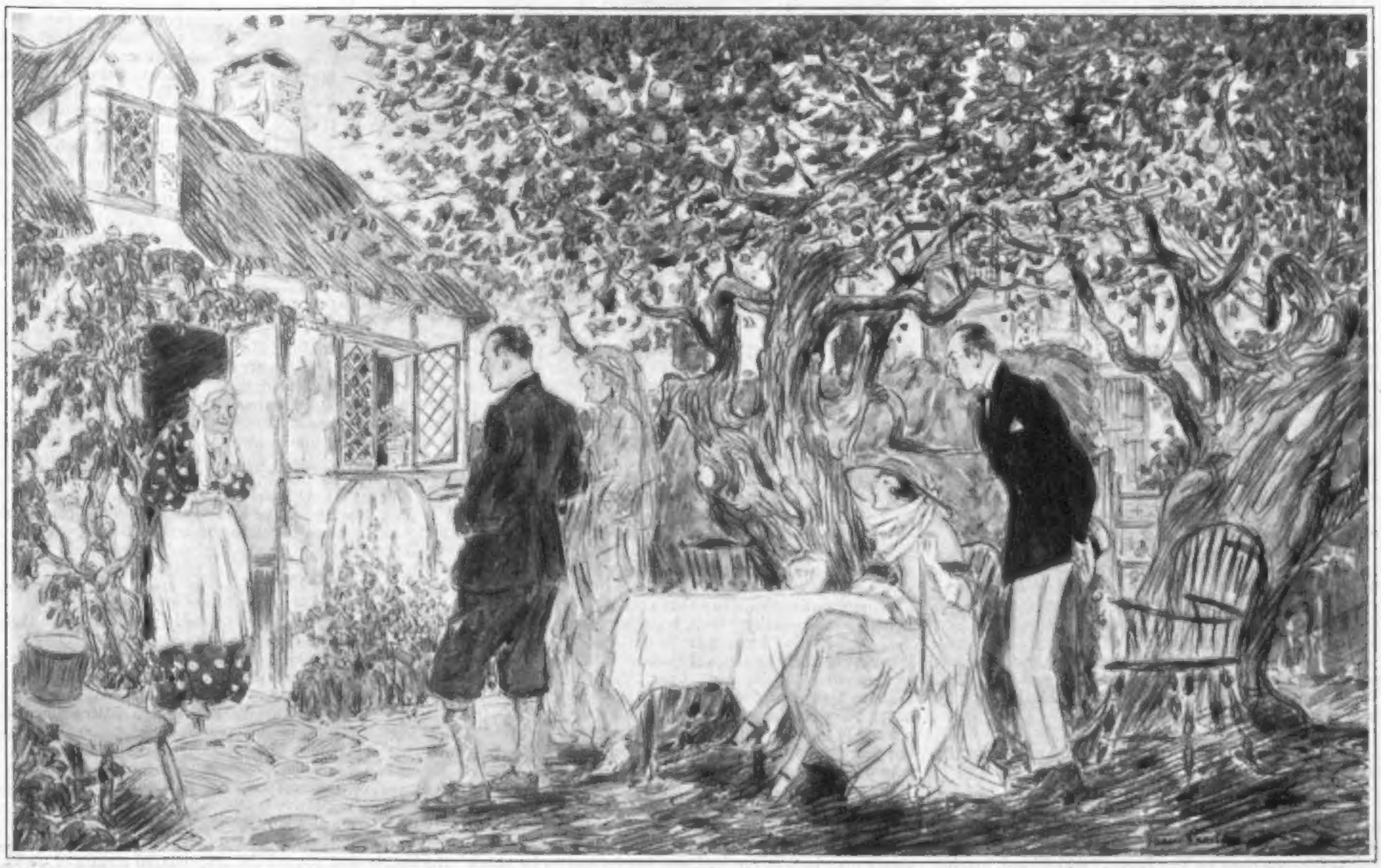

As Elena Had Begun to Say "Really, it's a Dear Little Pigsty, isn't it?" an Old Woman Appeared at the Cottage Door

THE THIRD CASKET

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Lola, I'm Mighty Sorry, and Maybe Some Day It'll be After Hours Again, and I Can Come to You ——"
"I Won't be Interested," She Said Coldly. "And I See I Was Foolish Ever to be Interested at All"

WHEN you come into Cyrus Girard's office suite on the thirty-second floor you think at first that there has been a mistake, that the elevator instead of bringing you upstairs has brought you uptown, and that you are walking into an apartment on Fifth Avenue where you have no business at all. What you take to be the sound of a stock ticker is only a businesslike canary swinging in a silver cage overhead, and while the languid debutante at the mahogany table gets ready to ask you your name you can feast your eyes on etchings, tapestries, carved panels and fresh flowers.

Cyrus Girard does not, however, run an interior-decorating establishment, though he has, on occasion, run almost everything else. The lounging aspect of his ante-room is merely an elaborate camouflage for the wild clamor of affairs that goes on ceaselessly within. It is merely the padded glove over the mailed fist, the smile on the face of the prize fighter.

No one was more intensely aware of this than the three young men who were waiting there one April morning to see Mr. Girard. Whenever the door marked Private trembled with the pressure of enormous affairs they started nervously in unconscious unison. All three of them were on the hopeful side of thirty, each of them had just got off the train, and they had never seen one another before. They had been waiting side by side on a Circassian leather lounge for the best part of an hour.

Once the young man with the pitch-black eyes and hair had pulled out a package of cigarettes and offered it hesitantly to the two others. But the two others had refused in such a politely alarmed way that the dark young man, after a quick look around, had returned the package unsampled to his pocket. Following this disrespectful incident a long silence had fallen, broken only by the clatter of the canary as it ticked off the bond market in bird land.

When the Louis XIII clock stood at noon the door marked Private swung open in a tense, embarrassed way, and a frantic secretary demanded that the three callers step inside. They stood up as one man.

"Do you mean—all together?" asked the tallest one in some embarrassment.

"All together."

Failing unwillingly into a sort of lock step and glancing neither to left nor right, they passed through a series of embattled rooms and marched into the private office of Cyrus Girard, who filled the position of Telamonian Ajax among the Homeric characters of Wall Street.

He was a thin, quiet-mannered man of sixty, with a fine, restless face and the clear, fresh, trusting eyes of a child. When the procession of young men walked in he stood up behind his desk with an expectant smile.

"Parrish?" he said eagerly.

The tall young man said "Yes, sir," and was shaken by the hand.

"Jones?"

This was the young man with the black eyes and hair. He smiled back at Cyrus Girard and announced in a slightly Southern accent that he was mighty glad to meet him.

"And so you must be Van Buren," said Girard, turning to the third. Van Buren acknowledged as much. He was obviously from a large city—unflustered and very spick-and-span.

"Sit down," said Girard, looking eagerly from one to the other. "I can't tell you the pleasure of this minute."

They all smiled nervously and sat down.

"Yes, sir," went on the older man, "if I'd had any boys of my own I don't know but what I'd have wanted them to look just like you three." He saw that they were all growing pink, and he broke off with a laugh. "All right, I won't embarrass you any more. Tell me about the health of your respective fathers and we'll get down to business."

Their fathers, it seemed, were very well; they had all sent congratulatory messages by their sons for Mr. Girard's sixtieth birthday.

"Thanks. Thanks. Now that's over." He leaned back suddenly in his chair. "Well, boys, here's what I have to say. I'm retiring from business next year. I've always intended to retire at sixty, and my wife's always counted on it, and the time's come. I can't put it off any longer. I haven't any sons and I haven't any nephews and I haven't any cousins and I have a brother who's fifty years old and in the same boat I am. He'll perhaps hang on for ten years more down here; after that it looks as if the house, Cyrus Girard, Incorporated, would change its name.

"A month ago I wrote to the three best friends I had in college, the three best friends I ever had in my life, and asked them if they had any sons between twenty-five and thirty years old. I told them I had room for just one young man here in my business, but he had to be about the best in the market. And as all three of you arrived here this morning I guess your fathers think you are. There's nothing complicated about my proposition. It'll take me three months to find out what I want to know, and at the end of that time two of you'll be disappointed; the other one can have about everything they used to give away in the fairy tales, half my kingdom and, if she wants him, my daughter's hand." He raised his head slightly. "Correct me, Lola, if I've said anything wrong."

At these words the three young men started violently, looked behind them, and then jumped precipitately to their feet. Reclining lazily in an armchair not two yards away sat a gold-and-ivory little beauty with dark eyes and a moving, childish smile that was like all the lost youth in the world. When she saw the startled expressions on their faces she gave vent to a suppressed chuckle in which the victims after a moment joined.

"This is my daughter," said Cyrus Girard, smiling innocently. "Don't be so alarmed. She has many suitors come from far and near—and all that sort of thing. Stop making these young men feel silly, Lola, and ask them if they'll come to dinner with us tonight."

Lola got to her feet gravely and her gray eyes fell on them one after another.

"I only know part of your names," she said.

"Easily arranged," said Van Buren. "Mine's George."

The tall young man bowed.

"I respond to John Hardwick Parrish," he confessed, "or anything of that general sound."

She turned to the dark-haired Southerner, who had volunteered no information. "How about Mr. Jones?"

"Oh, just—Jones," he answered uneasily.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why, how partial!" she exclaimed, laughing. "How—I might even say how fragmentary."

Mr. Jones looked around him in a frightened way.

"Well, I tell you," he said finally, "I don't guess my first name is much suited to this sort of thing."

"What is it?"

"It's Rip."

"Rip!"

Eight eyes turned reproachfully upon him.

"Young man," exclaimed Girard, "you don't mean that my old friend in his senses named his son that!"

Jones shifted defiantly on his feet.

"No, he didn't," he admitted. "He named me Oswald."

There was a ripple of sympathetic laughter.

"Now you four go along," said Girard, sitting down at his desk. "Tomorrow at nine o'clock sharp you report to my general manager, Mr. Galt, and the tournament begins. Meanwhile if Lola has her coupé-sport-limousine-roadster-landaulet, or whatever she drives now, she'll probably take you to your respective hotels."

After they had gone Girard's face grew restless again and he stared at nothing for a long time before he pressed the button that started the long-delayed stream of traffic through his mind.

"One of them's sure to be all right," he muttered, "but suppose it turned out to be the dark one. Rip Jones, Incorporated!"

II

AS THE three months drew to an end it began to appear that not one, but all of the young men were going to turn out all right. They were all industrious, they were all possessed of that mysterious ease known as personality and, moreover, they all had brains. If Parrish, the tall young man from the West, was a little the quicker in sizing up the market; if Jones, the Southerner, was a bit the most impressive in his relations with customers, then Van Buren made up for it by spending his nights in the study of investment securities. Cyrus Girard's mind was no sooner drawn to one of them by some exhibition of shrewdness or resourcefulness than a parallel talent appeared in one of the others. Instead of having to enforce upon himself a strict neutrality he found himself trying to concentrate upon the individual merits of first one and then another—but so far without success.

Every week-end they all came out to the Girard place at Tuxedo Park, where they fraternized a little self-consciously with the young and lovely Lola, and on Sunday mornings tactlessly defeated her father at golf. On the last tense week-end before the decision was to be made Cyrus Girard asked them to meet him in his study after dinner. On their respective merits as future partners in Cyrus Girard, Inc., he had been unable to decide, but his despair had evoked another plan, on which he intended to base his decision.

"Gentlemen," he said, when they had convoked in his study at the appointed hour, "I have brought you here to tell you that you're all fired."

Immediately the three young men were on their feet, with shocked, reproachful expressions in their eyes.

"Temporarily," he added, smiling good-humoredly. "So spare a decrepit old man your violence and sit down."

They sat down, with short relieved smiles.

"I like you all," he went on, "and I don't know which one I like better than the others. In fact—this thing hasn't come out right at all. So I'm going to extend the competition for two more weeks—but in an entirely different way."

They all sat forward eagerly in their chairs

"Now my generation," he went on, "have made a failure of our leisure hours. We grew up in the most hard-boiled commercial age any country ever knew, and when we retire we never know what to do with the rest of our lives. Here I am, getting out at sixty, and miserable about it. I haven't any resources—I've never been much of a reader, I can't stand golf except once a week, and I haven't got a hobby in the world. Now some day you're going to be sixty too. You'll see other men taking it easy and having a good time, and you'll want to do the same. I want to find out which one of you will be the best sort of man after his business days are over."

He looked from one to the other of them eagerly. Parrish and Van Buren nodded at him comprehendingly. Jones after a puzzled half moment nodded too.

"I want you each to take two weeks and spend them as you think you'll spend your time when you're too old to work. I want you to solve my problem for me. And whichever one I think has got the most out of his leisure he'll be the man to carry on my business. I'll know it won't swamp him like it's swamped me."

"You mean you want us to enjoy ourselves?" inquired Rip Jones politely. "Just go out and have a big time?"

Cyrus Girard nodded.

"Anything you want to do."

"I take it Mr. Girard doesn't include dissipation," remarked Van Buren

"Anything you want to do," repeated the older man. "I don't bar anything. When it's all done I'm going to judge of its merits."

"Two weeks of travel for me," said Parrish dreamily. "That's what I've always wanted to do. I'll ——"

"Travel!" interrupted Van Buren contemptuously "When there's so much to do here at home? Travel, perhaps, if you had a year; but for two weeks —— I'm going to try and see how the retired business man can be of some use in the world."

"I said travel," repeated Parrish sharply "I believe we're all to employ our leisure in the best ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Cyrus Girard. "Don't fight this out in talk. Meet me in the office at 10:30 on the morning of August first—that's two weeks from tomorrow—and then let's see what you've done." He turned to Rip Jones. "I suppose you've got a plan too"

"No, sir," admitted Rip Jones with a puzzled look; "I'll have to think this over."

But though he thought it over for the rest of the evening Rip Jones went to bed still uninspired. At midnight he got up, found a pencil and wrote out a list of all the good times he had ever had. But all his holidays now seemed unprofitable and stale, and when he fell asleep at five his mind still threshed disconsolately on the prospect of hollow useless hours.

Next morning as Lola Girard was backing her car out of the garage she saw him hurrying toward her over the lawn.

"Ride in town, Rip?" she asked cheerfully.

"I reckon so."

"Why do you only reckon so? Father and the others left on the nine-o'clock train."

He explained to her briefly that they had all temporarily lost their jobs and there was no necessity of getting to the office today.

"I'm kind of worried about it," he said gravely. "I sure hate to leave my work. I'm going to run in this afternoon and see if they'll let me finish up a few things I had started."

"But you better be thinking how you're going to amuse yourself."

He looked at her helplessly.

"All I can think of doing is maybe take to drink," he confessed. "I come from a little town, and when they say leisure they mean hanging round the corner store." He shook his head. "I don't want any leisure. This is the first chance I ever had, and I want to make good."

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"This is My Daughter," Said Cyrus Girard, Smiling Innocently. "Don't be Alarmed. She Has Many Suitors Come From Far and Near—and All That Sort of Thing"

Concentrated New England

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ONE of the easiest tasks in these United States, aside from such notoriously easy matters as rolling off a log or getting oneself summoned before a senatorial investigating committee, is the weaving of a false character around any little-known man in public life or the setting up of a myth concerning him from which he will be unable to escape as long as there remain in existence two persons capable of exchanging rumors over a daily dish of orange pekoe.

In past years there have been set up many political myths which have been sufficiently erroneous and misleading to cause the Old Man of the Mountain or the Great Stone Face to burst into peals of merry laughter; but of all these many myths, the most persistent and firmly fixed myth is the Calvin Coolidge myth, which holds that the thirtieth President of the United States breaks his silences only on Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays, and then only for the purpose of asking someone to pass the salt.

This myth has sunk so deep into the consciousness of the American people that it is highly probable that any man who had just sat for two hours in private conversation with him, and had spent the entire time in a fruitless effort to get in a word edgewise, would go back to his home town and tell five or nine stories in quick succession, purporting to show that Calvin Coolidge was about as garrulous as an empty conch shell—which when held close to the ear emits a distant and indistinct murmur for some people and no sound whatever for other people. Thus there has sprung up in some sections of the country the belief that Calvin Coolidge devotes most of his time to remaining silent, and that he works so hard to be silent that he has neither the time nor the energy to do anything else.

Although this Calvin Coolidge myth is somewhat lacking in plot and love interest, it is worthy to rank with Jack and the Bean Stalk and Goldilocks and the Three Bears, which have hitherto had almost no modern competitors in the myth line.

It is generally believed by all scientific experts above the level of those who think the earth is flat and not more than six thousand years old that a man's antecedents have more than a little to do with his characteristics. If this is true, there are three things in the past of Calvin Coolidge and his forbears that may have had more or less of an influence on his present actions.

For one thing, he is the descendant of people who have lived for many generations among the hills in the vicinity of Plymouth, Vermont.

President and Mrs. Coolidge, Witnessing the Finish of a Marathon From the White House

Mr. Coolidge's Indian Strain

FOR a second thing, his grandfather was such an entertaining conversationalist that people frequently drove from miles around every week and stayed to dinner just to hear him talk; so that whenever two or three were gathered together in the vicinity of Plymouth, one of the number would inevitably say, "By gorry, that was a good one that Coolidge got off a few nights back!" And the tale would then be repeated to the accompaniment of many a faint grin, which has been the unmistakable sign of almost ungovernable mirth in several sections of New England for lo, these many years.

For a third thing, Calvin Coolidge is the first President of the United States to have in his veins the blood of the original Americans—a fact which a regiment of biographers appear to have overlooked.

His great-grandmother showed clear evidence of Indian descent; and though succeeding generations of Coolidges have hidden the Indian blood beneath a protective coloring of fair hair and freckles, the Indian blood, like The Star-Spangled Banner, is still there.

It is possible to ascribe many Coolidge characteristics to the Indian blood; but before any person does any ascribing along this line, he ought to know a little something about Indian characteristics.

It is popularly supposed, for example, that the average Indian expresses delight, sorrow, anger, pain, resentment, distress, doubt and various other emotions by the one exclamation "Ugh!"; that he seldom if ever elaborates on this remark, and that silence and paucity of expression are his most striking attributes.

As a matter of fact, almost any Indian, when he knows and trusts the person to whom he is speaking, will ramble on at such length that those who are obliged to listen to him are frequently seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to strike him smartly over the head with a stocking-ful of iron filings in order to silence him for a few hours.

Every Indian tribe has scores upon scores of interminable legends, such as the story of how the Doctor of the Earth, Juh-Wert-a-Blah-Blah, or something similar, with the assistance of Esky-No-Go-Blah-Bull the Chickadee, took a bowl of water and made it hard and hung it up in the sky—Wup-Mush-Ga-Ga—thus forming the sun—Sis-Boom-Bah.

These legends are preserved by handing them down by word of mouth from father to son and from mother to daughter; and there are so many of them, and all the Indians are so thoroughly conversant with them, that most Indians must spend a large part of their lives telling long and involved legends to their children, instead of remarking "Ugh!" to one another morosely.

Indians are not at all silent when they have occasion to talk and when they know to whom they are talking. They are very patient, however, and they are apt to be modest and reticent; and when there is need for them to take action against trespassers and encroachers, they wait carefully and patiently until the time is ripe and then they frequently take quick, violent and direct action of the most unexpected nature.

Calvin Coolidge has some of these attributes, as have a great many New Englanders who have no Indian blood in their veins; but no man can say definitely whether he inherited them from his Indian ancestors or from his New England forbears.

In appearance, in speech and in outlook he is a concentrated essence of old bucolic New England—the New England of farms and small towns and nasal twangs and long hours of work and horsehair sofas and reticence and church bells and straight thinking.

Even today New England is peppered with men whose voices sound exactly like Calvin Coolidge's voice, whose opinions are freely expressed to their friends when they meet in the post office or the grocery store, but whose conversation with strangers is terse and guarded.

There is a time-mellowed New England tale which purports to show the attitude of New Englanders toward persons unknown. According to the tale, a young man who had gone away from a New England village with his family at an early age returned after many years' absence for the purpose of measuring the family woodlot. On his arrival he went to the post office to make certain inquiries of the postmaster, and on emerging from the post office he paused to pass the time of day with four or five old residents who were sitting on the post-office steps, apparently allowing their minds to turn over silently in neutral, as one might say. "Looks a little like rain," he remarked by way of an opening wedge.

His words were greeted with a rich silence on the part of the old residents.

"I say," he repeated, after something of a wait, "it looks as though it might rain."

No Social Chatterbox

AFTER another long and eloquent silence one of the natives removed his pipe from his mouth, neatly deluged an adjacent fly, turned his head slowly, gazed blankly at the young man, and finally asked, "What yuh say yuh name wuz?"

"Why," said the young man, "my name's Eldridge. My family used to live over at Baxter's Dam Corners. . . . Looks a little like rain, doesn't it?"

At this the silence again settled down over the post-office steps, but eventually the same inquisitive native once more turned his head and looked coldly at the stranger.

"Any relation to Eben Eldridge?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes, indeed," said the young man. "Eben Eldridge was my uncle. . . . We'll probably get a little rain, don't you think so?"

"Then your father wuz Herb Eldridge, wan't he?" asked the native.

"Yes; Herbert Eldridge was my father," the young man replied.

"Oh, that so!" said the native, deftly favoring another fly with a shower bath. "Eben Eldridge's nephew and Herb Eldridge's boy, hey? H'm! Well, well!"

He and his companions studied the toes of their shoes intently for a few moments, and finally the native looked up at the sky dubiously.

"Well," he admitted with some reluctance, "it may rain."

In a way the President has this cautious New England-ish attitude. He is suspicious of people who obviously want to please him or who are not sincere. And when he requests any person to supply him with the facts on a certain case, and an attempt is made to temporize or withhold part of the facts from him because he may find them unpleasant, that person will find himself in an extremely embarrassing situation; for the President usually sees through such an attempt, and removes the hide from the temporizer in a few well-chosen, choppy, flat-toned words.

He is something of a hand at writing and something of a hand at politics. He is a glutton for work. But as a bandier of airy badinage and a tosser off of social chatter, he is what is known in movie circles as a flop.

Light dinner-table persiflage no more enters into his scheme of things than would a knowledge of skiing into the life of the Sultan of Sulu. It is said in Washington—although, like many of the things that have been said in Washington recently, it isn't true—that when Mr. Coolidge was Vice President he was seated beside a dashing and daring society pet, who turned to him brightly and gurgled, "Oh, Mister Vice President, I have just bet a dollar with Mrs. Blimp that you would say more than ten words to me at dinner!"

Mr. Coolidge, according to the story, looked at her calmly and said, "You lose."

It is this fact, coupled with his aversion to wasting time in talking to people who aren't worth talking to—bores, professional handshakers, congenital time wasters and false alarmists—that is probably responsible for the existence of the great number of stories which emphasize his cruel and unusual silences, which make him out a freak, a silent and mysterious Buddha or a bloodless recluse.

Those who have legitimate business with the President know that he can and does talk at some length on all sorts of subjects every day. Those who have sat with him in his book-walled study on the second floor of the White House after dinner at night—and somebody sits there with him almost every evening—know that when he isn't busy relighting the ten-cent cigar to which he is addicted, but which he apparently cannot keep smoldering, he is usually studying the toes of his boots as they rest peacefully on the top of his desk and emitting useful, interesting and even amusing thoughts on such widely diversified topics as dogs, book publishing, autograph hunters, English poetry, the higher education in its relation to Henry Ford, walking as a health-giving exercise, social aspirants, methods of clearing muddled brains, states' rights and numerous other matters of greater and less importance.

Those who journey down the Potomac with him aboard the Mayflower on pleasant Sundays frequently find him a solicitous and attentive host, who from time to time drops into a chair beside an individual or a little knot of guests and, after procuring a light for his extinguished ten-cent cigar, spills a few remarks on this, that or the other thing. He is no cooky pusher. Five-o'clock tea spoils his dinner and chatty talk is not his forte; so he is very apt to make an observation on some concrete subject, such as "That's Rudolph Forster, one of my secretaries."

Such a remark cannot be generally regarded as a scintillating opportunity for a brilliant reply, and the recipient of it usually says "Oh, really?" or "Oh, is that so?" and then racks his brain frantically for some further observation, until the President gets up and moves on in search of another match for his ten-cent cigar. Occasionally he takes a guest to the bridge and talks with him for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time.

Personal Characteristics

THOSE newspaper correspondents who go to the White House on Tuesdays and Fridays for the semiweekly conferences with the President—who, because of the rule that the President's remarks at these conferences shall not be quoted, is always referred to as a White House spokesman when his remarks are passed on to the public in newspaper dispatches—usually hear plenty of talk from the President on the subjects which they submit to him in writing about ten minutes before the conference begins. He never has a sufficient amount of time to prepare answers to these questions; and yet he answers them—frequently at great length—in offhand remarks that sound as though he had carefully written them out after careful study of the subjects under discussion.

He is a good talker when he wants to be; and when he doesn't want to be no political considerations can make him talk. For some people he is a genuine refrigerating plant. Delegations from this, that and the other place can walk in on Coolidge in silk hats and frock coats on a hot June noon, sweating all over and with nothing in particular to say to him; and in no time at all they will be on their way out with icicles forming on their brows and upper lips from the coolness of their reception.

In short, as has been said before, Calvin Coolidge is a living symbol of the New England of the old days—a fact which should always be borne in mind when he is under discussion or examination.

He is a difficult man from whom to extract a promise; but once he has made a promise to anyone, he keeps it. He has an excellent sense of humor, and he constantly tosses dryly humorous sallies into his conversation. Though he would never shine at turning out sustained and broadly humorous literary efforts like Getting Gertie's Garter or Twin Beds, he can, for example, comment with telling effect on the humorous aspects in the case of people whose only fame lies in their claim to have known him intimately during his early days, or on the startling discovery on the part of some enterprising journalist that he was not a member of Northampton's social élite.

He is a constant churchgoer; he is thrifty; he is averse to show. One of the great howls among the politicians is that he doesn't like to dress the part of President. He won't wear a frock coat for votes any more than he will shake hands for votes. And he is a little odd, with his refusal to window-dress and smoke expensive cigars and play to the gallery and conform to the politicians' ideas. All New Englanders are a little odd. They take pride in it. Any New Englander will tell you that everyone is a little odd—except you and himself.

The President's Refusal to Dress the Part is a Source of Grief to the Politicians

Calvin Coolidge's New Englandism is not calculated to make the unreconstructed South or the radical element of the glorious West burst into wild huzzas; for if one cares to listen to the plaintive wails that emanate at regular intervals from some of the Southern and Western politicians in the United States Senate and House of Representatives, one soon gathers that the principal occupation of a large part of the low and unprincipled New England population consists of seizing and holding a preponderance of the important positions in the United States Government.

On the other hand, it should be noted in passing that not all the glorious West seems to share the aversion to New England that is so frequently expressed in Congress by the Western brothers; for the sovereign state of Nebraska, in the April primaries, voted staunchly for its sterling vote getter, Senator George W. Norris, widely noted in senatorial circles for his radical tendencies, but cast an even larger vote for Calvin Coolidge, who belongs to the more cautious New England set that refuses to make as many promises as the Western radicals, but that keeps its promises with greater frequency. This unexpected occurrence must have some meaning for those who aren't content to get all their political judgments from the tea leaves in the bottom of the cup.

The Politicians' Despair

CALVIN COOLIDGE is that peculiar and practically unknown paradox, a very good politician who is a very bad politician. He usually refuses to do, politically, what the politicians think he ought to do, and he seems wholly lacking in the ability or the ambition to trade handshakes for votes. He never feels the necessity of making a decision because of the political effect that it will have on some political division of the country, which wearies the old-line politicians almost to distraction.

The Coolidge political machine, up to the time when this article was written, was to all intents and purposes a one-man machine; and the one man was Coolidge. Politicians from far and near came and breathed their time-tried counsels in his ear and twisted their cigars nervously in their mouths, whereupon Coolidge applied another match to the charred end of his ten-cent perfecto, nodded thoughtfully and proceeded to do as he pleased—and the thing that he did was usually something that didn't please the politicians

Coolidge hasn't even a decent kitchen cabinet, unless someone with an inflamed imagination cares to regard Frank Stearns as a kitchen cabinet, which he is not; and this, from a political standpoint, connotes a terrible state of affairs. It's a terrible thing—for politicians—when a President uses his own judgment instead of letting the gang in on the good things.

He is not at all popular with the old-line politicians, and hasn't been popular for sometime. So far as they have been concerned, he hasn't been on the cards, as the saying goes. No particular secret has ever been made of the fact that the politicians intended to place him neatly on the greased skids if he had remained in the vice-presidential chair, and slide him rapidly and quietly out of the picture at the Republican National Convention of 1924. Naturally the politicians can't quite reconcile themselves to seeing him occupy the entire foreground of the picture. Occasionally they think it's all an unpleasant dream from which they will shortly awake.

If he runs true to form Mr. Coolidge will conduct his campaign by repairing to the quiet upper reaches of the White House and pondering deeply over the exact meaning of such occurrences as, let us say, the Nebraska primary

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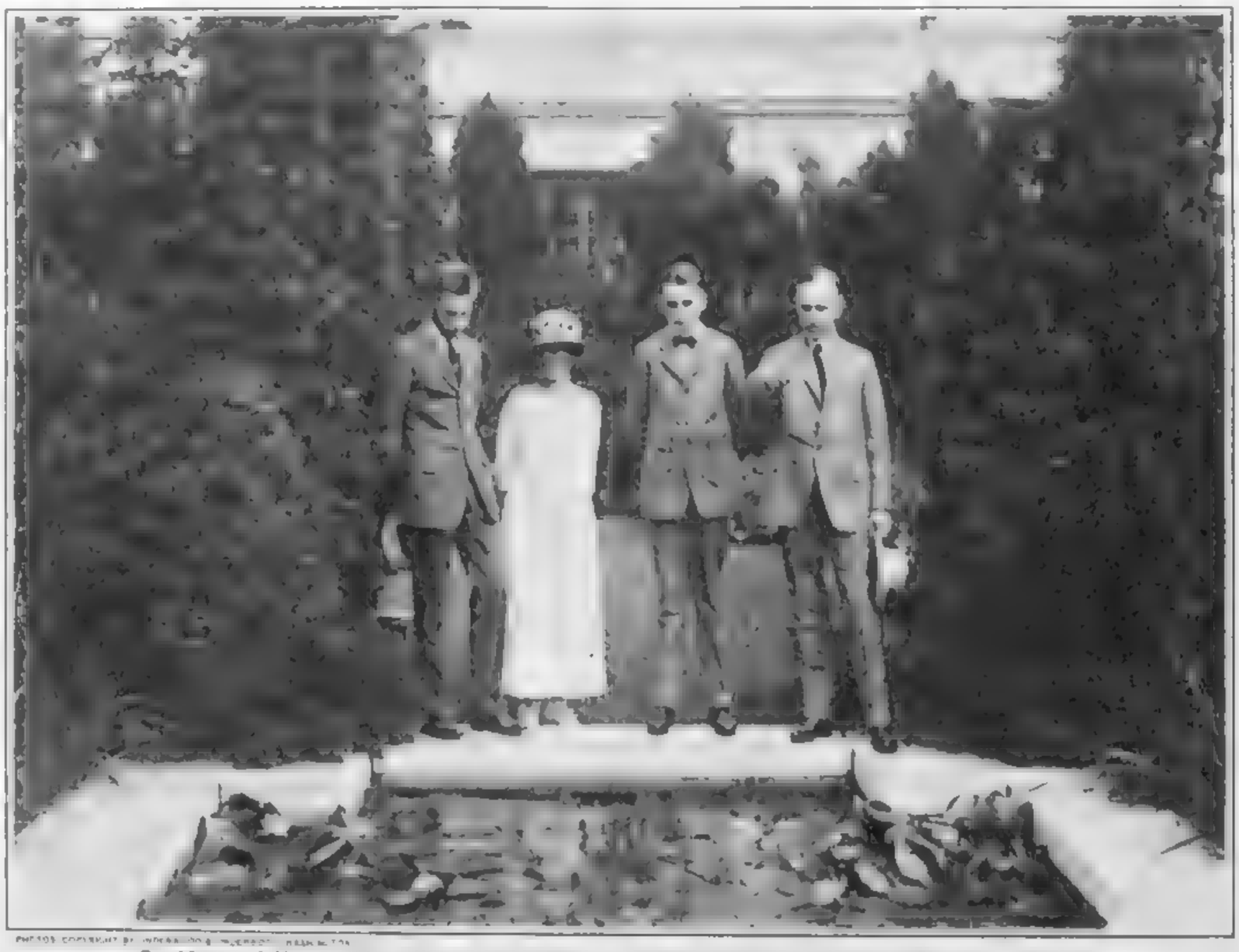


President and Mrs. Coolidge and Their Sons, John, at the Left, and Calvin, Jr., in the White House Gardens

IT'S DIFFERENT NOW

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

Sand Muffled Their Feet; You Couldn't Hear a Thing But the Roar and Crackle of the Burning Shacks

OLD Ed King died. It must have surprised him. It was about the first thing that ever happened in Palka County against his will; or maybe it didn't, at that. I was going to tell you. He died and a fellow named Hugh Palmer bought the mill, and something brought Holt Way to Middlevale again.

Middlevale, Florida. Sounds like a sweet dreamy place, doesn't it? Whoever named it must have done it with his eyes shut. It isn't a valley and it isn't in the middle of anything but sand and flat pine woods and cypress swamps. These weather-beaten shacks, never painted, the negro quarters strung out along the railroad and the white quarters strung out along a sandy street; lean, listless women, razorback hogs and skinny children, sawdust and cypress bark and sand. The rhythmic, sun-sleepy chuff! whee-ee-ee-ee chuff! of the tall gray mill feeding its stream of cypress boards to the three million feet eternally drying in the storage yard; Ed King coming across the railroad from the mill, pausing there to tuck his ax handle under his arm and light his pipe.

That was the way I always thought of Middlevale. I guess I didn't realize there'd been a change.

Several months went by before I got around. The excuse I gave myself was that I wanted to wait till Palmer got straightened out; I'd heard that things were not so good with him. The truth was, I hated the trip. You had to hire a car at Tooke City and drive thirty miles, or until a root bumped something out of your engine or the sand wrung your rear axle in two. Then you got out and walked, because there was very little chance of another car coming along the same day.

There was a railroad, yes; but Ed King built it to haul lumber, and lumber was what it hauled. Saw pluggers were nothing in Ed King's life. He let us come if we could get there and he ordered saws from us if he felt like it; not that anybody ever sold him anything by trying.

The time I'm telling you about, I hired a flivver as usual and had got ten miles or so into the woods when it gave one final hop and died; and before I had even stopped swearing, a roadster with a girl in it came bouncing up behind. So I felt better.

"Trouble?" she asked me.

I took off my hat and looked at her and felt very much better. Even if I am married I'm not blind.

"Yes'm," I said. "That's a good mild word for it."

"Can I give you a lift?"

"Afraid not," I said, enjoying the joke. "I was bound for Middlevale."

"So am I. Jump in."

Very likely I stared. A girl like that—and Middlevale! I'll never tell you how she kept her skin so fresh and clean out there in the sun and sand. I'll never tell you what she wore. Plenty of girls go through Tooke City dressed that way, en route to Sarasota or Belleair, but mighty few of them get off the train.

"Ma'am?" I said. "Oh, are you? Will you? I mean, may I?"

She laughed, and I introduced myself, and she said she was Hugh Palmer's sister; and that was one time I didn't care how slow the going was. Not that she was any prettier than Andy; only different. Andy's dark. This girl had the bluest eyes I've ever seen, and bright hair, very fine, like a gold mist where the sun hit through it; and a funny little round chin—funny because it hinted at a stubbornness that her soft mouth and eyes and dainty nose denied. I felt like laughing every time I looked at her.

I gave her some pointers about driving in Florida sand, and the first thing I knew I was telling her all about Andy and the General. He was four then; and, say, for his age —— But never mind! I mean she was easy to talk to.

"How do you like Middlevale?" I asked her.

"It's very quaint and Southern."

"You've been reading about it on the map," I chuckled. "Say no more! You needn't tell me you're a Yankee."

"But I'm not. I'm from Michigan."

"Anybody from Cincinnati or points north," I said firmly, "is a Yankee."

"You say it as if it were some kind of foreigner."

"In this neck of the woods," I said, "it is."

Her eyes, fixed on those loose ruts twisting among the trees, went darker, like a shadow across blue morning sky.

"Sometimes I feel as if I were," she said. "Yes, this is another world. Look! Doesn't it make you feel tiny and alone?"

She missed the Michigan underbrush. Only this flat, open carpet of pine needles, the tall trunks rising far apart, yet standing together in the distance like a sunlit palisade; the feathery tops far overhead not even whispering.

"The silence and the spaciousness," she said. "No farmhouses, no hills to draw the world about you. It made me feel terribly lost and blue at first; but I could love it if it would let me. I feel as if I had strayed somehow into an older, vaster time.

"Old," said Beth Palmer, nodding at the word. "The cypress swamps, the ground strewn with the wrecked, half-drowned, bare bones of trees, old and yet not decaying; bleached and still. The black, still water, and the big flat-footed trees held up on twisted roots, their branches sad with streamers of gray Spanish moss, haunted with memories of something—something too long ago, too sad, too great for men to know."

That's true enough. There is a feeling about a cypress swamp, though very few women would get it; they'd be too busy shuddering at the alligators and the mud.

But she had to go right on and spoil it.

"Even the men are of an old, pure Nordic type, lean-jawed ——"

"From chewing tobacco," I murmured. You know, you can't smoke around a sawmill; that's why most mill men chew.

"—— mentally starved, of course, inbred and run to seed in isolation ——"

I'd never thought of it, but it's a fact; in places like Middlevale nearly everybody is kin to everybody else.

"—— yet they have natural dignity, a sort of simple stateliness like trees."

And she went on like that about those Palka County crackers; but she never said a word about Holt Way. You can see why.

"The little darkies," she said, "are more like funny little black animals than human babies, aren't they? Dreadfully shy; they won't make friends with me at all. And the women, white and black, stare at me as if I were a visitor from Mars."

They would, you know. They'd think she was not only beautiful but crazy, poking around the quarters, cooing to the pickaninnies!

She got to talking about the women, their narrow lives, their lack of even the common conveniences or any hint of higher, broader interests. Yes. Try that on your imagination; the higher, broader life—in Middlevale!

"The poor things can't understand anything being done for them. It bewilders them to have their windows screened, because they can't throw things out. We screened some of the porches, but the children forget and charge right through the wire, and the mothers seem to blame us for their scratches.

"The men seem wary and resentful too; because we're Northerners, I suppose. Mr. Houseman has had to discharge a good many of them, and new men always have trouble with the old ones. They all carry huge jackknives and seem savagely ready to use them.

"My brother gets dreadfully discouraged. He isn't strong; he hoped the climate would be good for him."

Yes, there had been a change. I knew it the minute I saw the sky line of the storage yard, those towering stacks of lumber broken into ragged blocks, the stock run down to less than half. It takes time to dry cypress. When a cypress man lets his stock run down he goes broke, that's all.

There were a lot of negroes loafing around the commissary—at three in the afternoon! There were a dozen white men on the boarding-house porch—some that I knew; I sang out to them. They answered gravely, "Howdy, Mac," and went on whittling.

They barely looked at me. Just being with Beth Palmer made me an outsider too.

The boarding house looked queer. It had been painted; yes, and screened! So had the office and the commissary

and a few of the houses. Ed King's old house was painted white, with a new screened porch and a gay hammock and a bed—yes, a bed on the porch!—and vines. The sandy yard had been covered with swamp loam, grass trying to grow in it. Middlevale looked dazed; or maybe that was the way I felt.

Palmer wasn't in the office. He'd gone to the log camp.

"Out in the woods," the bookkeeper told me with a sort of grin, "a-reasonin' with Bud Puckett."

"Oh," I said, "out of logs?"

"Out of everything," said the bookkeeper, and pulled out a battered plug and bit off a chew with a sort of defiant relish. Very likely he wouldn't have done it if Palmer had been there.

"H'm!" I said. "What's the trouble?"

"What ain't?" said the bookkeeper.

"Bill Coppock and Joe Tuten laying off?"

"Dunno as you'd call it layin' off," said the bookkeeper. "It's kind of permanent. They're fired."

"Who's on the left-hand rig then?"

"Nobody," said the bookkeeper. "What for? They can't log one side, let alone two."

"Bud Puckett lost his grip?"

The bookkeeper looked at me. Then, first glancing around for some familiar object that was missing, he kicked open the screen door and spat neatly through it, climbed back on his stool and took his pen from behind his ear.

"Hot for this time of year, ain't it?"

Bud Puckett was the woods boss, a rawboned, one-eyed hard-shell from Morgan County. I knew his reputation back where he came from; I'd hate to tell you how many men they say he'd killed—mostly niggers, of course, though there was one white man that I know of. Bud himself told me, surprised and rueful, that the son of a so-and-so had kinfolks behind every bush. That was how Bud had lost his left eye and migrated here to Palka County.

Ed King never worried about such things. Bud Puckett could get out the logs; at least, in Ed King's time he did.

Strolling out toward the mill, I met a brisk middle-aged stranger who wore rimless glasses and a clipped mustache. He eyed me keenly. That was the way he eyed everything, I learned—keenly; he made a point of it, this Houseman. Mr. Houseman, I should say. That was the way he introduced himself. He challenged me as if he were a sentry.

"Your business?"

"Huh?" I said. "Oh! I sell saws."

"I'm Mr. Houseman, the superintendent. Your name and firm?"

"McCray," I told him meekly. "R. G. McCray, representing the Brown Saw & Steel Company, of Massachusetts."

He nodded to show me that he was familiar with the names of saw manufacturers—there are just three that amount to anything.

"You wish to go to the mill?"

"I do," I said, and nearly raised my right hand to swear to it; but he wouldn't have known what it was about.

"I'll give you a pass," said he, clipping his words as if there were no time to lose over this decision; and he did that very thing—took out a pad of printed passes and filled one in and signed it and gave it to me.

Now in some city mills they have to do that to keep from being overrun with visitors. But I had been in this territory too long to need a pass, even in those places; I give you my word I hardly knew what to do with the thing. This brisk Yankee just nodded and marched off as solemn as an owl. He thought I'd spend about ten minutes in the mill and hurry back to the office with the filer's requisition and be on my way, as if there were another mill waiting for me a hundred yards down the track.

Business every minute; Detroit, Michigan, or Middlevale, Florida, it made no difference to him.

Going by the shingle mill, Ike Fullen stepped out at me.

"Hands up, mister! What's your middle name?"

"Clarence," I said, "and I sell ladies' underwear. Don't shoot! I got a pass."

"Ain't he a bird?" said Ike, taking a cigar out of my pocket.

"Keeps things humming, does he?"

"When he's around," said Ike, and bit off a couple of inches of the cigar and sat down comfortably on a shingle bolt. "Yes, sir! You want to make plenty of motions when you see him comin'. Mac, you know anybody that wants a real good shingle man?"

"You thinking about quitting?"

"Don't have to think. Sooner or later I'll forget to call him mister, or somethin', and get fired."

"Stern, is he?"

"Stern ain't no name. Yes, sir! Cruel that way." Ike grinned. "Yestiddy he caught a couple of pore, ignorant buck niggers a-smokin' and swappin' lies in the planin' mill, and what do you think he done? He fired 'em. Yes, sir!"

"Alive?" I said.

"Unless they took sick from the haughty look he give 'em," said Ike, "they're doin' well."

You can imagine what would have happened to those bucks in Ed King's time. Or, no; you can't. In Ed King's time they wouldn't have dreamed of taking the chance. A planing mill is about as good a place to smoke as a powder plant.

"H'm!" I said. "Is he a sawmill man?"

"Yes, sir!" said Ike. "He used to run a clo'espin factory for Palmer up in Michigan, and what he don't know is done tore out of the book. Not even a saw filer can't do no loafin' on him."

In novelty plants, and maybe clothespin factories, the saw filer may be a sort of handy man, paid to keep busy, but not in a big sawmill. Big band saws are fine and powerful tools, needing expert care in every scientifically curved, chisel-pointed tooth and every square inch of hard and flexible blade—twelve to sixteen inches wide, forty-five to sixty feet long and not much thicker than pasteboard.

A band filer is like a doctor. The better he is, the less you're apt to find him sweating over the job.

"He caught Holt Way asleep in the filin' room the other day. The floor was full of saws all ready to run, but that didn't ——"

"Holt Way!" I said. "You mean to say Holt Way is back?"

"Yeah. And this Houseman bawled him out like a nigger—and Holt stood for it!" said Ike, looking at me. "Mac, there's somethin' ailin' that boy. He ain't right. Somethin' on his mind."

I stopped on the ground floor to see if the millwright needed any hog knives, and he asked me gloomily if I knew anybody that needed a good millwright.

Up on the mill floor the right-hand carriage was rumbling, the big band whistling along a monster cypress butt, the edger howling and the trimmers barking and the hog bellowing the same as ever, only slower, of course, because they were taking care of only one rig; but it felt lifeless somehow. Something was gone out of the place and it was more than just one rig shut down.

In the filing room at the top of the mill, behind the big automatic grinders and the long shining loops of band saws laid out on the floor, Holt Way stood at a window staring down. I clapped him on the shoulder and he jumped. He grinned and shook hands with me, but the grin went out too quick. He wasn't thin exactly. He was in his undershirt, and his shoulder muscles bulged as clean and smooth as ever; but there was something too finedrawn about his face. There were hot, wicked yellow lights in his brown eyes, like fire inside.

"See that?" he said.

Beth Palmer, coming along the narrow plank walk past the commissary, had to step off into the sand to get by the negroes loafing there.

II

LIKELY it was true that Holt Way didn't know who his father was. You may think Palmer deserved what he got for saying it, but very likely it was true. I doubt if Holt knew anything about his family at all. Old Ed King picked him up, so they say, on a tough street in Tampa; a half-naked, half-starved little wildcat by all accounts, fighting three or four other kids with a whole-hearted fury that appealed to Ed King. The old man chased the other kids off—with his ax handle, I imagine—and bought Holt a square meal and a suit of clothes, and brought him to Middlevale and gave him a job baling shingles.

While he was growing up, they say, he worked at nearly every job in the mill and fought everything but the sash gang—which is a big machine full of saws doing a St. Vitus dance. But when I knew him he had graduated into the saw filer's job at twelve dollars a day and did his fighting in spare time with boxing gloves.

He used to think he wanted to be a prize fighter, and he would have been a good one; but he tried it once and it didn't satisfy him. I was going to tell you.

He was a quiet, easy-moving young fellow; he looked lazy, but he was fast as a cat when he wanted to be. Something about his eyes too. They changed. They were brown, and glowed when he was interested, and went sort of sleepy when he'd found out what he was after and was thinking it over; he never took the trouble to pretend anything. Maybe—I think this is the truth—he never thought about himself at all.

You didn't always know what he was after. He had no education, of course; but curiously enough he liked to read. I remember how funny it struck me one time when he pulled one of these modern novels on me and asked me if I had read it. I hadn't.

"I wanted to ask you," he said. "I can't make head nor tail of it. I can't even tell what it's about."

I had to laugh. But he was serious.

"The name sounded like somethin' doin'," he explained. "Now here's a guy that don't never fool you that way." And he showed me some books by a man named Conrad—Victory, Typhoon, Chance. "That's sort of mixed up," he said, "but it's about what it says, the way luck breaks and all. This Conrad must be a Yankee, because he wrote one book all about a nigger, and the way they humored that nigger is ridiculous. But there's a

(Continued on Page 84)

She Caught at Holt Way, Clung to Him, Telling Him; and He Took Her in His Arms to Comfort Her

STEPHEN JUMEL, MERCHANT

An Informal Biography—By Meade Minnigerode

STEPHEN JUMEL—of Stone, Liberty and Whitehall streets, at New York—was, like his French fellow countryman John Juhel, an importer of wines, brandies, cordials, gins and other choice fluids.

At his emporium on Stone, and afterward on Liberty Street—his home was on Whitehall—one found, in the early years of the last century, every variety of Madeira, Teneriffe and Malaga, Jamaica, Antigua and St. Croix, Holland rum and York Anchor, all fours, metheglin, aqua mirabilis, ladies' comfort and double distilled life of man. They came from England and Ireland, from France, Portugal and Spain, from the Canaries and from the West Indies, in kegs, puncheons and pipes, aboard his brig the Stephen and his bark Eliza.

The Jumel Mansion, at One Time the Estate of Colonel Roger Morris

He was, in 1800, one of the wealthiest merchants in the port of New York, although he had arrived there practically penniless only a few years before; an influential member, no doubt, of the Merchants' Exchange, in the Tontine Coffee House, on the corner of Wall and Water streets, where one might board and lodge at ten shillings a day, and where the books were kept for entering and clearing vessels; and he possessed an elegant, two-storied, yellow brick mansion with dormer windows on the corner of Whitehall and Pearl, in the most fashionably aristocratic residential district in the city—although some were beginning to prefer State Street. There were dead cats, and live pigs, and mud in the street, and Pearl was so narrow that pedestrians going north were given the right of way over those going south, but through the doorways of the neighboring houses the whole social world of New York passed back and forth in flowered calamancoes, and in tight breeches and boots.

He knew the Livingstons and the Clintons, and perhaps their lately naturalized son-in-law, Citizen Edmond Genet; the Schuylers, the Jays and the Morrises, Gen. Alexander Hamilton, of the Grange, and Col. Aaron Burr, of Richmond Hill; and the great merchants—Mr. John Jacob Astor, who was always talking about furs and accumulating real estate, and Mr. Archibald Gracie, who failed in 1812 because of the orders in council, and Mr. Robert Lenox, who did not; the members of LeRoy, Bayard & Co., a firm already ten years old in 1800 and the most important countinghouse in the city, doing an enormous business with Europe and the West Indies; and Mr. Jacob Barker, who owned more ships than anyone else in America—except Mr. William Gray with his fleet of thirty running out of Salem—and traded all over the seven seas from Russia, around both capes, to China.

Jumel may not, as a foreigner, have taken a very active part in American politics, or have gone about wearing partisan cockades in his hat; but he had suffered from the consequences of the French Revolution, and was a great admirer of Mr. George Washington, so that he must have been welcome in the Federalist circles of the town—the "well-born," "monarchist," Tory circles of the town which so annoyed Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Brockholst Livingston, and the Republicans in general, in whose estimation Mr. Washington was only a dangerous hypocrite who longed to make himself king, and all Federalists tyrants, Anglomaniacs and betrayers of national liberty. Jumel was a supporter, probably, of the bank, of neutrality in European affairs, and of Mr. Jay's commercial treaty with England; not to be enlisted by the beautiful, sparkling and otherwise irresistible Miss Theodosia Burr in the ranks of the Tenth Legion, or "Burr's Myrmidons," as General Hamilton called them; a reader of the United States Gazette, and not of Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bache's Aurora, in which startling scurrilous sheet "Lightning Rod Junior" saw fit to greet Mr. Washington's retirement from the Presidency with the following disparaging paragraphs:

> If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by a man, the American nation has been deceived by Washington. Let his example then be an example to future ages; let it serve to be a warning that no man may be an idol: let the history of the Federal Government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the fondest designs against the liberties of the people. . . .
>
> The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing this is the moment. Every heart, in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people, ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington ceases from this day to give currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption.

Mr. Washington, it seems, was not popular in certain circles, with his gilded coach covered with cupids, and his yellow gloves, and his state sword in its white velvet scabbard.

Personally Jumel was a big man. Big physically; noted for his tall, broad-chested, muscular stature; a handsome, graceful giant who danced divinely at the City Hotel assemblies. Large-minded, notorious for the farseeing wisdom of his mercantile operations. Great-hearted, generous, impulsive, a man of wide sympathies and spontaneous charities—although it is not necessary here to repeat the well-used anecdote of the cartman and the ten-dollar piece—a kind, loyal and perhaps rather erratic soul.

Lispenard's Meadows Between New York City and What is Now Greenwich Village, From the Site of the Present St. Nicholas Hotel, Broadway

Belvidere Club House, 1793. It Was Situated on the Block Bounded by Montgomery, Clinton, Cherry and Monroe Streets, New York

One imagines him a trifle boisterous, quite conspicuous always, a good deal of an elephant at the ball, a practical joker probably; pleasantly Gallic in his humor, a terror with the ladies, who undoubtedly adored him, an uncle to many neighboring children, although he was never to be the father of any, a gentleman who served on committees and to whom one invariably went first for subscriptions, under whose feet the earth shook when he laughed. A little sensitive, a little proud, a little quick-tempered. A little hasty sometimes, and not always as wise as he was good. A shrewd man who, caught in the wrong mood by the right person, could be monumentally imposed upon

Cultured and well-mannered, refined in his tastes—these attributes had not yet become platitudes in his day—prosperous, prominent and popular, for a few years Stephen Jumel enjoyed the friendship, the hospitality and the social amenities of his adopted city—and then he made the indiscreet mistake of purchasing a private carriage for a lady.

II

JUMEL had come to New York, in about 1795, it seems, from Santo Domingo—via St. Helena. A roundabout route, forced upon him by the fact that he was not in a position to select the destination of the ship in which he left the former island, since she picked him up, a fugitive on the beach, with her own sails already set for that other cheerless isolation in the South Atlantic. There cannot have been many ships following such a course, and it was unfortunate for Jumel that he should have chanced upon that particular, and one imagines exceptional, vessel; but he was only too grateful to find himself on her deck, bound for any port in the world outside of Santo Domingo, for behind him an entire province was burning, streaming with blood, roaring with slaves risen against the white plantation owners under the banner of Toussaint—that Congo chieftain's grandson who so annoyed Napoleon that at length he condescended to insult him by calling him the Gilded African, and honored him at the last with death in a mountain fortress of the Jura, where there were no palm trees, but only mists and snows.

It may have been in 1792, or perhaps in 1791, for only a few months intervened between the two insurrections. Nor is it apparent now at what date Jumel originally went out to Santo Domingo from France, or whether possibly he was born on the island, at one of the great plantations, at Limbé, or at the Cape, or perhaps at Jacmel. At all events, he came of good family, with influential connections in France, and he had already made a fortune in the colony.

The French western province of Santo Domingo—the name applied then to the entire island—the jewel of the French West Indies, beside which, in 1790, Guadeloupe and delightfully wicked Martinique were only minor brilliants. A colony claiming the greater part of the mother country's commercial attention, with its extensive production of coffee, sugar, cotton and indigo. A colony of six hundred thousand souls, five hundred thousand of whom were full-blooded Congo slaves, some sixty thousand free mulattoes, and the remainder French creoles in whom were vested all social and political privileges. And among these varied thousands, a few hundred planters and officials from France, with their families: people who came and went on the packets from Nantes, and sent their children home to convent and monastery schools—people like Stephen Jumel; the aristocracy of queenly Santo Domingo.

For these life was passing, pleasantly and lazily, but very prosperously, and extremely decorously, on the great plantations—such as that on which a lad called Toussaint was learning to read a little under his master's care—a white family here, a white family there, the planter and his womenfolk, boys, girls, babies, surrounded by thousands of slaves. A serene existence, securely established in a rigorous tradition of castes.

And then, in 1790, a ship brought the startling news from France that all men were equal, and that aristocracy was not an essential feature of social organization. There was considerable repetition of the words Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. The words, and the idea, were novel in Santo Domingo, and appealed at once as excellent ones to the mulattoes, who forthwith claimed equality of rights with their French fellow colonists. The National Assembly at Paris, when referred to, knowing less than nothing of social conditions in Santo Domingo, gave its distant approbation to these demands and returned to its speechmaking The creoles in the colony immediately espoused the

(Continued on Page 111)

Wall Street and Bowling Green, New York, About 1820

THE MAN MUST BE MAD

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

"NO," SAID Mrs. Tamerlaine, with a glance at the doctor that sought confirmation of her words—"no, indeed; my poor dear son Hilary is never violent or dangerous. He merely has spells of—of eccentricity. But he wouldn't hurt a fly, would he, Doctor Faber?"

The great neurologist stroked his chin, pursed out his lips and murmured, like a not very efficient echo, "Not a fly!"

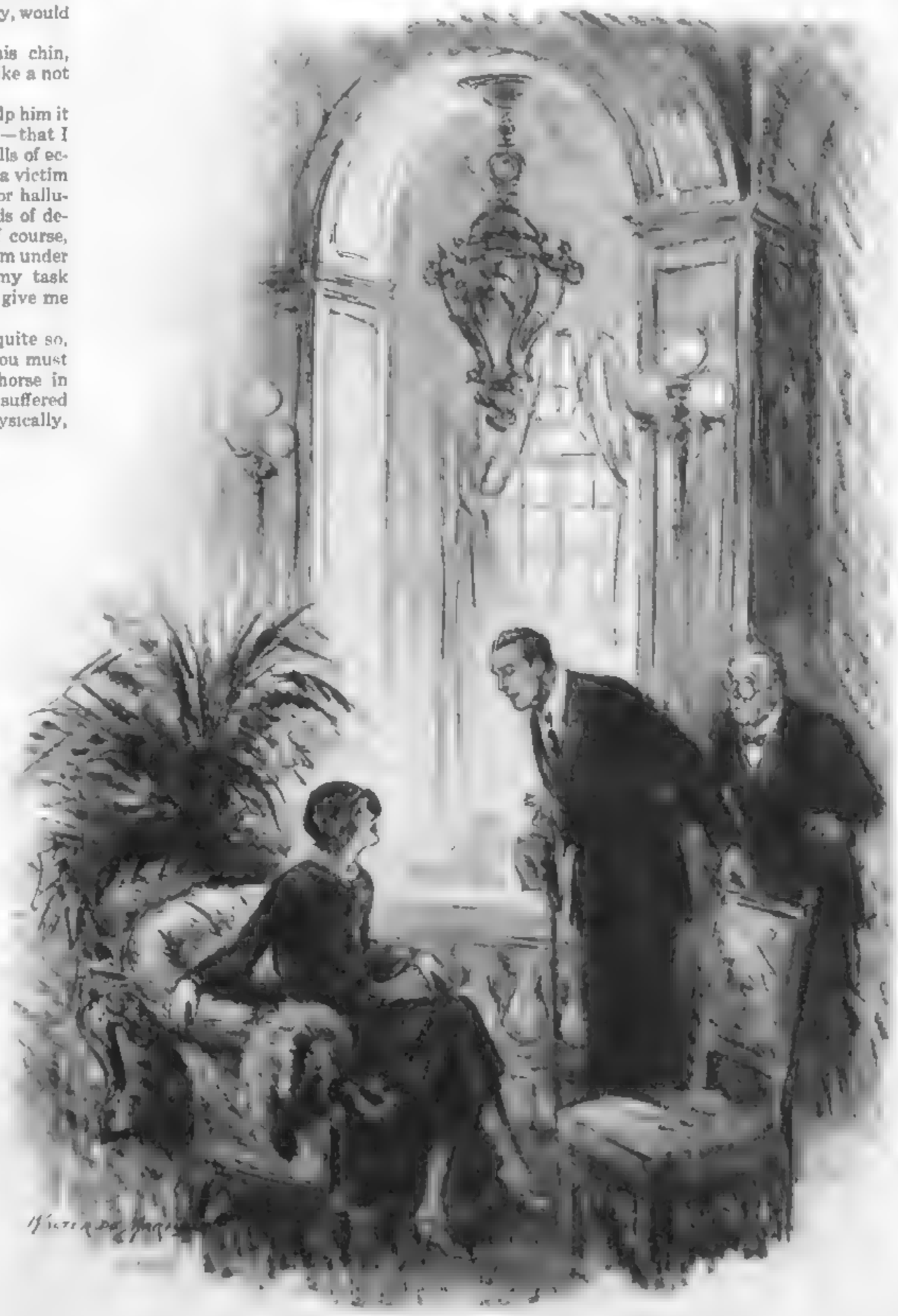
"But," I persisted, "if I am to help him it is important—it is necessary, indeed—that I should know just what form his spells of eccentricity take. Is he, for example, a victim of melancholia? Has he delusions or hallucinations? Is he addicted to periods of depression or of exultation? I can, of course, find out all this in time by keeping him under observation, but it will simplify my task vastly if you would be so kind as to give me all the details you have at hand."

"Yes," agreed Doctor Faber; "quite so, quite so. Young Mr. Tamerlaine, you must understand, was thrown from his horse in Central Park about a month ago. He suffered a severe concussion from which, physically, he recovered completely. Mentally, however, he has not been quite the same. He is subject to—how shall I put it?—he is subject to sudden inspirations upon which he instantly acts—inspirations to do things that are noncriminal—oh, absolutely noncriminal—but nevertheless unusual and sometimes, I may say, embarrassing. I mean embarrassing to others—never, mark you, to himself. His most recent—er—inspiration, Mrs. Tamerlaine can perhaps tell you of more properly than I."

He turned with a slow, suave nod of his head to our hostess, who sat, splendidly upholstered, in a huge gilded throne chair beside the fireplace.

"His most recent inspiration," she said a little querulously, I thought, "was to try to give away all the money he had to the poor. I may add that it was no trifling sum, either, Mr. Packer—some seven hundred thousand that he got from his dear dead father when he was twenty-one. I caught him making out the checks—oh, to hospitals and orphan asylums and homes for the blind and retreats for the aged and shelters for unmarried mothers, and a simply huge one to the Republican campaign fund. He said something about the incredible sufferings of the survivors of the Teapot Dome disaster, whatever that may be."

Doctor Faber—a Democrat, I presume—permitted himself to smile. "A lucid interval," he observed.



"Excuse Me for Intruding Upon Your Solitude, But I Have Been Wondering if You Wouldn't Marry Me"

"Well," continued Mrs. Tamerlaine, "I was able to stop him that time, but only with a great deal of difficulty. The next time ——" She shook her head despairingly. "What do you make of it, Mr. Packer?" she asked.

"The desire to strip oneself of all one's earthly possessions," said I, "is, of course, in accordance with early Christian teaching. At the present day, however, we are forced to ascribe so quixotic an impulse to a marked inferiority complex."

"Wait until you see Hilary," said Mrs. Tamerlaine, "and you won't think so. He is, if anything, dangerously self-assured. His—his mistakes have almost invariably been marked by impudence. Shall I have him called to see you now?"

"Perhaps it would be as well," I said.

She rang a bell and told the maid who answered it to request Mr. Tamerlaine to descend to the library.

"Day before yesterday," said Mrs. Tamerlaine in a loud whisper, "he asked that girl to marry him! Think of it, Mr. Packer! Do you blame me for being worried?"

I told her that I did not; but I was thinking not so much of her anxiety as of that which had caused it. In my practice of psychoanalysis I have found, as all disciples of our glorious Freud must find, that an expressed desire to mate is a symptom whose importance cannot be passed over lightly. When the desire to marry is openly expressed in words, with no attempt at all to conceal it, it is obviously indicative of a strong secret distaste for matrimony—and, of course, vice versa. Since young Hilary Tamerlaine, then, had proposed marriage openly to the parlor maid, all my studies in psychoanalysis led me to believe that he must be fundamentally a misogamist—a hater of marriage. This I could account for by the supposition that some woman had wronged him in his youth.

"Here he comes," said Mrs. Tamerlaine.

He hesitated an instant, inquiringly, in the wide doorway, then, with the ease and composure engendered by good breeding, advanced into the room.

He was young—twenty eight or nine, I conjectured—and he was healthful, although too thin for his height. He had the pink-and-white complexion of a girl, and he had yellow hair and dark eyes—rather amazing dark eyes. He was clad in a brightly checked suit and, to my distress, he wore white spats. He seemed in superlatively good spirits.

"Hello, hello, hello," he said; "three times hello. One for each of you. What are you doing? Discussing my sanity?"

"Hilary," said his mother imperially from the throne chair, "I want you to meet Mr. Packer—Professor Packer, I suppose I ought to say. Professor Packer has come all the way from Noncompos University, Iowa, to help us cure your—your illness. Professor Packer is the most eminent psychoanalyst of the Middle West."

"A dream doctor, eh?" suggested Hilary, shaking me cheerily by the hand.

I laughed a little, for one of our primary rules is not to take offense. "Be earnest, but be human," we tell our pupils.

"The professor is going to spend a month with us," went on Mrs. Tamerlaine. "If you do just what he tells you we hope to have you yourself again at the end of that time."

"Myself?" echoed Hilary. "How do you mean—'myself'? What is 'myself'? What am I? What, for that matter, are you; or the professor, here; or Doctor Faber, who looks so disgusted because you've called in a rival? What are we, I say?"

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," said I. "That's what each of us hopes he is."

"I learned my Latin at school and forgot it at college," said Hilary, "but I understand that, 'A sound mind in a sound body,' eh? Well, what is a sound mind, and how do you decide, and who's the judge?"

"Normalcy ——" I began.

"There's no such word," said he.

"The happy average ——"

"Can't a person above and beyond the average be sound, and happy, too, for that matter? Are you, for example, of only average mentality? Or, if not, are you unsound and unhappy?"

"Mr. Tamerlaine," said I with dignity, "you are not arguing; you are merely juggling words and meanings."

"That reminds me," said he, and to my surprise he forthwith extracted three rubber balls from his pocket and set them flying through the air from one hand to the other. He did it with dexterity and neatness, I must admit.

"Bet you can't do that," he said, catching all three, one after the other, in his left hand. "Pinetti, the Italian, taught me that in Paris just before the Revolution. He used to come out regularly when we held court at Versailles. You may call me Marie Antoinette, if you like, professor."

He smiled engagingly at me, but I turned to Mrs. Tamerlaine, who had raised her eyebrows and lowered the corners of her mouth and was now shaking her head abandonedly. Her lips framed the words, "You see?"

I saw a little, at any rate, of what I had to expect—a little, but by no means all. In the case of so many-sided a man as Hilary proved to be, it was impossible to foresee or even to keep abreast of his—inspirations. What surprised me the most in him was that he very seldom seemed to take himself seriously. I mean that he was always ready to laugh at his own antics; and the ability to laugh at oneself is a rare and eminently sane trait. Doctor Faber and

Mrs. Tamerlaine, for example, had it not at all. My enemies say that even I, with an A.B. at Yale, an A.M. at Harvard and a Ph.D. at Noncompos University, Iowa, am a creature devoid of a sense of humor where myself is concerned. They are liars, of course, and that is why they are my enemies.

During the first few days of my stay at the Tamerlaines' I was in my professional capacity constantly in the company of young Hilary. As a conscientious psychoanalyst should, I endeavored to draw him out—to make him talk about himself and his innermost secrets. It was a difficult undertaking, for his replies were invariably facetious and irrelevant. Some of them I could not but think he manufactured for the sheer pleasure of confusing me.

Thus, when one morning I asked him pleasantly of what he had dreamed, he hesitated three and a half seconds—I timed him, of course—and then said, "I had a splendid dream. I dreamed I was Juliet and you the old nurse."

Now this answer, had I been convinced of its genuineness, would, psychoanalytically, have conveyed very valuable information to me. That he had dreamed of a nurse implied, obviously, that he had been secretly longing for someone to look after him—in short, that he was in desperate need of care and protection. Associating himself with the identity of a frail young girl merely indicated again a form of inferiority complex—an admission, no doubt, of weakness and lack of confidence in his ability to face the world unaided. This interpretation would have been so satisfactory that I was loath to reject it, but unfortunately Hilary, neither then nor thereafter, ever displayed the slightest timidity or diffidence. Indeed he was wont to approach strangers, both men and women, with an insouciant disregard of the formalities that on more than one occasion caused me to tremble for him.

A flagrant example of his reckless unconventionality was afforded me one afternoon at the Hotel Beldmore. We had gone in at his suggestion—"Buy a cigar and look 'em over," was the way he put it—and we were sitting in the front lobby, conversing, if I remember rightly, about the life hereafter. I noticed after a time that Hilary had ceased to follow my scientific explanation of heaven, and was contributing nothing to the discussion beyond an occasional and usually misplaced "No" or "Yes" or "How true!" A little vexed, I hastened my conclusion and endeavored to discover what it was that distracted him. Following his gaze with my own, I perceived that he was staring brazenly at a girl seated opposite us and about a dozen feet away.

She was an exceedingly pretty girl and, as well as I could judge, expensively dressed. I placed her age at about twenty-five. She appeared, for some reason or other, restless, nervous, ill at ease. She was forever consulting the clock over the desk and comparing it with her wrist watch; and she wriggled about a great deal in her chair, crossing and uncrossing her knees abruptly and with what seemed to me recklessness. At the approach of any man she would raise her head quickly, eye him for a long moment and then, disappointed, revert to her former attitude.

"Hilary," I remonstrated, "you shouldn't stare so. It is quite evident that she is waiting for somebody."

"Of course it is," said Hilary. "She's waiting for me."

"My dear boy——" I began.

"Hush!" he urged. "Hush, professor! Don't say anything that you may later regret. She's waiting for me, and if you don't mind I'm going over to ask her to marry me."

Before I could stop him he was on his feet, and in four of his long strides was beside her chair. I followed more slowly, fearful of a scandalous scene; but I arrived in ample time to hear Hilary's opening remark.

"Excuse me," he said with a grave bow—"excuse me for intruding upon your solitude, but I have been wondering if you wouldn't marry me. I think," he added with his disarming smile, "that we should get along famously, you and I, providing, of course, that I'm your type. I'm aware, you see, that some girls dislike blond men."

I will do her the justice to say that she maintained an admirable composure in the face of such unbelievable language and behavior. True, she gave a little start, and a crimson flush mounted prettily enough to her hitherto pale cheeks.

Then she studied him coolly from head to foot, and she must have found his looks satisfactory enough, for to my astonishment a smile began to twitch at the corners of her mouth.

"Change your bootlegger," she said in a soft deep voice, so rare in these days of shrill women.

"Oh, I'm not in the least drunk," Hilary explained. "My friend, the professor here, will tell you that I'm a bit crazy; but drunk—no! No, indeed!"

At this point I seized Hilary by the arm.

I figured on whispering a few words of explanation to the girl and then leading my patient away as quietly as possible.

"I trust you will pardon him," said I. "He really means no harm, I assure you. He had a bad fall from his horse a month ago, and since then——" I broke off and tapped my forehead significantly with my middle finger. "Harmless, though," I added, reassuringly. "Come, Hilary, we mustn't annoy this young lady any longer."

"Are we annoying you?" demanded Hilary.

"No," she answered, and the smile that had been teasing to be born flashed out as brilliant and as bright as Venus from the sea.

Hilary, disengaging his arm from mine, immediately drew up a chair and motioned me to do likewise.

"Are you expecting anyone?" he inquired.

"I was," said she, "but it's so late that I'm not any more. People are very unreliable."

"All except me," said Hilary blandly. "Professor Packer will tell you that even my irrationality is reliable. He's relying on it, anyhow, to furnish him a nice fat check at the end of the month."

"Really," I put in, "I must take exception to your insinuation. I gave up a most excellent position to come to look after you, and only at your mother's urgent request."

"Is his case so very serious?" asked the girl gravely.

"He is, as you see, completely irresponsible," I replied; and I fear that there were vexation and impatience in my voice.

She nodded sympathetically. "Poor boy!" she murmured. "What a pity!" But I noticed that amusement still lingered in her eyes.

"To return to our marriage," suggested Hilary briskly—"what do you think about it?"

"I think perhaps you'd better tell me who you are."

"Who I am?" he echoed. "Do you mean to say you don't know who I am? Why, I'm Sir Walter Raleigh, and you are Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen." He stood up, at that, and started to take off his coat—to lay it before her feet, I presume. I stopped him with difficulty.

"If you won't behave," I said angrily, "I shall be forced to take you home."

"Dear me, no," said he. "You mustn't interrupt my courtship, professor, just when I'm getting along so splendidly. Do you mind if I smoke?" This last was addressed to the girl. "You see, I introduced tobacco into the civilized world and I feel obliged to keep up the advertising. Not that it needs it—bless you, no! Children are born these days with nicotine-stained forefingers. And now that I've told you who I am, don't you think you might reciprocate, unless, in truth, you are Elizabeth?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," she said, half laughing.

"Well, that's all part of the fun, isn't it? Who wants to be believed, anyhow? No truly great person was ever believed. I doubt if Professor Packer believes I'm Sir Walter Raleigh, incredulous scoffer that he is. So tell me, please, who you are."

She told him, but in a fashion that led me to suspect I had another patient to deal with. She said:

"I am the Queen Semiramis.
The whole world, and the sea that is
In fashion like a chrysoprase,
The noise of all men laboring,
The priest's mouth tired through thanksgiving,
The sound of love in the blood's pause,
The strength of love in the blood's beat,
All these were cast beneath my feet,
And all found lesser than I was."

She recited this in a sort of chanting monotone, dwelling on the s sounds, of which, heaven knows, there were plenty.

Hilary was manifestly delighted to find a companion as mad as he.

"Dear old Algernon Swinburne!" he cried. "What a fellow he was, to be sure! Purple and scarlet and gold, harps and lutes and sounding brass, wine and kisses and roses, swords and fires, suns and stars, and blood—always plenty of blood!"

(Continued on Page 128)

"I Wanted to Explain Everything Because It's Probable That I Shan't See You Again"

A KNIGHT FOR O'DAY

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I USED to think that Doughmore-on-the-Sound was the prize dump for slipping you what you didn't want, but Washington's got it over that joint like a tent. Up in the Long Island roost, if you'd ask for a hot-water bottle, they'd just hand you a cake of ice; in D. C. they makes double sure it's a cake of ice you're after, and not nothing else, and then they goes to all kinda pains to furnish you with a set of heavy blankets, a foot warmer, a quiver of hot pokers and weather stripping for the windows.

Take Henry Clay, for examples. That boy crashed the capital with the ideas of grabbing off the presidency; instead they wouldn't let him be nothing but right, which, likeeverybody knows, is as opposite as you can get without meeting yourselfs coming back. And then they is me. When I was elected to Congress to finish up the term of a lad that had franked hisself over the Styx with a shotgun, I had it all figured out to stall around under cover for the month the job lasted, draw my six hundred-odd fish in pay, cadge a coupla packages of watermelon and sunflower seeds for a friend of mine that lives on the seventh floor of a New York walk-up and stick-up apartment, and quietly take my hand outta the taxpayers' pockets.

I might 'a' got by without being noticed like I wanted if it wasn't for Kate and that charge account's yen for flashing the ritzy rags she brung with her at some swell Washington shindigs. The frau's so down in the mouth when a old-timer tips us off that the wife of a new congressman wouldn't even be invited to the Junior Garbage Sorters' Annual Hop, Skip and Jump that I decides to show 'em right offa the reel that what goes for the skillet wrestler of Representative Amos Alfalfa of Sore Gum, Arkansas, don't go for the lady of O'Day of Doughmore.

With the help of a few tricks I learned at Albany, and some lucky breaks, it ain't two days before I've got 'em all talking about me at the Capitol, and the wife's snatched a invite to a blow-out that the average frail'd strangle her children and put soup in her husband's arsenic to get a bid for. Kate, you know, is a right pert looker, especial when she canters bareback into the soft lights, all shrouded out for a killing, and before she gets away from the first party she's collected enough come-and-see-me's to keep her grandchildren tottering around to pay off calls.

"'Twin't Wood Alcohol, Sir, Is It?"

Personally I got as much use for slick society doings as a scalded baby's got for a sandpaper massage—my tastes running more to playing around with stacks of chips than chaps with sticks—but I'm the kinda American husband that walks to work every day and clicks his fodder outta automat so his woman can gasoline herself to the St. Mazuma for tea.

It's like pulling wisdom teeth with a cord tied to the door knob for me to stiffen and stud myselfs out every night for the six-fork-and-slippery-floor functions that Kate drags me to, but I suffers in silence.

That is, I does until Sir Basil Tholomondeleh-Palahamalough, Bart., walks into the set and smears the picture. He's the original what's-wrong-in-it.

The Sir and up to Bart is on the card he slips me, but for a while I don't call him nothing but Sir Bart, me not having the nerve even to go near the rest of the mystic muss. It ain't until he starts bragging about a family named Tummy-Palmer that was big guns in Yorkshire when the Flood was just a trickle that I begins to get jerry.

"From What I Reads, it Looks Like the Boy is Jealous of the Horse and is Always Trying to Beat Him a Coupla Yards to the Fox"

"You any relation?" I asks him.

"Rather," says he.

"You mean to tell me," I gasps, pulling the pasteboard from my pocket, "that alla this just spells Tummy-Palmer?"

"That's what, old bean," he answers.

"Well," I remarks, "that explains why the poor folks over in London ain't even got enough haitches to go around. You lads picked the alphabet clean before they got a chance at it."

"Labor-Party propaganda," scowls Basil. Then he brightens up. "Clever, that. Must jot it." And he drags out a notebook and pencil.

That's a regular trick of his. Tummy-Palmer, I gotta explain, is a writer who's come over to America to get impressions of the sheep-herding industry in Idaho and the home life of mountaineers in North Carolina by studying 'em close at Forty-second and Broadway and at bridge tables in Washington.

Me and Kate meets up with him at a tea at the British Embassy, the first tea I ever went to in my life where they really served it, if the taste is any proof, these days. On the account of Basil and his folks being one of the best mortgaged families in England the young feller's been put up at the place, and everybody in it makes as much fuss over him as if he was the king hisself instead of just having his pants pressed better.

He's really a nice clean-looking lad, tall, rangy and sandy, like most of them marmaladers and tiffineers that come from families that thinks work is full of germs, and he's a wow with the ladies. Kate falls hard for him, and, from what I can see over the top of the punch bowl, Tummy-Palmer ain't praying for no sudden phone calls as a excuse for breaking away from her. I ain't got a jealous bone in my head, but it makes me kinda peevish to have the frau neglecting all the other menfolks.

"Remember Bunker Hill?" I hisses to her oncet when she sails by me with Basil, but that bobo thinks I'm talking to him.

"Can't say I do," he comes back. "Writer chap?"

That lets me out, and I spends the rest of the afternoon tied up with a lotta gushy gals, most of which look me over close and then tells me what a spiffy boy Tummy-Palmer is. By the time the show's over I'm all fed up on that Yorkshire pudding and ready to vote for war against England, just to get Basil into the trenches.

"Isn't he wonderful?" steams the misses, after we takes the free American air.

"You mean the ambassador?" I inquires.

"Was he there?" returns the wife. "I means Basil—Sir Basil."

"Oh," says I, careless, "he's not a bad sort. I don't take no stock in that yarn about him busting up Lord Snoopendyke's home."

"His doing what?" cuts in Kate.

"That story," I goes on, "musta been spread by the same scandal shooters that's been telling about him getting canned outta the swell Whitechapel Club for being too familiar on long acquaintance with some cards that wasn't dealt to him."

"Oh, that!" says she, calm. "He told me all about it, and the other affair too; but they just make him more interesting, don't you think?"

"Huh!" I mumbles.

"Jealous, Dink?" asks the frau, smiling sweet.

"Me?" I yelps. "I don't even know nobody that knows how to spell it."

"Mary Gimple's baby didn't know nobody who knew how to spell diphtheria neither," remarks Kate, "but she got it just the same. You can have a spell, honey, without being able to."

"If you thinks I got a jealous streak in me," I howls, "you're just plain cuckoo."

"According to Sir Basil," titters the misses, "I couldn't be plain anything. You'll like him fine, Dink, when you gets to see a whole lotta him."

"When's that gonna be?" I growls. "A coupla years after never?"

"This week-end, dearie," returns the wife. "I've invited him to spend Friday, Saturday and Sunday with us. He's crazy about bridge and I'm gonna have Midgie down for a fourth."

"Lizzie Magruder's sister!" I sputters. "You don't mean to say you're gonna run Tummy-Palmer up against her?"

"Why not?" asks the TNT, cold.

"Lizzie," I replies, "is without no doubts the dumbest Dora in the world, but compared to Midgie she's a three-story thinker with every idea they is roosting in her attic. Lizzie, maybe, has heard that they is such a place as England, but I'll bet Midgie wouldn't believe it if she lived there."

"Perhaps she will," gurgles the frau.

"Ain't you wrens never got nothing on your minds excepting matchmaking?" I exclaims.

"Well," returns Kate, "that's the only way we has of getting the kinda company misery likes. Midgie, I admits, ain't so terribly bright; but she's cute and plays a good game of auction, don't she?"

"Somebody maybe has seen worse," says I, "but what is they about bridge and mah-jongg and golf that burns up all the gray you got? As soon as a bird gets good at 'em he usually ain't got enough brains left to get wet in a filled bathtub. Midgie! I'm sure sorry for Basil."

"I thought," sniffs the misses, "you didn't like him."

"I don't, so much," I comes back, "but Midgie's salt in an open wound."

"Maybe," retorts the wife, "Basil won't think so."

"It's possible of course," I remarks, "that he won't see the joke a-tall."

II

WE AIN'T got such a large house, and when Tummy-Palmer shows up with a man to lay out his neckties and press his shoe laces I can see a picture of me bunking with the coal down in the basement. I only has to take one look at the valet to notice right quick that he ain't the kinda bird you can ask to double up with the wop furnace man over the top of the garage. Dawkins, for it was not none other than him, stacks up like a high-class iceberg that's drifted into a cheap ocean by mistake, and it makes you trembly all over to think what a family brag it'd be if he'd only condescend to kick you in the face. Of him, more anon and later on.

Midgie's come the day before, toting a book wrote by a bobo named Burke, that gives you a line on all the Britishers that's ever been pitched offa horse. The gal's all primed to show the noble lord that us Americans knows how to act up with the swell alien foreigners.

"Welcome to O'Day Hall, your grace," says she when Sir Basil pops through the door; and me, figuring she's read up deep on the subject and is pally with what's what on them occasions, follows her play.

"Welcome to O'Day's living room," I announces, with flourishes, when we gets there; but the wife flashes the red light and I laughs off the sociable error with a crack about it being the costume in Eastern Arkansas to welcome a guest to every room in the house and not just the hall.

"How odd," remarks Tummy-Palmer. "I must jot it" And he does.

They ain't hardly no time for no more talk on the account of dinner being near ready. Midgie comes down slicked out like a show dog, and I gotta admit you could focus your eyes further and do worser. The frill's pretty enough to make Ziegfeld throw Billie Burke outta the cast to find leg room for Lizzie Magruder's sister, but that ain't so remarkable. If you ain't got no brains, you're entitled to dimples.

Framing to surprise Basil with a Yankee dish that he would maybe never see in England, the frau has a big roast beef in the clean-up position on the fatting list, but the Bart's well trained and digs into it without no comments. You gotta hand it to them boys and the way they is educated to show no emotions no matter what kinda new stunt is pulled on 'em. Tummy-Palmer surrounds three or four cuts of the cow like he was to the menu born.

But the interesting part of the meal ain't the trick Yankee fodder so much as the feast of reasons and the flow of halfwit that goes with every course. Kate having tipped me off to do a clam and give Midgie a open field to run Basil down in, I don't say nothing much for a while. Seeing, however, that she ain't making no headways toward bossing around the servants at the Yorkshire estate I decides to help her out.

"I seen your broker this morning," I remarks, careless, "and he thinks you oughta sell eight or ten thousand of your Standard Oil shares. The common was up to a hundred and eighty-two and a quarter today."

I catches a gleam in Bart's lamps, but Midgie's a total loss, with the insurance expired the night before. She looks blank at me and kinda dazed, like I'd just tipped her they was a tarantula and a covey of vipers playing tag on her neck, but the misses is hep. I sees Midgie pull back from the step on the toe the wife hands her and then Kate turns to me. "Please," says she, "let's not talk about no business."

"Clever. That. Must jot it." And He Drags Out a Notebook and Pencil

"All right," I agrees, "but I don't see why them brokers is got to bother Midgie to close a little deal like that. They're pests. Remember the fuss they made about peddling that dinky railroad line out in Iowa for her? The thing wasn't over ninety miles long."

"Sir Basil," ices Kate, giving me the cloudy, with rain and snow, "ain't interested in them things. . . . How is the dear prince?"

"Quite well, I fancy," he answers, looking kinda surprised.

"Has he found a tame horse he can stay with?" I inquires, getting into the spirit of the palaver.

"Oh, doubtless," replies Basil, serious. "They ain't no end of animals in the royal mews"—mews being Burke for livery barn, and not the way the cat barks.

"Well," I remarks, "they maybe ain't no end to 'em; but I'll bet Wales is got the idea they ain't nothing to them nags excepting ends. From what I reads, it looks like the boy is jealous of the horse and is always trying to beat him a coupla yards to the fox. Sorta reminds me of the yarn about the feller the copper saw looking in the gutter like he'd lost something"

"Does it have to?" chisels in the misses, but I goes on.

"'What'd you lose?' asks the bull.

"'A stick pin,' the guy answers.

"'Where?' inquires the John Law.

"'Down the next block,' the bimbo tells him.

"'Why don't you look there?' suggests the bluecoat.

"'The light's better here,' returns the cuckoo"

Basil smiles, but only from the lips out. Midgie, though, gets the point quick, as per usual.

"I oncet lost a bar pin in the street like that," she remembers, "and I had a most awful time finding it. The lights at night are bad, aren't they?"

"Yeh," I tells her, "they is much better in the daytime."

"What," the frigid frau wants to know, "is supposed to be the connection between that silly story and the unfortunate prince, if any?"

"It's like this," I explains: "I can easy imagine a duchess or something coming along just after Kid Windsor had hit the sod and remarking, 'What you doing, your highness?'

"'Riding to the hounds,' says he.

"'Why ain't you on your horse?' she comes back.

"'It's softer here,' returns the Black-and-Blue Prince."

Kate's ready to jump at my throat, but Tummy-Palmer again lets his lips smile independent.

"You're quite wrong, old chap," says he. "You have no idea how hard our English turf is."

"Talking about the take-out double," cuts in the wife, "I sees where Proctor figures that you gets your partner in a jam with it eighty-seven times outta hundred every time you tries it. Do the good bridge players in England use the one-bid take-out double, Sir Basil?"

"What," I inquires, "may I ask, is the connection between that silly play and the prince's unfortunate horse?"

"They ain't none," snaps the misses, giving her party manners the quick curtain, "excepting we is at table and not in the stable. In you insists, we'll have your coffee served in a stall."

"Rather clever notion that," says the noble lord. "I must jot it. I think I should rather enjoy the novel experience."

I helps Kate to a wide grin and she's too flustered for a quick comeback. Midge, however, having got a sniff of the only subject in the world she knows more'n zero about, swings the talk back into auction bridge.

"Do you play the one-club bid in England," she inquires, "as a invitation for a no-trumper?"

"No," he answers; "we don't."

"You gotta remember, gal," I adds, "that over there, over there, they ain't so free with invitations like we is. They gotta know all about a hand, where it comes from, its connections and the such before they'll send it a bid to come in and play. Just the same, I'm surprised. McGullible says ——"

"McGullible?" eyebrow-lifts Sir Basil.

"Surely," I gasps, "you've heard of McGullible on Auction?"

"Sorry," stammers Tummy-Palmer, "but I can't say I have."

"I'm dumfoundered," I tells him. "McGullible is to bridge what air is to radio, and a lack of good sense is to mah-jongg; you can't hardly play 'em without 'em. To get into a fast auction game without knowing your McGullible would be just the same as strolling into church with nothing on but a bathing suit you'd forgotten to bring with you. Better jot that, Bart."

Kate's sitting in the electric chair all this time, but she don't dare let loose at me on the account of maybe spilling Midgie's chances of having tea with the best county families of Yorkshire. The frau's got

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It's a Cinch That the Frau and the Noble Lord is Got the Picture Gallery Between 'Em, So I Bids Three Clubs Just for a Force-Up

A PARTY UP IN THE AIR

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE is one concrete thing about the Democratic presidential situation: The national convention will be held in New York, beginning on June twenty-fourth.

All the rest of it is conjecture, surmise, speculation, assumption, prophecy—political gas and guesses, and the most gaseous of all the guesses are those that make for the identification of the nominee.

Nobody at this date of writing has any more idea than a snowbird of who the candidate will be—nobody. The bosses do not know, the regularly ordained prognosticators do not know, the directing statesmen in Washington do not know, the local oracles do not know, and, most of all, the delegates do not know. More than that, not one of them can go further than the flimsy grounds of inference or opinion, and there are mighty few persons in the circumstances whose opinion carries any weight because of the circumstances surrounding.

The presidential nomination for the Democrats is wide open, and even the most astute and powerful and strategic of the manipulators have no idea how it eventually will be closed. They may say they have, but they haven't. They have no information. Their sole support is hope fathered by their particular needs and wishes.

This does not mean that there are not plenty of candidates—a surplus, indeed. The Democratic Party is heavily overstocked with candidates. Its show windows are jammed with samples. Its shelves are laden, and there are many in the cellar and the vaults. It has favorite sons, and, in some states, favorite twins and favorite families even. It isn't the lack of candidates that makes foreknowledge impossible. It is the plethora of them, and a few other contributing political details.

The Massacre

IF YOU suspect every Democrat you meet who has had his name in the papers a few times in connection with national affairs, who has an Hon. or an Ex as a prefix to his signature, who is known outside his native county in his own state, who thinks he is on terms with a boss, or who has means to support a press agent—of being a candidate for the forthcoming presidential nomination of his party, you will be 74.6 per cent right.

Also, if you suspect many Democrats who have not risen even to these heights of harboring the same desire your percentage of exactitude will be about the same.

There has not been a time in this political generation, nor was there one in the political generation preceding, when so many patriots considered their personal presidential potentialities as imperative on their party. What their party thinks about them is entirely another matter, and will be demonstrated in Madison Square Garden for as many days as will be required to kill them off in platoons—the massacre will be wholesale. Until the slaughter begins, the Democratic Party will remain all cluttered up with ambitious and ardent statesmen, each one of whom feels that he has as much right as any of the others to aspire.

Of course, this condition may be due in a measure to the fact that the convention is to be held in the metropolis, where everything is done on a large scale, including the visitor. No doubt the Democrats think they must live up to their environment, and one good way is to stage a convention where a parade of the candidates for the nomination will consume an hour and fifteen minutes in passing a given point—the point being given by George E. Brennan, Frank Hague, Thomas Taggart, et al, including et Al Smith.

That may be it. Or it may be that as about the only vestige of our personal liberties guaranteed by the Constitution left remaining by our restrictive and prescriptive pastors and masters is the liberty accorded to any native-born citizen, aged thirty-five, to become President if he can, the Democrats are availing themselves of this last opportunity to show they are free-born and untrammeled. Only one of them can become President, and then only if he can be elected; but the chance for the gesture remains.

Governor Al Smith of New York State and De Valera, Irish Republican, at the Ceremonies in Memory of Terence MacSwiney, Held at the Polo Grounds, New York, Sunday, October 31, 1920

This enormous outpouring of candidates may be because of either one or both of these reasons, or it may be due to the fact that the Democrats think there is an excellent chance to win this year. All Democrats, like all Republicans, are opportunists, and most of them refuse to go in unless they know the water is fine. The only Democrat who has consistently remained a candidate, through good and evil report, ready at all times to lead even if disaster surely impends, is Old Faithful William Jennings Bryan. He has never faltered for a minute since 1896, and he isn't faltering now. There is room, however, for the assumption that the chief inciting cause for a great number of the announced, receptive and entirely Barkis attitudes of most of the eminent Democratic citizens who can be catalogued as standing ready to storm the Republican trenches in the capacity of captain-general of the attacking Jeffersonian forces is the widespread Democratic impression that this is a good Democratic year.

This impression, which the Democrats say is truly founded, but which the Republicans naturally decry as an idle dream, is based on two principal arguments. The first argument is that the showings made by the various investigations in Washington, the condition of unrest among the people, the heavy burden of taxes, the agrarian discontent, the looseness of party ties, the spirit of protest which is best voiced by the demand for a change, and the extreme fluidity of the American voters—will work to the tremendous and triumphant advantage of the Democrats for the reason that the party in power at present is the Republican Party, and the Republican Party is therefore the definite object to be operated upon to get the change. American politics now largely consists of a rush of the voters to the polls to vote the ins out and the outs in, and a succeeding rush, at the next election opportunity, to vote out the ins who were voted in to redeem the iniquities of those displaced by them. All ins are subject of protest and liable to sudden ejection.

The Democrats hold that it is their turn to run the Government; and though there may be some dispute as to whether it really is their turn, there is no doubt that the political situation throughout the country at least somewhat favors the assumption. Our great political parties are no longer instruments of policy and political principle. They are mere mediums for protest. Wherefore, if the protest that will find its full expression in the next presidential campaign is as deep-seated as the Democratic scouts report it is, and as the Democratic leaders hope it is, the Democratic candidate for President will be pleasantly placed at the beginning of his campaign, anyhow.

A Mob of Candidates

THE second argument, based also on a hope, but having some tangible evidences of reality about it, is the Democratic anticipation that the radical Republicans, after the two conventions have nominated, will put a third-party ticket into the field. This done, the Democrats figure that all they need contrive during the campaign is to get out the Democratic vote and bring about the conditions of 1912, when Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft battled across the continent, and Mr. Wilson sat on the Jersey Coast, observing the combat with pleased interest, and was presented with the presidency on a silver salver, garnished with a wrecked and perished opposition. The Democrats are more or less superficial in their consideration of this contingency, because radicalism is not confined to the Republican Party; but that view of it pleases them, and their awakening can come only after the event, if ever.

Thus, with the spirit of protest and the demand for a change prevalent throughout the country, and with the Republican Party the object of attack, with the prospect of a third ticket that will, they think, give a medium for the expression of this protest that will not hurt them, and will vastly help them, with their block of votes from the South assured, the Democrats are dreaming dreams, seeing visions and building castles in Washington; and, on the practical side, their party members are rising up in all sections and demanding to be anointed with the nomination.

Having a mob of candidates, the Democrats have no candidate. There is not among all these aspirants a single outstanding figure to demand their party suffrages. Here and there a man like Underwood rises above the ruck, but it is not probable that he will be a dominating figure at the convention when

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John W. Davis, Snapped on the Links, at Hot Springs, Va.

Shall We Give Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford?

By George W. Norris

United States Senator From Nebraska

MR. FORD'S bid provides that he will operate Nitrate Plant No. 2 to its full capacity in the manufacture of fertilizer. This fact has been used over the country to induce the farmers to back Mr. Ford's proposition and to demand favorable action at the hands of Congress. In all fairness, however, this part of Mr. Ford's bid is not entitled to be considered as one of the considerations for the transfer of the property or the leasing of the dams. It is expressly stipulated in the bid that the corporation shall be entitled to make a profit of 8 per cent on its fertilizer operations. The farmers of the country have been led to believe that Mr. Ford will cut the price of fertilizer in two. There is no such guaranty in his bid. He is under no such obligation. The corporation is only bound to produce 40,000 tons of nitrogen per annum, and it is entitled to make a profit on that of 8 per cent. It is not stipulated that he shall cut the price of fertilizer one-half. It ought to be small satisfaction to the farmers of the country to realize that while they will toil early and late in the fields to give this corporation an 8 per cent profit, they will likewise bend their backs in toil to pay their portion of the taxes on the money that will be loaned to this great corporation on one hundred years' time at less than 3 per cent.

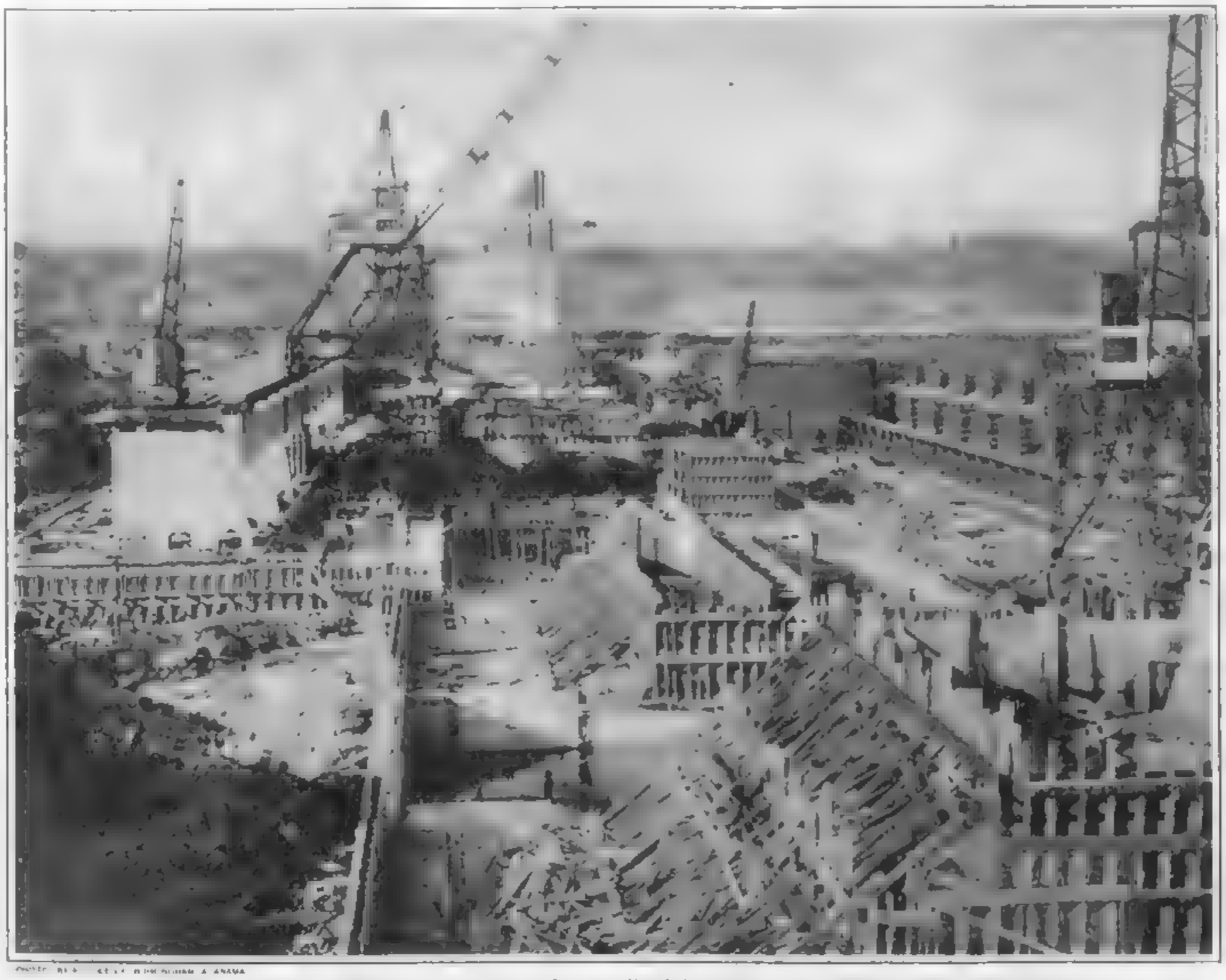
It is my belief that the extraction of nitrogen from the air will be cheapened. Until the price is cheapened it will not be possible to use the nitrogen thus extracted in the manufacture of fertilizer and to sell the product at less than the present market price, unless power for its manufacture can be obtained at practically nothing, and I assert without fear of successful contradiction that until this price is cheapened neither Mr. Ford nor the Government nor anybody else will be able to manufacture fertilizer from nitrogen extracted from the air at Muscle Shoals, if a profit of 8 per cent is added to the business, at a price that will materially reduce the cost to the farmer.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Ford's bid holds no hope whatever for the reduction of the price of fertilizer to the farmer. His success in this respect is the same as that of anyone else. It depends entirely upon improvements and the cheapening of the method of extraction. The scientific men of the entire country, led by the Bureau of Chemistry of the Government, have been working diligently ever since the war to cheapen this process. They have met with a very fair amount of success and it is believed now by these experts that they have discovered a way of very materially cheapening the method of extracting nitrogen from the atmosphere. They have done this as government officials working in government laboratories. Neither Mr. Ford nor any of his employes or assistants are entitled to any credit whatever for this improvement. If he secures Muscle Shoals he would be entitled to use whatever improvement the Government had invented, but this would likewise be true of everybody else. It would be true of the Government if it operated the nitrate plants. Such improvement does not depend upon selling or leasing this property to the Ford corporation.

The investment of the Government at Muscle Shoals was originally a war proposition. It is important, it seems to me, that the Government should retain this property. If a war should come in which we should be engaged we should need all the property that we now have there. We can compare Muscle Shoals to a battleship, the only difference being that the nitrate plants have a peacetime use while the battleship has only a wartime use. There is no more reason for giving away Muscle Shoals than there would be for giving away a battleship.

It is extremely important that the manufacture of fertilizer should be cheapened, and the people of the country are to be congratulated on what promises to be a wonderful development and improvement by way of cheapening the process of extracting nitrogen from the atmosphere. Such improvement can best be brought about and the benefits thereof be given to the public at large, by the retention of Muscle Shoals by the Government and the use therein of the improved methods invented and discovered by our own public servants, and thus supply one important ingredient of fertilizer to the farmers of the country, not at a profit of 8 per cent but at absolute cost.

Since the Government will need this property in time of war, and since it is absolutely necessary in time of war, it is just as essential that it keep it in repair in time of peace as it is that we should keep our fortifications in good shape and our Navy in fighting condition.



The Wilson Dam, Tennessee River, Alabama, Looking North in Coffer No. 5. Photographed February, 1924

The Recapture Clause

MR. FORD'S followers make considerable capital out of the fact that his bid provides that the Government can take over this property from his corporation in time of war. This is another provision in the bid that has no basis of merit except as a foundation for propaganda. Every child knows that in time of war the Government can take over any property it sees fit to take. If Mr. Ford's bid provided that the Government should take over this property at the price he pays for it, then there would be some merit in his contention, but under his bid, if we take it over, we would have to pay—not what he paid—but its full value. Not only this but his bid specifically provides that when we take it over we shall pay damages if there be any contracts that are in existence at that time.

The Donation of Another Steam Plant

IT WOULD seem that these enormous gifts from the Government to the Ford corporation ought to fill the heart of Mr. Ford with overflowing thankfulness. To be the beneficiary of such a national gift as Muscle Shoals, ought to move his great heart to charitable activity. But the bill which is now pending in the Senate and which recently passed the House, thrusts into the lap of this Ford corporation another specimen of kindly beneficence that would move a heart of stone to shed tears of gratitude. There is one provision of this wonderful piece of proposed legislation that will guarantee Mr. Ford's corporation against any possible distress or poverty. It is provided in this bill that the Secretary of War shall condemn a suitable site for a steam plant somewhere on the Black Warrior River, and that he shall construct at government expense, on this property, at the mouth of a coal mine, a steam-power plant, capable of producing 40,000 horse power; and in order that Mr. Ford's corporation may receive this wonderful gift without trouble or expense this bill further provides that the Secretary of War shall purchase a right of way from the site so selected, to Muscle Shoals, and construct thereon a transmission line, and that after all this is done it shall be turned over, free of cost, to the Ford corporation, by absolute warranty deed.

This ought to make Mr. Ford feel happy and compensate him for any worry that may have come to him on account of the delay in Congress that some misguided members of the House and Senate have caused to the acceptance of his wonderful bid.

No one has ever given a reason for this additional donation that has any foundation for its basis. The only excuse given for it that I have heard is that several months ago the Secretary of War sold to the Alabama Power Company an undivided interest in a power plant located at Gorgas, from which power plant the Government obtained power when it commenced the construction operations at Muscle Shoals. It was in no way connected with Muscle Shoals. It had no relation to Muscle Shoals after the Government had built its own steam plant, and was in no way either directly or indirectly involved in the operation of the governmental activities at Muscle Shoals.

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THE BLASTED BLURB

"You Remember Our Beginnings—the Time When We Started in With Our First Millionaire, With Cyrus Socoway?"

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

M. LUTHER SWARTOUT, the second president of the Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad, stood at the head of the plain directors' table in the plain directors' room of that old and conservative organization on the old and conservative north side of Wall Street, making his expected report upon the annual coal strike. On the wall before him toward which he looked was the framed woodcut of the largest engine in the United States in 1866. Upon the wall back of him, above the black coal grate in the white marble mantelpiece, was the steel engraving of Calvin Cushing, the first president of the road, whose place he had taken in 1877.

"Gentlemen," he said, "your chairman, as a member of the general operators' committee, begs leave to report the plans arrived at, after long negotiations, by which they hope for the aversion of the annual anthracite miners' strike in the Coalfields region, in which your holdings lie—but only at the now customary annual concession of the twenty-five cents advance in wages."

"An outrage!" exclaimed the oldest director, with the black ear trumpet and the snow-white whiskers, who sat at his right hand.

"Mr. Schuylkill, you are right," the darkest and dressiest director, next to him—Mr. Aaron Feldman, the great private banker—said approvingly.

"I am!" said D. Schuyler Schuylkill, the deafest and reddest-faced director.

One of the oldest millionaires in New York, he was a man who made no secret of his convictions, or the fact that he was almost continually angered by what he saw going on today.

"Absolutely! Yes!" exclaimed the other directors about the dimly lighted table.

"This being the case," President Swartout was again going on, "with costs of production forced up in spite of our best efforts, the annual advance in the price of coal becomes not merely advisable but imperative—if your company is to survive!"

"Hear! Hear!" said D. Schuyler Schuylkill, extending his ear trumpet nearer, but the habitual expression of well-justified anger on his face only slightly mollified.

"What else can be done?" asked Mr. Feldman, the dressiest director, at his right, of the softest spoken director, Mr. Charles Wesley Johnson, who sat beyond him.

"That is true. That is true. Nothing. Nothing whatever!" agreed the softest spoken director, closing his eyes and wagging his head gently from side to side as he did so.

The three most silent directors—Mr. Singmeister, Mr. Hochstanzer and Mr. Dinkey, the leading millionaires of North Central Pennsylvania—who sat at the end of the table opposite the president, did not speak, but nodded silently, according to their custom.

At the president's left, across three vacant chairs from them, the newest director, John Henry Snaggitt, from South Chicago, knowing that no one cared to hear from him, merely rolled his cigar in his lips and grunted.

"Accordingly, the general committee of operators, on which your chairman is your representative, has found it mandatory—in all justice—to announce once more the annual advance in the price of anthracite coal, which, in the opinion of your chairman," continued Mr. Swartout, "the public must from now on, in all fairness, expect."

"An able man. An able man!" stated Mr. Feldman, the dressiest director, leaning toward the ear trumpet of Mr. Schuylkill, in a piercing whisper, which, it seemed, must have been heard by the one whom it praised.

"Well enough," replied the oldest director in a voice which the one alluded to could scarcely have escaped hearing; and turned his ear trumpet back to learn what he had to say next.

"The price of anthracite coal, therefore, gentlemen—if you ratify the committee's findings—will be again advanced in the amount of fifty cents, an advance impossible, in your chairman's opinion, of criticism or question. Having forced a raise of twenty-five cents a ton, labor by this act, per se, has advanced the price of coal to the consumer fifty cents, on the now long-settled basic practice of the coal industry that whatever increase labor secures capital should certainly have no less. And vice versa. Gentlemen, that is my report and recommendation," said Mr. Swartout, and sat down.

"So then that's settled!" said Mr. Snaggitt, the newest director, from South Chicago, instead of waiting for the usual motions of ratification.

Although, like at least half of the others on the board, he would have had difficulty in representing his fortune with less than eight figures, even to a tax collector, the man was in many ways not grateful to them. New, crude, having secured his wealth only when the steel combination came to South Chicago less than ten years before, he knew little and cared less about the accepted formalities of corporate business. In many ways he was an outlaw who broke in and broke out of old, valuable and respected financial combinations, as he had done with the old Susquehanna and Coalfields, by the sheer brute force of millions.

"What did that individual say?" inquired the oldest millionaire, holding up his ear trumpet to Mr. Feldman for information; but turning sharply, following the rest, to see with surprise what had so suddenly diverted them.

From an inner darker corner of the dim directors' room a tall figure in a straight blue denim robe, with white buttonholes and a band of crape on the left arm, was advancing with his right hand uplifted, the first two fingers extended toward the ceiling. A fair silken beard and long fair semiringlets concealed the severe semiclerical collar of his robe or smock.

"Where'd he come from?" inquired Mr. Schuylkill impatiently, for as yet the stranger had not spoken.

"Out of the coat closet, it looked like," Mr. Aaron Feldman yelled into his trumpet.

But now the fair-bearded stranger in the denim robe had come beneath the framed woodcut of the largest locomotive in 1866, and stood gazing down at them, with hand and two fingers still uplifted.

"Stop!" he said, speaking at last in a measured and mellifluous voice.

The millionaires at the plain table were silent under his piercing eye. M. Luther Swartout, at the farther end of the table, opened his mouth and closed it again, still gazing at the unusual stranger who now, standing rigid, spoke again.

"What of the widows?" asked the simple stranger.

In the unmarred silence which followed, President Swartout arose, flushed and trembling.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I will answer that later," replied the stranger, in a calm but accusing voice. "That is not the question now." His calm level gaze fell not at all before the hard eyes of President Swartout and his directors. "The question now," he repeated, with still uplifted fingers, "is: What of the widows?"

"Whom do you believe yourself to be?" the stern spokesman for the Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad persisted harshly in knowing. "A director?"

"I am not."

"A stockholder?"

"No."

"Then what are you doing here? Whom do you represent?"

"I represent the widows," said the simple stranger calmly, meeting glance with steady glance.

The directors stirred perceptibly, each watching with tense gaze his face.

"What widows?" went back the harsh voice of President Swartout.

"The widows of the pit, the tipple, the breakers and the rails," replied the fair-bearded stranger. "If," he said, going on in their wondering silence, "the price of anthracite is to have its annual advance, the widows must have their share. Think it over, gentlemen," he said. "I will come again for my answer!"

He turned, saying this, and walked with calm strides toward the ground-glass door, the private entrance from the directors' room into the narrow old-fashioned hall.

"Gentlemen," he said, pausing as he stood there and gazing back at the spellbound millionaires, who stood now, staring from about their plain table, "remember! I have made myself the representative of the widows. The widows must have their share!"

Standing, with two fingers of his right hand raised again above his head, he gazed at them calmly for a time, preparatory to leaving their room.

"What did he say? That he made himself a widower?" asked, in the general silence, the deafest director, who had only imperfectly understood him

"No. A widow! He says he represents the widows!" called Mr. Feldman the cultivated banker hastily, and turned nervously again to face the stranger squarely.

"A mad man!" charged D. Schuyler Schuylkill very positively. "A dangerous crank, an anarchist."

The words had scarcely left his lips when the stranger's right hand, falling, grasped the old white knob and drew open the door into the narrow outside hall. A livid flash filled the dark hallway, and a tremendous boom; a dense white mass of smoke rolled through the door of the long secluded directors' room of the old and conservative Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad.

"What was it?" exclaimed Charles Wesley Johnson, the softest spoken director, peering out at length from where he found himself, beside Mr. Feldman, the banker, and the three silent coal barons, beneath the strong old directors' table

"Newspaper photographers! From the Daily Mess! I recognized them!" said the darkest and best-dressed director, who was now rising.

"Flashlight!" said the three coal barons, speaking at last

The sound of crashing glass which they had been hearing from the corridor now, they noticed, ceased; and a moment later John Henry Snaggitt, the outlaw millionaire, from South Chicago, came in through the smoke, wiping off his hands.

"I got one of them!" he said.

"What was it? What was it?" asked the other directors of the Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad, crowding around him.

"Damned if I know," said the outlaw millionaire, wiping in between his fingers with his checked handkerchief. "But I got him good! Bing on the beak! At the head of the stairs. And the camera went down too!"

"This looks bad to me," said President Swartout, shaking his head.

Yet he himself had no idea what the real meaning of it all could be.

II

AT THREE o'clock upon the succeeding day the directors of the Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad were again come together in their poorly lighted board room in their meeting for the consideration of the annual advance of the price of anthracite, adjourned from the previous day. Their president, M. Luther Swartout, was in the chair. Eight other members, all conspicuous in the inner life of New York finance, were present.

Upon the plain table around which they sat were heaps of newspapers from which, selecting at random, the various financiers were reading the first pages of one and then another.

"This is terrible! Terrible!" said Mr. Feldman, the most cultivated director.

"A brutal and unjustified attack," said President Swartout.

"The worst we have ever had," said Mr. Johnson, the softest spoken director.

"That picture under the table—that was the worst feature!" said the downright oldest director, Mr. Schuylkill. "That pencil sketch."

And Mr. Snaggitt, the new director, from South Chicago, sitting back in his chair, laughed in his coarse common way.

"This is scarcely a laughing matter, in the circumstances," President Swartout reminded him. "When you remember that it may balk the annual advance in anthracite. Disrupt the whole industry!"

But he still sat back, chuckling, and rolled his big black cigar in his lips.

It was Mr. Feldman, the banker, who spoke first in the succeeding silence.

"There is something unusual here," he said; "entirely different from previous attacks upon the rise in anthracite."

"I'll say so," said the outlaw millionaire, with his coarse and vaudeville sense of humor. "More action. More pep!"

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"I Will Answer That Later," Replied the Stranger, in a Calm But Accusing Voice. "That is Not the Question Now. The Question Now is: What of the Widows?"

BILL THE CONQUEROR

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER III

THE library of Mr. Cooley Paradene at his house at Westbury, Long Island, was a room which caused bibliophiles on entering it to run round in ecstatic circles, prying and sniffing and uttering short, excited, whining noises like dogs suddenly plunged into the middle of a hundred entrancing smells. Its fame, one might say, was international, for articles describing it had appeared in such widely separated periodicals as the Atlantic Monthly, the Quarterly Review and the Mercure de France. On each wall were shelves, and on each shelf volume after volume of oddly ill-assorted sizes—here a massive tome, there next to it a squat dwarf of a book; yonder a thing that looked like a book, but was really a box containing a book. The mere sight of these affected those who appreciated that sort of thing like some powerful drug.

Bill, not being a bibliophile, bore the spectacle with more calm. On being shown into the library by Roberts, who informed him on his arrival at three o'clock that afternoon that Mr. Paradene would be disengaged shortly and desired him to wait, he made immediately for the curtained bow window, from which, as his previous visits to the house had told him, there was a view almost ideally arranged for the contemplation of one in his emotional state.

Beneath the window hung masses of laburnum, through which the observer might note and drink in the beauty of noble trees, a silver lake and a broad expanse of shady lawn. Just what a man in love wanted, held Bill.

There was but one flaw. The broad expanse of shady lawn was, he disgustedly perceived, marred at the moment by the presence of humanity, for which in his exalted condition he was in no mood. What he wanted was to contemplate Nature, and, contemplating, to muse dreamily upon Alice Coker. He resented the intrusion of an old man with a white beard and a small boy in knickerbockers. These two blots on the landscape were strolling up and down the middle of the nearest lawn, and they killed the whole beauty of the scene for Bill. However, at this moment they started to move toward the house, and presently the laburnum hid them and he was at peace again. He gave himself up once more to thoughts of Alice.

His reflections induced a sort of yeasty exhilaration, akin to—and yet how infinitely purer than—that which he had felt after the third of the powerful cocktails so jovially blended yesterev'en by host Judson at his deplorable party. Of all the amazing things that could have happened, that he should actually have cast off the diffidence of months and asked her to marry him was surely the most amazing. No, not quite the most amazing. That dizzy niche was undoubtedly reserved for the astounding miracle that she should have received his proposal in so kindly a spirit. True, she had not actually committed herself to an engagement; but what of that? She had as good as said that, like some knight of old, he had merely to perform his allotted task and she would be his. What could be fairer than that? Oh, love! Oh, fire!

His meditations were interrupted by the opening of the door.

"Mr. Jasper Daly," said the voice of Roberts.

From his post behind the curtains Bill heard a testy snort.

"What's the sense of announcing me, my good man? There's nobody here."

"It's Got to be an Inside Job, of Course! But I'll Have Joe the Dip Get in Touch With You and Stand By in Case You Need Him"

"Mr. West was here a moment ago, sir."

"Eh? What's he doing here?"

Bill came out from his nook.

"Hullo, Uncle Jasper," he said, and strove in vain to make his voice cordial.

After what had passed between Conscience and himself that morning, the spectacle of Mr. Daly was an affliction. The thought that it was even remotely possible that he in any way resembled this wizened, greedy-looking little person cut like a knife.

"Oh, there you are," said Uncle Jasper grumpily, looking round with a pale reptilian eye.

"Mr. Paradene is engaged for the moment, sir," said Roberts. "He will be with you shortly. Shall I bring you a cocktail, sir?"

"No," said Uncle Jasper. "Never drink 'em." He turned to Bill. "What you doing here?"

"Roberts called up this morning to say that Uncle Cooley wanted to see me."

"Eh? That's queer. I had a telegram yesterday myself saying the same thing."

"Yes?" said Bill distantly.

He turned to look at the bookshelves. He was a broad-minded man and hoped that he could make allowance for the lowest of God's creatures; but really it was almost indecent that one who had only recently left the golden presence of Alice Coker should have to endure the society of this old crumb. A moment later he had a fresh burden to bear. "Mrs. Paradene-Kirby," proclaimed Roberts in the doorway.

The arrival of his Cousin Evelyn deepened Bill's gloom. Even at the best of times she was hard to bear. A stout and voluminous woman in the early forties, with eyes like blue poached eggs, she had never had the sense to discard the baby talk that had so entertained the young men in her debutante days.

"O-o-h, what a lot of g'eat big booful books!" said Cousin Evelyn, addressing, apparently, the small fluffy dog which she bore in her arms. "Ickle Willie dog must be a good boy and not bite the books and maybe Uncle Cooley will give him a lovely cakie."

"Mr. Otis Paradene and Master Cooley Paradene," announced Roberts.

Bill now felt drearily resigned. To a man compelled to be in the same room with Uncle Jasper and Cousin Evelyn, the additional discomfort of Otis and little Cooley was negligible. Merely registering in his mind the opinion that Uncle Otis was fatter than ever and that little Cooley, a glistening child who had the appearance of having recently been boiled, looked like something that had come out of an egg, he turned to the bookshelves again.

"Great heavens!" cried Uncle Jasper, staring at the new arrivals, "is this Old Home Week? What you all doing here?"

"Cooley and I were specially telegraphed for," replied Otis with dignity.

"Why, how puffickly straordinary!" said Cousin Evelyn. "So was I."

"And he," said Uncle Jasper, plainly bewildered, jerking a thumb at Bill, "had a phone call this morning. What's the idea, I wonder?"

Cooley, a silent child, said nothing. He stood picking at the leather of an armchair with the nib of a pen, agitated at regular intervals by a hiccup that sounded like a diffident man starting to give three cheers for something and losing his confidence after the first "hip." The rest of the family went into debate on the problem.

"How strange, Uncle Cooley asking us all to come here together like this," said Cousin Evelyn.

Uncle Otis glanced about him cautiously and lowered his voice.

"If you ask me," he said, "there's something in the wind. My idea is that Cooley probably realizes that he's getting pretty old, so he's going to make settlements on us all."

"Oh, do you really, really fink so?" exclaimed Cousin Evelyn rapturously. "Of course he is old, isn't he? I always say that when a man has passed sixty he's simply waiting for the end."

"I was sixty-two last birthday," said Uncle Otis coldly.

"Settlements?" said Uncle Jasper thoughtfully. He scratched his chin. "H'm—not a bad idea. Save us a lot of money on the inheritance tax."

Bill could endure no more. Admitting that he was a bloodsucker—and Conscience had made this fact uncomfortably clear—he had at any rate always been grateful for blood received.

These ghouls seemed to have no decent human affections whatever.

"You people make me sick," he snapped, wheeling round. "You ought to be put in a lethal chamber or something. Always plotting and scheming after poor old Uncle Cooley's money!"

This unexpected assault from the rear created a certain consternation.

"The idea!" cried Cousin Evelyn.

"Impudent boy!" snarled Uncle Jasper.

Uncle Otis tapped the satirical vein.

"You've never had a penny from him, have you? Oh, dear, no!" said Uncle Otis.

Bill shot a proud and withering glance in his direction.

"You know perfectly well that he gives me an allowance, and I'm ashamed now that I ever let him do it. When I see you gathering round him like a lot of vultures ——"

"Vultures!" Cousin Evelyn drew herself up haughtily. "I have never been so insulted in my life!"

"I withdraw the expression," said Bill.

"Oh, well," said Cousin Evelyn, mollified.

"I should have said leeches."

The Paradenes were never a really united family, but they united now in their attack upon this critic. The library echoed with indignant voices, all speaking at once. It was only when another voice added itself to the din that quiet was restored.

It spoke, or rather shouted, from the doorway, and its effect on the brawlers was like that of a police whistle on battlers in a public street.

"Shut up!" bellowed this voice.

It was a voice out of all proportion to the size of its owner. The man standing in the doorway was small and slight. He had a red, clean-shaven face, a noble crop of stiff white hair, and he glared at the gathering through rimless pince-nez.

"A typical scene of Paradene family life!" he observed sardonically.

His appearance was the signal for another united movement on the part of the uncles and cousins. After a moment of startled pause, they surged joyfully toward him.

"'Lo, Cooley. Glad to see you"—Uncle Jasper.

"Welcome home, Cooley"—Uncle Otis.

"You dear man, how well you look!"—Cousin Evelyn.

Silence—little Cooley.

More silence—Bill.

The man in the doorway seemed unappreciative of this deluge of affection. Now that he was no longer speaking, his mouth had set itself in a grim line, and the gaze he directed at the effusive throng through his rimless glasses might have damped more observant persons. The relatives resumed their exuberant greetings.

"I got your telegram, Cooley," said Uncle Jasper.

"So did I," said Cousin Evelyn. "And darling ickle Willie dog and me both thought it so cute and sweet of you to invite us."

"Hope you had a good time, Cooley," said Uncle Otis. "Lot of ground you've covered, eh?"

"How did you like Japan?" asked Cousin Evelyn. "I always say the Japanese are so cute."

"We've missed you, Cooley," said Uncle Jasper.

The taciturnity of his offspring in this time of geniality and rejoicing seemed to jar upon Otis. He dragged little Cooley away from the chair on which he was operating.

"Greet your dear uncle, boy."

Little Cooley subjected that dispenser of largess to the stolid unwinking stare of boyhood.

"'Ullo!" he said in a loud, deep voice, and relapsed into a hiccup-punctuated silence again.

Uncle Jasper took the floor once more.

"Could you give me five minutes in private later on, Cooley?" he said. "I've a little matter to discuss."

"I, too," said Otis, "have a small favor to ask on little Cooley's behalf."

Cousin Evelyn thrust herself forward.

"Give g'eat big Uncle Cooley a nice kiss, darling," she cried, extending the fluffy dog with two plump arms in the general direction of the benefactor's face.

Mr. Paradene's reserve was not proof against this assault.

"Take him away!" he cried, backing hastily. "So," he said, "you aren't satisfied with sponging on me for yourselves – started hunting me with dogs, eh?"

Cousin Evelyn's face expressed astonishment and pain.

"Sponging, Uncle Cooley!"

Mr. Paradene snorted. His glasses fell off in his emotion and he replaced them irritably.

"Yes, sponging! I don't know if you've taught that damned dog of yours any tricks, Evelyn; but if he can sit up on his hind legs and beg, he's qualified for full and honorable standing in this family. That's all any of you know how to do. I get back here after two months' traveling, and the first thing you all do is hound me for money."

Sensation.

Uncle Jasper scowled. Uncle Otis blinked. Cousin Evelyn drew herself up with the same hauteur she had employed a short time before upon Bill.

"I am sure," she said, hurt, "horrid old money is the last thing I ever think of."

Mr. Paradene uttered an unpleasant laugh. Plainly he had come back from his travels in no mood of good will to all. This was a return to what might be called his early manner – that uncomfortable irritability which had made business negotiations with him so trying to the family in the days before he had been softened and mellowed by the collecting of old books.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. I tell you I'm sick of you all sick and tired! You're just a lot of—of — "

" — vultures," prompted Bill helpfully.

" vultures," said Mr. Paradene. "All so friendly and all so broke. For years and years you've done nothing but hang onto me like a crowd of — –"

" —— leeches," murmured Bill. "Leeches "

" —— leeches," said Mr. Paradene. "Ever since I can remember I have been handing out money to you money, money, money And you've absorbed it like so many — "

" - pieces of blotting paper," said Bill.

Mr. Paradene glared at him.

"Shut up!" he thundered.

"All right, uncle. Only trying to help."

"And now," resumed Mr. Paradene, having disposed of Bill, "I want to tell you I've had enough of it. I'm through—finished." He eyed Bill dangerously for a moment, as if waiting to see if he had any synonyms to

(Continued on Page 101)

"Do I Have to Kiss Them All?" He Asked Apprehensively

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 31, 1924

Old Reliable

IN THESE days of lamentation over the state of agriculture and the decline of demand for our farm products in the European market it is gratifying to be able to record an improvement. One high point stands out in the export trade of 1923—the export of pork products.

We possess good statistics of pork production in inspected packing houses and of export of these domestic products. The average export of domestic pork products in the five years before the war was 922,000,000 pounds. That was a large business; we held then, as now, the monopoly of the overseas trade in pork products. For the year 1923 the corresponding export was 1,994,000,000 pounds, more than double the volume of exports before the war.

The export in 1923 was the peacetime record, but not the largest figure in our history. We exported more in 1918 and 1919. The exports in 1918 were part of the war program, the revictualment of our Allies as part of our contribution to the war, done on credit. The large export of 1919 was a part of the postwar liquidation, including sales to the Allies, to Germany, and relief shipments to Central and Eastern Europe, again mostly on credit. The exports fell away greatly during 1920, rose again in 1921, declined again in 1922 to 1,493,000,000 pounds, and rose greatly in 1923 to 1,994,000,000 pounds. This huge trade is a purely commercial transaction; it is not a credit business, unless the packing houses want to make it a credit business as their private affair; and in fact it is for the most part a cash business or short-term transaction. It is a merchandising achievement of importance and is a testimonial to the quality of American pork products.

These foodstuffs go largely to Europe north of the Alps. Northern Europe is inhabited by a pork-loving population. They prefer the taste of lard to that of vegetal oils. Their domestic swine culture they have not been able to revive to the prewar dimensions. For the time being they find it better to import pork, up to a certain amount, than to import feeding stuffs and raise it. How long this may last no one can say.

When one tries to interpret this export in terms of the meaning to prices, that depends on whether one does so from the importing or the exporting point of view. The hog prices during 1923 were regarded by producers as much too low. But where would the price have been without this export? It was to a goodly extent the continuous flow of export that enabled the packing houses to absorb the extraordinary flow of hogs to market during 1923. The weight of the export for the year corresponded to 21 per cent of the production of the inspected packing houses. Both the weight and the percentage are striking. Surely it is fair to urge that the exports sustained the domestic price; and if the situation of the corn-and-hog belt during the past year was regarded as unsatisfactory, it would have been much worse had it not been for the exports.

From the standpoint of the importing countries, especially Europe, it is probably true that so large a volume of pork products was imported because the price was cheap, or regarded as cheap. At the same time these importations may properly be interpreted as indication of improvement in the economic condition, the purchasing power of Europe.

Democracy on Trial

BEFORE despairing of the Republic or trying to effect reform by strange, rude devices, it might be well to give democracy a more thorough trial. It might be wise for citizens to avail themselves of such privileges as they already possess. No system of government short of an autocracy backed by bayonets can work satisfactorily if the voters upon whose suffrages the whole scheme rests are too slack, indifferent and selfish to exercise the simple, painless and in no sense time-consuming function of registering their wills at the polls.

Last winter a congressman who had served an important district for many terms both conscientiously and effectively was buried from a large city church. Relatives, friends and delegations gathered at the funeral; but there was no crowd outside, and the passer-by had no reason to suppose that the funeral was more or less important than hundreds of others held in the same place. Two weeks later another funeral was held in the same church, that of a film star who died after a career in which drugs and divorces figured largely, and the police reserves could do nothing with the mob of ten thousand curiosity seekers who tried to get inside.

Possibly there is no use in railing at human nature. Men and women are more interested in the alleged high life of an actor or actress than in the prosy debates and committee maneuvers of Congress. But how escape the fact that the prosperity and happiness of all of us are tied up with the efficiency and conduct of government? If we are too selfish to interest ourselves in such affairs we must pay the price of selfishness.

There are communities in which the voter is relieved even of the trouble of walking around the block to register. The registrar of voters sends deputies from house to house. Yet in one city in which the convenience of the voters is consulted even to this extreme degree, the registrar states that not more than 20 per cent of the eligible voters register. He adds:

"I have never before taken more care in selecting competent and courteous deputies—a majority of them women—to make the personal canvass throughout this county from house to house. I have provided each one with a neat metal badge in order that citizens may not hesitate to admit them to their homes. I assume that each of you understands that this matter of granting the privilege of registering at one's home is purely a courtesy, not an official obligation. The service is rendered without cost to the voter.

"In spite of all this, I can truthfully say that never before have I had reports from deputies of so much discourtesy and rudeness, while in some cases it has reached a point where a much stronger word is needed to describe it. In a recent case, for instance, one of my most estimable woman deputies entered a house and registered a housewife. As she was preparing to leave, the woman's husband came home.

"Upon being informed of the deputy's business, he commanded her with an oath to get out. He then went to a drawer, took out a large pistol and threatened her. When she left, he followed her outside with the gun. I have had many reports of refusals to register and of doors being slammed in faces of my deputies, even by men living in comfortable homes, whom one would expect to be of more than average intelligence."

If those who will not inconvenience themselves to the extent of registering and voting are called to account, their explanation is that voting does not really matter. "The politicians and the big business interests run everything anyway," they say. But, of course, the very reason the politicians and various interests which they sometimes serve do run things so easily is because multitudes of citizens practically abdicate the government, and thereby automatically turn it over to the politicians.

At first sight one of the most surprising developments of recent years has been the ease with which crude, ill conceived and crank legislation is put through. But why not? Fanatical minorities are in dead earnest. The average voter has no such intense interest. What he wants is to get to the movies or to his golf or bridge game undisturbed.

Of course he can go where he likes, but let him go with his eyes open. If he wishes to abdicate the functions of government to radicals, demagogues and other selfish interests, these elements are only too glad to take it over. But that means the end of the Republic.

Talkers and Workers

ALL organizations must have bosses—that is, people who are on the job three hundred and sixty-five days a year. If an organization is large enough, and in addition powerful and prosperous, the bosses are known to the lazy armchair critics as inside or vested interests. If it is a small concern, like the men's brotherhood of the First Methodist Church or the local social club, the indispensable chairman of the entertainment or house committee is not termed a vested interest, but is merely criticized, without bouquets of any kind.

Someone must control the Republican Party, the Smithtown Golf Club, Harvard University, the Men's Social Club of Kokopee and the United States Steel Corporation. The old clique which is now in control is charged, and no doubt justly, with passing the jobs around to the boys on the inside. Once in a while an indignant electorate or membership or group of investors throws out the inside bunch and a new deal is started. All organizations will die of dry rot if no new blood comes in, and there are times when only a surgical operation makes such assistance possible.

But analyze any organization and see what you find. Usually the insiders are there because they are interested, reasonably experienced and willing to give of their time. Nearly all the critics on the outside either lack experience and knowledge or will not give up other occupations. Most of the critics will not even attend the annual meetings if there happens to be a good movie on that night. Indeed, they will not even fill out a return postal card to the extent of running a pencil through the line that reads "I will attend the meeting." But the next time they enter the club, how they do pan the house committee for the way the pictures are hung!

It is fashionable in certain quarters to say that the great universities are run by vested and capitalistic interests, and to imply thereby that these institutions of learning cannot amount to much. A study of one such university shows that to all intents and purposes it is run by four men.

The reasons these four men exert so much influence are simple in the extreme. In the first place they live rather close and are thus in a better position than many others to attend meetings. In the second place they are so interested in the work that they are willing to sacrifice business, professional and personal interests to attend all committee meetings. Such willingness is not a matter of wealth, but of personal inclination. Two of the four happen to be wealthy; the other two are not. In the third and last place, before these men came to dominate the situation they had had experience and training on minor committees, and showed their interest in these details. Such a rule has exceptions, but generally speaking the inside interests are inside because they are willing to take the trouble and do the hard work, while the people on the outside are willing only to knock.

OUR AMERICAN INDIANS

By Hubert Work

Secretary of the Interior

THE responsibilities of the Government to our American Indians are of national importance and call for sympathetic concern. The wide distribution of 340,000 people in twenty-four states, however, has rendered intimate government supervision difficult. To feed and clothe them, to safeguard their morals, health and property, and educate them for intellectual and economic independence is a task that has taxed the legislative and executive branches of the Government for many years.

The Government may have many times failed in its obligations to the red man. He must have been many times wronged in the wild life of the wilderness and frontier prairie. Nevertheless, the Indian is no longer a vanishing race, but a returning people, coming into the new life of America to share its responsibilities and honors.

The pioneer spirit has been the inspiration of America. But the covered wagon, long the emblem of the white pioneer, has now surrendered to the railroad and to the internal combustion engine, to which even the mountaintops are not denied. The broad United States is now passed over beneath a flying ship between setting suns, and we no longer have a frontier. The human voice may be heard at once by many nations.

Prey for the Unscrupulous

ALL these things the Indian has seen, and a part of them he has been. Distances were first surveyed and measured without chain or compass by the fleet-footed Indian, between a rising and a setting sun. An undiscovered country was his by right of sovereignty. A beneficent providence directed his steps, seemingly toward extinction, but really to lands of great wealth which should be conserved for his use.

The Indian is instinctively trusting and confiding. Encroachments of greed—directed alike against the white man and his red brother by the unscrupulous—are easier for the one to resist than the other because of the red man's inexperience in business transactions. Avarice, cupidity and open dishonesty do not become an American skilled in the subterfuges of language and irregularities in business transactions, even when applied to another equally seasoned. What then of the men who through sharp practices would rob these people that possess little business acumen and usually are without opportunity to acquire it? They may be compared to those who would defraud the widow or divert the patrimony of the orphan. They are beyond the pale of public respect and impervious to the promptings of humane motives.

Concessions by treaty and executive order have generally stabilized a wandering people, and individual allotments of land on some reservations have proved richer than the dreams of Midas. Suddenly acquired wealth is a menace, even to those accustomed to life's necessities. To those like the Indian, however, who may have lived meagerly and often in want, it is apt to prove overwhelming.

One Indian who had unexpectedly received an allotment of funds gratified his desire to possess a piano by purchasing a most expensive instrument. When the bill reached the Indian superintendent an inspector went to the Indian's house to see the marvelous instrument which had cost so much money. The Indian lived in a cabin with one window and a door, which it appears had not been large enough to admit the piano. Nothing daunted, the Indian had cut a large hole in the side of the cabin to admit the instrument, and the inspector found it half in and half out of the building, ruined by the weather.

The allotment of tribal funds acquired from the sale of timber or oil leases and royalties to one tribe alone reaches the sum of $12,000 per annum to each man, woman and child. This almost fabulous income of the Osages, which makes them perhaps the wealthiest group per capita of any people in the world, is fraught with the greatest danger to them. On the other hand, the poverty and want among other tribes is a paralyzant of every instinct except hunger.

Crippled by Ignorance

THESE people never having earned, of course, cannot be expected to spend money with appreciation of its purchasing power, nor to realize the future value of the dollar saved. Never having been in business, they cannot be expected to compete with the tactics of those who devise the most effective and quickest methods of separating the Indian from his money. Indeed, the groundwork for this divorcing process is usually laid before the income is due, and all the Indian allottee may see of his cash is the return of a soiled I O U bearing his thumbprint.

The motive of world commerce, community trade and much of social contact is to divert money from others. The most direct methods are often applied to the Indians, in superlative refinements—sometimes with legal embellishments.

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L'ÉTAT, C'EST MOI!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

To Miss B. A.

Commencement, June, 1924

BY CALCULUS, Chemistry, Physics undaunted,
Through Thermodynamics with spirit unvexed,
By one lingering science your path is still haunted—
Domestic! Will you master that science next?

—Lucy Chapin Rich.

Adventures of Alice

"HOW about running for office ourselves?" said the Red Knight to Alice.

"But I don't know anything about politics," said Alice.

"Fine!" said the Red Knight. "We'll make you chairman of the national committee. We'll build up a strong political machine ——"

"Why do they call it a machine?" Alice asked.

"Because it has to be lubricated with oil," the Red Knight replied. "Your job is to provide the lubricant. I have just prepared a statement announcing my candidacy. Would you like to hear it?"

Alice nodded her assent. The Red Knight drew a typewritten paper from his pocket and read: "'Under no circumstances will I consent to be a candidate.'"

"But I don't understand," Alice protested. "You say you will not be a candidate ——"

"That's the way it's done," the Red Knight explained with a smile. "As soon as that is published everybody will know that my hat is in the ring. Then I will follow it up with this statement: 'I am not a candidate. My friends are urging me, however, to be their standard bearer in the coming campaign. If the nomination is forced upon me I shall deem it my duty to accept.'"

"Nobody is urging you to run," said Alice.

"That's where you come in," replied the Red Knight. "You're forcing me into the campaign against my will. I don't want to run, but as a favorite son ——"

"What's that?"

"A favorite son is a man born in some other state."

"But what qualifications have you for holding public office?" asked Alice.

"In the first place," replied the Red Knight, "I have the most important qualification in the world. I live in a doubtful state."

"But will that make you a better President?"

"Don't be silly," said the Red Knight. "Of course it won't. But it will make me a better candidate. And after all, that's the important thing."

Her Mother—"Oh! Such Language!"
Her Daughter—"Awful! I Could Do Better Myself"

"What other qualifications have you?" asked Alice.

"Well," the Red Knight replied, "in 1895 I visited Washington on my honeymoon, and I haven't been there since. Consequently I've been able to escape the odium that usually attaches to anyone who lives at the capital. Capital punishment, I call it."

"What else?" Alice asked.

"Well," continued the Red Knight, "I'm quite fond of dogs. I can't quite decide whether to have a collie or an Airedale. You don't realize the importance of a dog to a President."

"How do you stand on important public questions?" Alice asked. "You know you'll have to stand somewhere. Take the League of Nations, for instance."

"I'm unalterably opposed to a League of Nations," said the Red Knight. "What I advocate is an Association of Nations."

"What's the difference?" Alice asked.

"Why, one's an association and the other's a league. That ought to be perfectly clear. However, my views on public questions are unimportant. The main thing is to be able to swing round the circle. There was a time when a President was merely an executive, and his job at Washington took up most of his time. But as the country grew, and the job became more and more complex, it naturally became necessary for him to spend less time at it."

"I don't quite get that," said Alice.

"You see," explained the Red Knight, "the President's job is big enough now to use up six able-bodied men, so consequently we require him to spend most of his time traveling around the country, making speeches at Jackson Day Dinners, Lincoln Day Dinners, Monument Unveilings, and the like. In his spare time, of course, he manages to attend a few college commencements to receive honorary degrees. That's why the candidates have to swing round the circle."

"Why?" asked Alice.

"It's a sort of preliminary tryout," the Red Knight explained. "You see, although the executive ability of the President doesn't amount to much any more, his capacity as a traveler is of utmost importance. So if I can cover forty-eight states and my opponent is able to cover only forty, it's obvious that I'd make the better President."

"I suppose that's why it's called running for office," said Alice.

—Newman Levy.

Giuseppe

He Boxes With Jack Dempsey

EVERABOD' say Meesta Jacka da Demps' he greata fighteeng man, but I theenk he mebbe so not so great as he hava been a called. Yes, I know he knocka out Jessa da Will', but Jessa so beeg he no can mees heem. All he hava to do ees to shutta hees eye an' cutta loose an' evera lick will a count.

But he no could knocka out Tomasso da Gib', an' Tomasso not halfa so beeg as Jessa, so I theenk he no can knocka outa me.

Meesta da Demps' cooma to my a town to giva da exhibish an' he offa one thousa' dol' eef any man can standa in fronta of heem t'ree roun'. Thees seema to me fina chance to peeck uppa soom easa mon', for I too am gooda at a da boxa gama, an' hava alaread' knocka out all a da men wot I hava met, but I have not met so verra many.

My cousin Domineek he verra smarta man, an' he cooma to me an' say: "I tella you how you can a stay theesa t'ree roun' weeth Jacka da Demps', an' all a so I tella you how you can knocka heem out, an' becooma yourself da greata da champ' who weel get ona meelion dol' for da nexta fight. I tella you all a of thees," he say, "eefa you giva to me half a da thous' whatta you get for stayeeng weeth heem t'ree roun', an' half a da nexta meelion whatta you all a so make."

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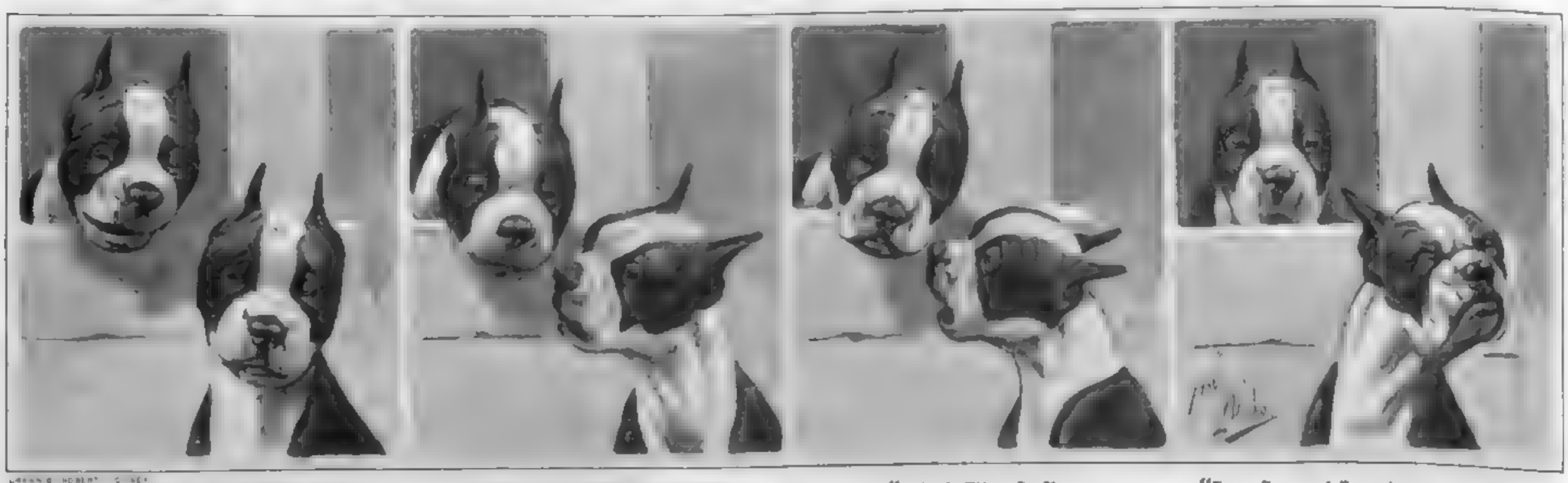
Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Oh, Beans! Isn't it Wonderful the Way Science is Advancing These Days?

"I Learn That They are Breeding Skunks for Color!"

"Color! What Do You Mean, Color?

"From Personal Experience, I Wouldn't Think Color Would Matter"

The food for your outing

Everybody will be taking Campbell's Beans along.

For the holidays at the seashore and mountains, for the meals in the open, for the picnics and the big hikes.

They are such delicious food, such substantial food.

And they're mighty convenient food!

Be sure to be liberally supplied and be sure the beans are Campbell's!

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked **Digestible**

THE BLACK GOLCONDA

The Future of Petroleum—By Isaac F. Marcosson

AFTER much wandering, during which we have ranged from the bonanza fields of California, by way of Oklahoma, to the coastal plain of Texas, we now come to the final turn in this survey of the American business of oil. It is marked by the all-important signboard that points to the future.

No other industry has undergone such a mighty transformation. We have seen how crude production has grown from 2000 barrels a year in 1859 to 725,000,000 barrels, which was the record yield of 1923. We have shown how method in transportation has evolved from the barrel hoisted to wagon or barge to the network of 60,000 miles of pipe line, to 125,000 tank cars and to fleets of tankers that traverse the seven seas. We have observed the growth of the legitimate investment from a few thousand dollars until it has reached nearly $10,000,000,000. We have beheld how gasoline, once the rejected by-product of refining, and destroyed to make way for the then more valuable kerosene, has become indispensable to trade and transport, with an annual output that has increased from 8,000,000 barrels to 190,000,000 barrels in less than two decades. We have witnessed the fuel transition in which oil has lowered the pride of coal and menaced the prestige of steam. Summed up, we have learned that to stem the flood of petroleum means to paralyze power and progress from farm to factory.

What are the vital problems that confront this super-activity so essential to the upkeep of the human and commercial machine? Will its tomorrow be as useful and expansive as its today? How is the oil supply to be conserved or substituted so that future generations may continue to employ it to conquer the air, descend into the deep, drive cars, ships and locomotives—in short, to stoke alike the furnaces of war and peace? These, and much more, are the gifts of petroleum to the humming age that works fast and travels faster. Yet the speed at which we move and have our productive well-being is matched by the miracle of the petroleum advance. What is its ultimate objective and what are the possibilities of price, refining and production?

Just as all signs fail in dry weather, so do all estimates, to say nothing of forecasts, concerning petroleum go by the board. Uncertainty claims the industry. It begins with the elusiveness of the crude product itself and extends to nearly every phase. Hence the difficulty in reaching any definite conclusion about the future. As a matter of fact, the only secure thing about petroleum, in some respects, is its past.

The Radiant, an Old Standard Oil Case-Goods Carrier, Used in the Orient Trade

How Conditions Change

TAKE the vital matter of reserves. With coal, iron and copper, the mine owner not only knows precisely where he stands but can block out his holdings so as to meet impending demand and supply. Not so with oil. Feast and famine alternate because the conditions that attend drilling cannot be standardized. Adjoining wells drain one another and the result is the frenzied competition which inevitably leads to oversupply. Moreover, just as soon as consumption and production are about to meet, a new pool may be discovered and the flood of petroleum begin all over again. The look ahead is necessarily fraught with hazard.

Nearly every prediction made about petroleum has been in error. Three years ago one of the best known American oil statisticians declared that our domestic output would be at its peak in 1921, when 470,000,000 barrels was produced. Most observers agreed with him. Yet 1922 produced 557,000,000 barrels, while 1923 surpassed this record by 168,000,000 barrels.

I can illustrate the sudden and unexpected changes encountered by petroleum executives with an experience of one of the Standard companies. After mature deliberation this corporation placed an order with a shipbuilding concern for a large tanker which was to be employed to carry excess Mexican crude through the Panama Canal to refineries in California, where, at that time, the local supply of crude was short of requirements. When the tanker was completed, less than two years later, its first cargo consisted of part of the new flood of overproduction in California, which it conveyed to Mexico so that the refineries there might not be obliged to shut down for lack of raw material. Conditions had exactly reversed themselves while the ship was under construction.

As recently as last November the American oil industry was placing a daily average of 374,000 barrels of all inventories—that is, crude, refined and semirefined—in storage. By the end of January, according to Bureau of Mines figures, the surplus of petroleum products was only 5840 barrels a day.

During the autumn of 1923 it was calculated that unless some new big flush fields were uncovered, production and consumption would balance about May or June of this year. As I write, which is at the end of March, the Government figures for January show that, due to increasing demand on the one hand and declining crude production—mainly the latter—on the other, the period of balance will have been reached by the time this article appears. A draft on the crude in storage is not improbable.

The figures for California production—and I use them because the output there upset the whole petroleum situation last year—are another evidence of the instability of oil statistics. In September, 1923, the California output was exactly 100 per cent in excess of Pacific Coast demands. It led to a vast movement of crude to the Atlantic Seaboard, with the inevitable demoralization of prices. At the end of March, 1924, this excess had dwindled to 30 per cent. Before the end of the year it will probably just meet the normal Pacific Coast requirements.

To round out the uncertainty which attends all petroleum computations, you must know that whereas the American consumption in January, 1923, was 1,847,000 barrels a day, the corresponding figure for the same month this year was 2,092,000 barrels a day—an increase of more than 13 per cent. Now you can see why this task of trying to analyze the oil future is well-nigh impossible. It is like dealing with quicksilver. The job, however, must be attempted.

Let us begin with the most basic of all aspects of the problem, which is the potential crude supply. Here you have as many conflicting opinions as there are diagnoses among doctors called in for consultation in a major medical case.

The generally accepted geological estimate is that the entire remaining recoverable petroleum resource within the United States is about 9,000,000,000 barrels, which, at the present rate of output—last year we produced exactly 72.7 per cent of the whole world's output of crude—would last us a scant fifteen years. Of this supply, 1,340,000,000 barrels is believed to be in Oklahoma, 1,850,000,000 barrels in California and 2,100,000,000 barrels in the Gulf Coast, Texas and Louisiana fields. Of course, there is always the likelihood of opening up a new area; but geologists believe that they have combed practically all the potential oil fields in the country.

The Dry-Hole Ratio Growing

THE point of view exactly opposite is that of the hard-headed, practical oil man, who says, "We have always found more oil and always will." This type, which is representative of the old school that began in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, proclaims that when the country needs more oil and will pay the price, the industry will find it.

If you consider that the annual production of the United States has increased from less than 200,000,000 barrels a year to more than 700,000,000 barrels in the last fifteen years, the contention of the practical man seems reasonably well supported by recent experience. Further inspection of the record reveals evidence less compatible with the idea that we can forever go on increasing production merely by drilling more wells.

Out of a total of 90,000 wells drilled during the first third of this fifteen-year period in search of oil and gas, 15,000 were dry holes or failures. At that stage of the industry little was known of the science of oil finding. Petroleum geology was in its infancy and none of the delicate instruments for detecting underground conditions favorable for petroleum accumulation in advance of drilling had been developed. The wildcatter simply went out and drilled where fancy, hunch, expediency or some other consideration, not concerned with chances of finding oil, dictated.

During the next five years geology began to have an influence. Many impossible areas were eliminated and drilling was confined more closely to favorable geologic structure in natural petroleum provinces. In spite of these precautions, the record shows no improvement. On the contrary, out of 111,000 wells drilled, 22,000 were dry holes.

During the past five years, with all the stimulus of increased demand, with record-making high prices over part of the period, with the almost universal utilization of an intensive nation-wide geologic study, with preliminary testing by core drill and by infinitely sensitive mechanical devices, and with the accumulated experience of all previous oil-finding efforts, 30,000 dry holes resulted out of a total of 130,000 wells drilled. Our dry-hole ratio has increased from one in six, through one in five, to nearly one in four.

That science and past experience have combined to increase the efficiency in finding oil is shown by the fact that the average initial production for each oil well drilled during the first of these five-year periods was 55 barrels, the second period 100 barrels, and during the past five years 218 barrels. We have really developed more and better oil fields, but the hazard and cost of exploration have steadily mounted for the reason that the pools remaining to be found are fewer in number, lie at greater depths and are less readily evident from surface indications.

Linked with this problematical future supply is the constantly growing consumption of petroleum products in

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TELL your grocer to send you Libby's MILK

and get this wonderful toy store

The realest toy grocery store you ever saw

It's about a foot and a half wide, over one foot tall;

—has two shelves and a counter that fasten securely to a strong backpiece;

—has 12 toy Libby cans in actual colors.

It's a store that will make any child dance with joy. A toy that teaches—in hours of fun.

LIBBY'S MILK is the finest cow's milk in the land with nothing added but with more than half the water removed—pure cow's milk made double rich! Thousands of good cooks are using it to give their cooking greater richness, finer flavor. We want you to try it too.

How to get the toy store

Tell your grocer to send you Libby's Milk. Save the labels. When you have complete labels from twelve of the 16 oz. cans *or* complete labels from twenty-four of the 6 oz. cans, send them to us with 25c in stamps and we will mail you the Libby Toy Grocery Store described above, postage prepaid to any address in the U. S.

If your grocer doesn't have Libby's Milk he can get it for you easily. You will find a new joy in cooking with it, and in no time you can have this wonderful toy store for your children. Take advantage of this special offer now.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 505-A Welfare Bldg., Chicago

This offer is void in Idaho, Nevada, Montana, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Kansas, Indiana and Wisconsin

The milk that good cooks use

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can

(Continued from Page 30)

which the average annual increase over the past four years has been more than 15 per cent. We use a larger quantity of oil than all the other peoples combined. During 1923 the per capita consumption in the United States was 5.26 barrels, as compared with .18 consumption per capita for the rest of the world. At the 15 per cent yearly increase our consumption for 1929 would be nearly 1,500,000,000 barrels, a volume of oil which not even the most optimistic producer expects to supply. The great question therefore is, How and where are we to get our future oil? This is the crux of the whole business.

Analyze our phenomenal increase in the absorption of petroleum products and you find that with a greater degree of development in refining, combined with the natural readjustments in the use of petroleum by-products, due to knowledge and experience, the demand for crude oil will probably not be so great as these figures indicate. Let us examine the facts.

Our Oil-Burning Merchant Marine

GASOLINE, kerosene, lubricants, fuel oil and gas oil are the petroleum products most in demand. Of these, kerosene, except as it replaces gasoline as motor fuel, has already assumed a position of declining importance. Electricity has largely superseded it as an illuminant throughout the country. Though more than 50 per cent of our oil was run to kerosene in 1900, only 10 per cent of today's production is converted into kerosene. We therefore do not need more oil to make kerosene.

The consumption of gas oil, which is used for the manufacture of the artificial gas used in the home for cooking and heating, has been important for some years, and is increasing. So-called water gas, suitable for household use, can be made, however, from steam and coal or coke without any mixture of gas oil. With the mounting cost of gas oil, which can more profitably be converted into gasoline through the cracking process, which will be described later, the use of gas oil for gas manufacturing will rapidly become less common, and may eventually cease entirely.

On the other hand, there are no substitutes in quantities for lubricating oils. Their use, when compared with that of gasoline and fuel oil, is not large. In 1923 the gasoline consumption was ten times larger and fuel oil fifteen times greater than that of lubricants. The question of meeting future requirements for lubricants presents no difficult problem.

The disturbing element in the petroleum forecast is gasoline. Our 15,000,000 automobiles do not represent the point of saturation by any means, for we are manufacturing more and more cars all the time. Last year we consumed, with exports, all but 2,000,000 of the 190,000,000 barrels of gasoline that we produced. If we cannot maintain our present rate of crude production, what is to feed this monster motor maw? An eminent petroleum statistician recently declared that at the present ratio of increase our gasoline requirements for 1930 will be 17,000,000,000 gallons—approximately 400,000,000 barrels—or nearly two and a half times our consumption in 1922.

The advance in the use of fuel oil has been almost at the same pace. In times of overproduction the industry has had no other alternative than to push the sale of fuel oil as the quickest way to obtain the necessary increased outlet for the excess supply. During such flush periods millions of barrels of refinable crude have been topped—that is, the naphtha content extracted—and the balance sold as fuel at a price below the cost of coal. This has resulted in the building up of an enormous business for fuel oil

Until a few years ago, and outside the navies of the great powers, an oil-fueled ship was almost unknown. Even in 1920, less than 20 per cent of the world's shipping burned oil. Today nearly all the new tonnage being constructed is equipped to burn oil. The United States Shipping Board fleet will illustrate. At the close of 1923 exactly 351 of its vessels, or 85 per cent, were oil-fueled.

The quantity of oil required by large ships is little short of astounding. On a round trip across the Atlantic the giant Leviathan consumes 68,000 barrels of oil. Now consider the source of this fuel. There are exactly 285,000 oil wells in the United States, with a total daily output of a little more than 2,000,000 barrels, or an average of about seven barrels. Thus it would require the daily output of the average oil well at the present rate of production for the next twenty-five years to fuel the Leviathan for each turn-around

Yet despite the limits, whatever they may be, of the oil reserve, and the amazing and growing increase in the consumption of petroleum products, the industry faces the future confident of its ability to meet whatever emergency may arise. Nor is this assurance born of the chronic optimism which seems to be the birthright of the American oil man. Fundamentally, the fate of petroleum, with the varied activities that it endows, seems to rest upon economy and science—the combination that has bulwarked many an economic hope.

Far more potent even than economy and science is the force that will adjust what the psychoanalysts would call the petroleum complex. It lies in that inexorable arbiter which is price. When fuel oil, for example, becomes more expensive than coal, the black diamond will come back to its own.

Since we have started off with production, basis of the industry, it may be well to round out the chapter. What first strikes the layman in an appraisal of petroleum—and I speak out of my own experience—is what seems to be the apparent disorganization that attends output. Petroleum, as I have frequently pointed out in this series, is the most elusive and migratory of minerals. Oil, like big game, belongs to the person who captures it. There is no closed season, however. The few pessimists in petroleum argue that just as we wiped out the buffalo, so must oil eventually be eliminated in the frenzied hunt for it.

Though a well may be capped, as the phrase goes, after it begins to flow, there is always the hazard that the initial production will not be resumed once it is reopened. Policy dictates that every gallon of oil must be garnered while the going is good. It is worth repeating that adjacent wells drain one another. This accounts for the competitive town-lot drilling which invariably leads to economic waste. Behind all this is the fact that the oil producer must deal with human nature as expressed in the perfectly natural desire of the landowner to get all he possibly can out of oil in the shortest available time. He gets royalty on that oil

The most conspicuous recent example of this economic waste is at Signal Hill in the Los Angeles basin, where wells are drilled on adjoining town lots, some of them not more than 120 feet square. Here you have costly duplication of effort and a demoralizing flood of oil which had to be disposed of outside its logical geographical market area. Since much of this excess production cannot be stored because storage is expensive and oil depreciates when confined, a huge quantity of the product, after the gasoline had been removed, was sold as fuel oil instead of being refined for the many by-products which have greater commercial value. It is estimated that the three bonanza pools in Southern California will cause the industry an ultimate loss of approximately $500,000,000 because of unnecessary drilling, shrinkage of price due to excess supply and dissipation of gas pressure.

In the face of these facts the layman raises the question, Why cannot production be stabilized so as to prevent the recurrent feasts and famines, and at the same time bring about some degree of standardization of price?

This is easier said than done, and for a variety of reasons. To begin with, stabilization demands coöperation among producers, and the anti-trust laws of the United States set up a definite bar to this procedure. It would be construed as conspiracy. The one conspicuous example of coördination for a common purpose came during the war, when stern necessity dictated the temporary scrapping of certain anticonspiracy statutes.

Insurance Against Oil Shortage

THE suggestion has been made in some quarters that all likely oil domains be blocked out for exploration purposes to determine the extent of their resources for conservation, and to establish definite reserves such as obtain in those areas allocated to the Navy. Another is to discourage drilling of more wells than are necessary to take the oil out of the ground and to meet existing needs.

These remedies necessitate Federal legislation which would bring petroleum dangerously near to government control—a state of affairs which no one in the industry—and few outside—desires. Our experience has proved that Uncle Sam in business is probably the most unbusinesslike individual in the world. Besides, by almost unanimous consent, Federal sponsorship of oil would stifle the initiative which has made American oil not only synonymous with enterprise but the agency for more than two-thirds of the world output, and with it, 90 per cent of the technical advance.

Hence our native production must continue its more or less haphazard way. Whether that 9,000,000,000-barrel reserve exists or not, the American oil man has already taken out an insurance against the failure of the home supply by entering foreign fields. We are producing oil in Mexico, Central and South America, Rumania, and, to a very limited

(Continued on Page 150

The Oil Tanker H. M. Storey, Belonging to the Standard Oil Company, Passing Through Miraflores Lock, Panama Canal

V-63

The REVELATION of a RIDE

AS EXPERIENCED BY A CADILLAC OWNER

THE very first thing that happened prepared me for an exceptional motoring experience.

I had pressed the starter and detecting no response from the engine, tried a second time. There came a protesting whir, warning me that this was unnecessary—the harmonized engine was running.

I made a mental note to test that silent motor throughout its entire range of speed.

The clutch sank beneath my foot; getting into gear was like slipping a watch into a pocket; and rounding a corner I received that characteristic reminder from the wheel to straighten up.

Right at that moment, the V-63 influence came over me. It was a feeling of elation, a glad consciousness of having the right car. I knew I was master of traffic.

In and out we glided, stopping smoothly but almost instantaneously with those safe Four-Wheel Brakes, darting on again at the word "Go"—anxious for the city limits.

There is a bad stretch of road there, but the V-63 smoothed it away, riding the ruts with an ease which seemed to deny their presence. I knew then what riding comfort means.

All of this time I had been conscious of that V-Type eight-cylinder engine—or, to put it more accurately, conscious that I was unconscious of it.

And now a fine, clear road pointed straight as an arrow to the skyline challenging a test. The green farms raced by as the figures turned up on the speedometer—45, 50, 60, 70—I held it there.

What a thrill that was! Speed, yes. But speed indescribably exhilarating, speed without vibration or effort—comparable only to a flight through space.

I remember having a curious feeling that we were idling along when the car came down to thirty.

Such smoothness and quietness! Above all, it is the effortless performance of this harmonized engine that sets the New V-63 above and apart.

You may think you know the joy of it, but you do not—unless you, too, have driven the car.

And if you have, I believe you will agree with me that V-63 performance cannot be described or prejudged. It is the revelation of a ride.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

V-63

Standard of the world

CADILLAC

THE ROMBOUT EMERALD

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

MONSIEUR PAPPILLON heard someone ascending the stairs which led from lower Fifth Avenue to his place of business on the second floor of an old loft building. The footsteps ceased momentarily on the landing outside; someone was about to enter. Monsieur Pappillon crossed with a single stride to the opposite wall, opened a door, passed beyond it, and closed the door softly behind him.

The stair had been ascended by Mr. Broughton Rombout. He was standing now on the landing, spelling out the lettering on the door, and snoring softly through his big nose so as not to disturb the excellent after-luncheon cigar which was in his big mouth. Mr. Rombout was a large and leisurely person, one for whom time and tide waited or went without. One could not have guessed that Mr. Rombout was in a bit of a temper; his large and clean-shaven face was impassive from the heavy white brow to the third of his heavy blue chins. He drew his left hand slowly from the pocket of his woolly brown overcoat, took the cigar from his mouth, and blew a long thread of smoke against Monsieur Pappillon's door. This judicial gesture was caused by the legend on the door; it said on the door:

MATHIEU PAPPILLON
PRIVATE JEWELER

Mr. Rombout did not know what a private jeweler was and doubted, therefore, that such a creature could be at all. But he opened the door, and paced across the threshold.

His large and prominent brown eyes—bold and bulging eyes—narrowed for an instant as he looked about him; it seemed possible to him that he had stepped into a lady's boudoir. The chamber—a small one—was decorated in white and gold, with tapestries in the panels of the walls. Under the soles of Mr. Rombout's large and gleaming shoes was a Bokhara carpet; beside him was a long and slender pier glass wherein Mr. Rombout—had he been so minded—could have surveyed over his shoulder the set of the tails of his coat. There were also a plump little sofa and four plump little chairs, all with spindling and golden legs. There was a vanity table. But there was also the show window looking down on crowded Fifth Avenue; it was unlikely that a lady—unless perhaps a Movie Lady in Her Exquisite Home—would care for so much publicity in her boudoir; nevertheless Mr. Rombout, moving with unwonted speed, snatched the excellent cigar from his mouth and reached the same hand to his derby hat. But at this moment of impending embarrassment Monsieur Pappillon, holding a white silk handkerchief to his nose, appeared in the doorway through which he had vanished.

"Ah-h, m'sieur!" said Pappillon.

Mr. Rombout put back the cigar, settled his hat and grunted. He leaned his silver-headed ebony cane against the plump sofa, slowly took off his overcoat and put that upon the sofa, unwound a muffler and put that into the pocket of the overcoat. He said "No," "Thank you," and "Never mind," to Monsieur Pappillon, who was circling about him, darting at him, trying to lay hold of him, wishful of forcing him back into his overcoat and muffler or of helping him out of them.

Mr. Rombout brushed him off and went determinedly about his own disrobing. He was evidently a man who was not to be helped or hindered, a man who would go his own gait. He let himself slowly down upon the sofa, drew out his pocketbook, opened it, rose and walked to the window, knocked cigar ashes into a Satsuma jar, had a look at Fifth Avenue, returned to the sofa, reseated himself, and so in his own good time drew from his gaping pocketbook a little tissue-paper packet. He opened the tissue paper on the capacious palm of his hand, displaying a green gem; and then, for the first time, he looked keenly at Monsieur Pappillon.

"She Say to Me That She Wish to Sell This Emerald, But That No One Must Know. In Fine, She Is in Much Need of Ready Money"

So looking, he saw a stout and florid gentleman with blond hair standing on end; a gentleman with large and China-blue eyes whose lower lids drooped and exposed the whites, with full red cheeks and a small and restless red mouth. Monsieur Pappillon was round and soft and appealing; Mr. Rombout's bulk was molded on big bones and heavy muscles. If it came to a fight—it could not have come to a fight with Monsieur Pappillon's consent, but just supposing—the jeweler could have stripped down to a shifty middleweight; Mr. Rombout would have had the deuce of a time to get below two-twenty. Mr. Rombout, too, it is to be said, was not a pugnacious person. Both of these roly-poly men were in their middle forties.

"Ah-h!" said Monsieur Pappillon, rounding his mouth and rounding his eyes and leaning to look with reverence.

"My name is Rombout," said that gentleman. He paused as if the name should tell the jeweler something, and then said, "Will you kindly tell me, Mr. Pappillon, what this thing is?"

"Pardon," said the jeweler, drawing the tissue paper to his own palm, where he could view the gem to more advantage. He moved his hand about, studying the stone; Mr. Rombout lay back on the sofa, drew on his cigar, and looked at the ceiling.

The gem, which was an exquisite grass-green, was step-cut; it was faceted like the conventional brilliant-cut diamond, but its shape was less triangular as viewed from the side: its shape was more rounded, thus saving weight and massing color at some inevitable loss in brilliance. It was about six carats in weight.

"It is an emerald, and a bee-autiful one," said Monsieur Pappillon gratulatingly.

"Look again," advised Mr. Rombout after drawing again on his cigar and watching his blown smoke dissolve.

"There is a doubt in m'sieur's mind?"

"Have a good careful look, Mr. Pappillon," said Mr. Rombout. "No hurry."

"If m'sieur desires," said the jeweler, "I shall take it into the atelier and examine it properly. Is it not so?"

"It is so," nodded Mr. Rombout. "Go ahead."

"Pardon," said Monsieur Pappillon. He bowed to Mr. Rombout, and holding the packet this side up with care he walked to the doorway through which he had entered, bowed to Mr. Rombout again, opened the door, crossed the threshold, and shut the door behind him. He stood behind the door, holding the knob in his hand. He stood thus for a space of five minutes, and during all this time there was distinct anguish in his fair face as though he was threatened with a grave but unescapable injustice.

Monsieur Pappillon's atelier was small, being a matter of five feet wide and five feet deep; a brusque person might have called it a closet. It was lit by a single electric bulb and it had no windows. Shelves ran about its walls, so that Monsieur Pappillon was standing in an open space of but three feet by four feet; no man of proper feeling though could have upbraided him for calling it his atelier, since it was all the atelier he had. On the shelves were some dozens of little boxes bearing the names of wholesale dealers; in the boxes were settings in gold and in silver and in the ashen but costly and fashionable platinum. A man of proper intelligence, surveying this atelier, might have deduced that Monsieur Pappillon was not himself a worker in precious metals, but was a retailer. As Monsieur Pappillon preferred to be regarded as an original creative artist, and as he had a proper respect for the intelligence of mankind, he took care that his clients did not see his atelier, except as they might catch exciting glimpses when he was in the act of emerging from it with the dew of creative effort bedizening his pink brow.

But now the five minutes had passed, and with this interval had passed Monsieur Pappillon's hunted look. Calm descended on him, poise, assurance; if aught of pity lingered in his expression, it was not pity for himself but for Mr. Rombout. Mr. Rombout, looking up, so diagnosed the jeweler's emotion, and he grunted, but his grunt lacked gratitude. Mr. Rombout resented pity.

"Ah, m'sieur," sighed Monsieur Pappillon, gesticulating with his head, his faint eyebrows, his plump shoulders. "Alas!"

"What is it then?" asked Mr. Rombout.

"This stone, you perceive," said the jeweler, sitting down and shivering apologetically, "is what we shall call a triplet."

"A triplet?" repeated Mr. Rombout.

"Certainly, m'sieur. And now," said the jeweler, reaching into thin air with expert fingers and picking from it an invisible triplet to the neglect of the one in Mr. Rombout's palm, "let us see what this triplet is—is it not? It is in the first place and very truly a genuine emerald."

Mr. Rombout made a sound in his nose.

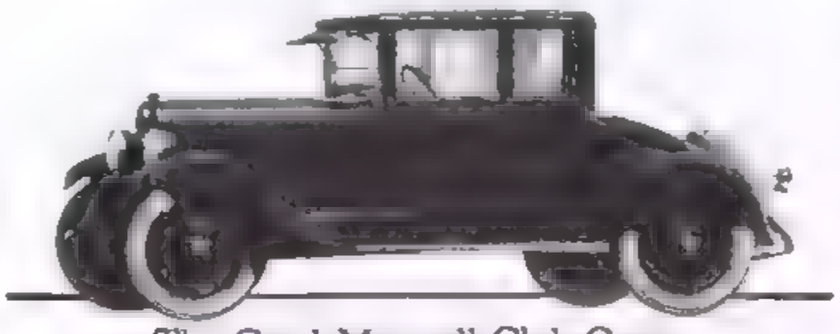
(Continued on Page 36)

Built Like Costliest Cars, to Give Economical, Care-Free Service

Maxwell goodness is a genuine revelation even to motor car experts.

Owners of the car know it in the economical, care-free service which they enjoy without let or hindrance.

But the experts, like a body of European engineers which recently toured the Maxwell plants, deal in the blunt, hard facts of steels and factory practices.



The Good Maxwell Club Coupe

These men know the best of Europe and America. They voiced amazement at the far reaches attained by Maxwell's material-quality and painstaking manufacture and inspection—witnessing processes and tests precisely the same as those employed for cars of the highest price.

For instance, they saw a chassis frame of 6 inch channel and of stock ⅛ inch thick—thicker than frame stock frequently used even in heavier cars.

They saw a crankshaft 1⅞ inches in diameter—perfectly balanced, and heavier and stronger by far than seems necessary for an engine of Maxwell piston displacement, but one not subject to the whip and distortion that mean ruinous vibration.

Seeing the extra size of the three sturdy main bearings, and how Maxwell pressure oiling floats the shaft in them, they understood the uncommonly long life of the bearings.

They saw a transmission and a rear axle sturdy enough for a truck; a front axle so tough that even three complete twists fail to develop a sign of fracture.

They saw that Maxwell makes its own mushroom valve-tappets—a most unusual practice—because outside sources frankly say they cannot meet the rigid Maxwell requirements.

They saw that all front axle parts, transmission and rear axle gears, crankshaft and camshaft, and all parts called upon to withstand stress and strain, are fine steels—chrome nickel, and other alloys, fully heat-treated.

They saw that each individual part in these groups is required to pass rigid hardness tests before being approved for assembly.

Scores of other processes could be detailed; but they would merely confirm what has already been established, namely:—

That Maxwell quality is decidedly unique and superior in a car of this class, and that this quality is the sound, sure basis for the economical, care-free service which literally sets the good Maxwell apart into a class of its own.

Touring, $875; Sport Touring, $1025; Special Sport Touring, $1045, Roadster, $875; Sport Roadster, $975; Club Coupe, $995; Club Sedan, $1075; 4-Passenger Coupe, $1195; Sedan, $1295; Traveler, $1585

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit subject to current government tax

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Walter P. Chrysler, President and Chairman of the Board

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 34)

"An emerald, you understand, m'sieur," said the jeweler, crossing his plump legs and tilting his head to frown at the white-and-gold ceiling, "is of the beryl. Of the beryl, certainly! A green beryl, you understand? But it is, unfortunately, that there are many beryls, and they are not all of the true green. Ver-ry few. There is the aquamarine—a pretty stone, that is true, but not of the emerald green. But now if one takes this poor aquamarine · attend, m'sieur—and cuts it so—on the girdle, is it not? · and puts between the two parts of aquamarine a piece of glass, a glass of the beautiful emerald green, and cements the parts again so—*voilà!* An emerald!"

"Very interesting," said Mr. Rombout, finding a match. "And what is this job worth?"

"Who shall say this?" said the jeweler with a beseeching smile. "To the refined people there is a repugnance; to the others who would wear such an imitation ——" He emitted a quick puff, blowing these others quite away

"And what would this stone be worth if it were a genuine emerald?"

"Of such color? Of such make? And somewhat perfect? More than a diamond of the same size, m'sieur. Oh, certainly. Far more."

"Would it be worth twenty thousand dollars?"

"This is very difficult to say," said Monsieur Pappillon, reaching into the air again for something to measure values by. "It is a matter of pleasing one's fancy. Such a stone is of a rarity. What one will pay is the value, m'sieur."

"That's what I paid," said Mr. Rombout.

"But, no, m'sieur!"

"I mean to say that I paid inheritance tax on that job on a valuation of twenty thousand dollars," said Mr. Rombout. He compressed his lips and shook his head at the jeweler

"Ah-h!" cried Monsieur Pappillon, suddenly clasping his head and glaring at his visitor. "Now I understand this! You are M'sieur Rombout, and this stone is that Mademoiselle Rombout's emerald. Ah, what a misfortune!"

"Now we're getting somewhere," smiled Mr. Rombout encouragingly. "Perhaps now you know why I came here to you."

"But certainly, m'sieur. It is that it was I who made for Mademoiselle Rombout this imitation!"

"Good," said Rombout. "You admit it. Then where is the Rombout emerald? Trot it out."

"Tr-rot it out, m'sieur?" The jeweler smiled at him tenderly. "Alas, m'sieur, it is that it is not to be trotted. There is no more Rombout emerald. But—pardon—is it that Mademoiselle Rombout is dead? But, no!"

"But, yes," said Mr. Rombout. "I thank you for your sympathy; Miss Rombout was my older sister." He blew his nose pensively. "The Rombout emerald, Mr. Pappillon," he said when he had emerged from his handkerchief, "is a family heirloom. We have had it for well over two hundred years. Being yourself a man of sentiment, Mr. Pappillon, you can appreciate that we have not the least intention of parting with it. Not the least intention, Mr. Pappillon."

"Ah-h," breathed the jeweler despairingly.

"Therefore," said Mr. Rombout, "trot it out."

"But, monsieur ——"

"About a year ago, Mr. Pappillon, Miss Rombout gave you the emerald to reset. The expert to whom I submitted it when my suspicion was aroused, removed the stone from your setting, as you see. He was generous enough to say that the substitution could hardly have been discovered while the stone was set, since the edges of the piece of green glass were covered."

"Eh, *bien*," said Monsieur Pappillon, speaking rapidly while his blue eyes shone with lust for vindication. "It is that I have made a fraud on Mademoiselle Rombout, *n'est-ce pas*. Hah, *c'est drôle!* Attention, m'sieur ——"

"English, or a close substitute," said Mr. Rombout, lifting a hand. "And do be seated."

"Mademoiselle, your sister," said the jeweler, "bring to me here an emerald. A beautiful emerald, m'sieur. I have not see such an emerald. She say to me that she wish to sell this emerald, but that no one must know. In fine, she is in much need of ready money."

"I can believe that," said Mr. Rombout. "My sister was a rich woman, but she was always in need of cash."

"She says to me that I shall buy this emerald, but that I shall not sell it again. No one must know, but such an emerald is not a thing to hide, is it not? And, in fine, we agree that I shall have the emerald and shall give her an imitation which no one may penetrate and also one thousand dollars. The emerald I shall cut up and dispose of, and no one shall know."

"And you cut up the Rombout emerald!" exclaimed Mr. Rombout.

"Not I, m'sieur, but my brother, who is a lapidary in Paris. I sent to him the stone. He made the imitation and sent it to me, together with the emerald which he had cut into three. I gave to mademoiselle the imitation and the money, and the small emeralds I sold."

"Ridiculous!" cried Mr. Rombout.

"Criminal, m'sieur," agreed the jeweler. "Ah, such an emerald! Ah, the woman! Rather I would cut my fingers—so, and so."

"I cannot believe that my sister would sell the Rombout emerald," said the visitor.

"There was the need of money, m'sieur. And she did indeed say she thought it was an unlucky stone. People have such ideas of gems."

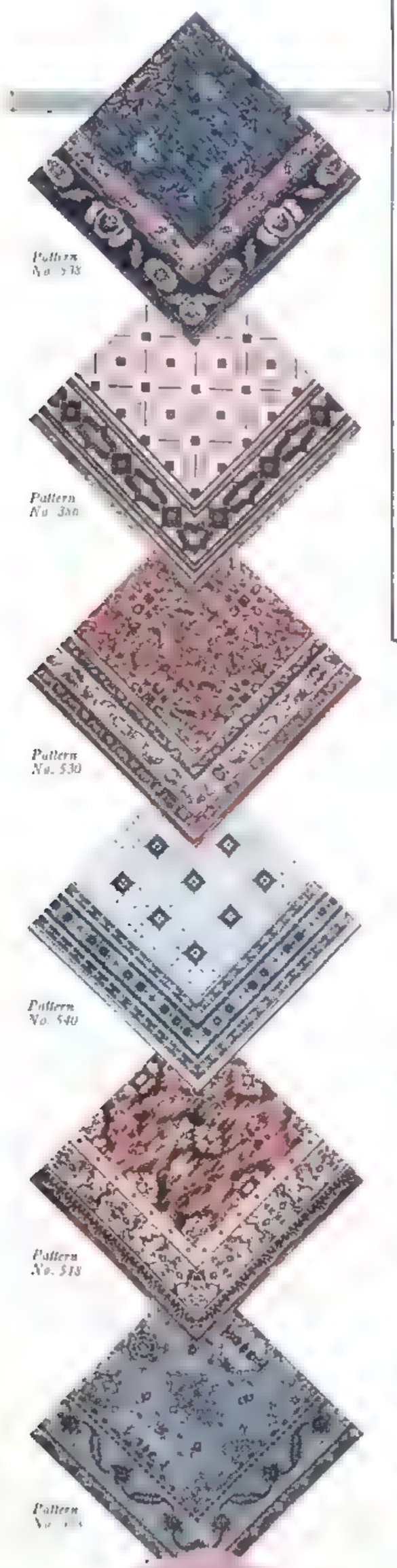
"I have not heard that," said Mr. Rombout. "But I have heard"—he looked mournfully at the false gem in his palm—"that a genuine emerald changes color when it touches the hands of a liar. Have you a bill of sale?"

"But your sister would not give me this. She said no one must know. Thereon, I took instruction in the law and I was informed that no bill of sale is needed. It is only

Continued on Page 44

It Was a Step-Cut Stone of About Six Carats, and Was Indubitably the Fine Emerald Which His Ancestor Had Bought From a Spanish Merchant Once Upon a Time

Here are a few of the attractive patterns



On the floor is Pattern No. 542. The 6 x 9-ft. size costs only $9.00

"Just imagine, this Congoleum Rug cost only $9.00"

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The Gold Seal shown at the left (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It protects you against substitutes and gives you the assurance of our liberal money-back guarantee. Don't fail to look for it when you buy!

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7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	the left) is made in all sizes.	3	x 3	ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	The other patterns illus-	3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	trated are made in the five			
9	x 12	ft.	18.00	large sizes only.	3	x 6	ft. 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

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THE HIDDEN TRAIL

By Fred F. Sully

FOLLOWING the carefully covered footprints of the dope trader and the smuggler of narcotics last year cost the Government $697,406.86. That it was wisely and judiciously spent is reflected in the reports of the 176 officers who were assigned the task of ridding the country of a menace that is in no measure losing its force or potency, but is from all indications mustering new recruits into its ranks every day.

Statistics at their best are usually dry and uninteresting, but when they bear so vitally on the very foundation of the prosperity of the American people their significance cannot be ignored. War and pestilence have not eaten more ravenously into the heart of our manhood and womanhood over a period of fifty years than have narcotics.

When one stops to consider that during the fiscal year 1923 there were 7201 trials for violations of the Harrison Narcotic Act, which was passed to regulate the use and sale of the so-called family of dope medicines, compared with 1060 in 1917 and 1264 in 1918, there is reason to stand more firmly by the guns of defense both financially and morally.

At the beginning of the fiscal year there were 457,953 ounces of narcotic drugs in customs custody. During a twelve months' period 6,180,582 ounces were imported, and 6,450,605 ounces, or more than 200 tons, were withdrawn for home consumption, besides that manufactured in the United States from imported raw opium. These withdrawals were 3,480,706 ounces, or more than 108 tons, in excess of those for the previous year.

In the last year the Government succeeded in convicting 4194 of these 7201 on trial, who were given prison sentences totaling 4692 years, 6 months and 23 days, and in collecting fines aggregating $291,690.47 and offers in compromise of $48,510.61. In 1922 there were 3131 convictions, and sentences imposed of 2814 years, 3 months and 20 days. Compare this with 1916, when there were only 486 convictions; and with 1918, when 553 were placed behind the bars, and one will ultimately arrive at the conclusion that either the Government has but now awakened to a full realization of the extent of the drug traffic or that the number of addicts has increased at a startling rate within the past few years. The percentage of convictions rose from 78.3 to 93.6 over a period of eight years.

When one looks impartially upon the work of the narcotic section of the Internal Revenue Bureau for the past year it must be admitted that when with only 176 officers it unearthed 7201 apparent violations, there could not have been many laggards in the ranks. Forty completed cases a year, some involving even weeks of watching and waiting, is a record of which no investigating officer need be ashamed. This seems especially noteworthy in view of the fact that the entire United States is under the surveillance of fewer than 200 men. The country has been divided into fifteen divisions. Of these Baltimore and Chicago are the largest in point of numbers, each having seventeen men. The former includes Maryland, District of Columbia, North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, a total of 131,620 square miles with a population of 8,219,243. The Chicago division covers the states of Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, an area of 133,617 square miles inhabited by 11,832,300 people.

Keeping Tabs on the Traffic

ILLICIT dope peddling is nation-wide. It does not confine itself to the densely populated centers in the East, nor to the Pacific Coast with its Oriental element. The Kansas City division ranked first with 841 violations; El Paso, Texas, second with 648; and Philadelphia third with an even 600. Philadelphia proved the best evidence-producing division and secured 416 convictions. San Francisco came second with 414. Total convictions for 1923 exceeded the previous year by 1063.

These are the plain ungarnished facts of the drug traffic. The average citizen sees little or knows little of the battle of wits that is waging night and day between the dope peddlers and the revenue officers. Both are mighty forces, backed by huge sums and devoted followers. This, however, has served only to make the warfare a more bitter and lasting one.

Each force works under a definite system with the balance of power never continually with one side. The dope peddler does not sell or transport a bulky commodity, and can readily carry $200 worth on his person without suspicion. It is because of this and other handicaps that the Government works at a great disadvantage, but its means and methods are effective and generally get results.

The traffic is confined chiefly to morphine, heroin, cocaine and opium. In the vernacular of the underworld, where the trade is at its best, they are called by the first letter of their names—M, H and C; opium is known as hop, and in some sections as mud. Because of the rigid government supervision the narcotic drug is difficult to obtain in large quantities. All imported into the country is registered; it can be withdrawn only on government blanks. This same procedure is followed out, even down to the transaction by which the customer receives it from his druggist. Narcotic prescriptions are kept separate in all drug stores. Government registered order blanks show the amount of purchases from the wholesalers, and the total amount called for in the prescription file figured in with the purchases and the last inventory should show the inspector just how much the druggist should have on hand. The same system is applied to the wholesaler and importer; and the domestic manufacturer, too, is required to make accurate returns of the products of his opium importations. Morphine and heroin are the basic salts of opium. Cocaine is the basic salts of cocoa leaves.

Frequent inspections of drug-store files indicate doctors who are freely prescribing the drugs. The name and address of the person for whom each prescription is written must appear on the order, together with the doctor's narcotic registration number. Legitimate handling of drugs is well controlled under this system, and few drug stores or wholesale houses make themselves parties to illegal schemes to market dope.

Where the Dope Comes From

HOLLAND and Southern European countries are the chief sources of the supply that finds its way into the hands of the peddler and the addict. Well-devised smuggling schemes are almost impossible to thwart unless the officers have advance information. Crews of freight and tramp steamers are the chief offenders. Their drug cargo is not bulky or readily discovered, and may be brought ashore a pocketful at a time without notice. Ships plying between Dutch and American ports are closely watched, and inspections can in no way be casual ones. Favorite hiding places on steamers are behind the fire box in the boiler room, in the bilges and lifeboats, and the more ingenious smugglers have secreted large quantities in rubber bags submerged in the oil tanks. One vessel under suspicion made several trips with packages of morphine wrapped in oilcloth and lowered into the water tanks between decks. These cargoes are hustled ashore to the plants, as they are called, which in turn market their goods through the peddler. The importers, the real feeders of the trade, are difficult to reach, and unfortunately convictions in their class have been few. Engineers, stokers, sailors and even ships' officers find a ready market for all opium derivatives. One engineer who was caught through information furnished the Government by a shipmate said that if he could have made two more trips unmolested—and he had made only three prior to being arrested—he would have been comfortably fixed for the rest of his life.

Agents of the illicit American drug trade are to be found throughout Southern Europe. Morphine and cocaine shipped abroad have been reshipped to the United States and sold on the streets in the very city where they were manufactured. Much of the drug sent to Mexico is smuggled back across the border and sold at a substantial profit. A renegade American living just across the line from El Paso was found to have stored in his bedroom more than $80,000 worth of morphine and heroin, which was to be carried into the city and sold to the dealers. There are no great amounts brought in from Canada.

Ordinarily the only way to wipe out an evil is to get at its root, but this seems to be almost an impossibility with the drug traffic. Avenues of entrance are so numerous and chances of detection so remote that nearly all the energies of the law are devoted to following the hidden and almost obscure trail of the dealer and his salesman, the peddler.

All the craftiness of a wily, foxlike people has been used in such a systematic way that it would not be difficult to convince the average intelligent person that it was a plan that could be formulated only by a well-organized and long-established institution. There is no element lacking in a long series of well-defined moves to weaken the chances of success, except the very foundation on which all enduring enterprises are built—human loyalty. It is through the lack of this in the underworld dope ring that the Government has been able to accomplish so much that it might not otherwise have been able to do, and has been able to follow through the obscure byways the trail of the peddler.

One hundred and seventy-six able-bodied revenue officers, picked for physical fitness and experience in investigating and detective work, would be as successful in purchasing dope within the ring as they would be in buying a snowplow in Arabia. The dope addict has his own passports—a sallow, pasty complexion, extreme nervousness, a shuffling gait; he is generally prematurely gray, and makes a lackadaisical appearance. The pupil of the eye is the index to the type of drug he is using. Cocaine and opium users have dilated pupils, while the addict who confines himself to either morphine or heroin has a pupil little larger than a pin head. Some offset this by putting a drop of cocaine into the eye. Peddlers are as well posted on the traits and symptoms as the skilled physician, and it is seldom that one who is not a habitué can convince a peddler that he is.

Without the visible characteristics of an addict the revenue agent would have a great deal of trouble in making one purchase a year. And then there is called to take up the trail the biggest single element in the crusade—the stool pigeon, or informer. Men and women, former addicts, have been of great service in securing evidence and information. The majority of the stool pigeons are women bearing all the earmarks of drug users. They gather evidence of sales that revenue agents could not secure. Some, actuated by a desire to save others as they have themselves been saved, do heroic work. Others, unable completely to break away from the inclination toward falsifying and lack of dependability characteristic of the drug user, are seldom if ever used, although they report to the officials regularly in the hope of getting an assignment.

The Government would not, of course, employ addicts and frequenters of the underworld, and compensation for their services is provided for through a reward system. Evidence that results in conviction may net an informer anywhere from $50 to $500. The majority of them, however, depend on their witness fees at trials and the mileage allowance of five cents for each mile traveled to act in the capacity of witness. One of the most capable workers—a woman—who secured 82 convictions last year, earned less than $1500

Each division in addition to its regular officers has at least half a dozen informers. An allowance of approximately $800 a year is made to each agent in charge to buy evidence. The stool pigeons generally negotiate the sales, with the agent, if possible, as a witness.

Evidence Necessary to Convict

CAREFUL scrutiny of crowds by the practiced eye of the revenue agent will invariably reveal the addict. He is as unmistakable to the experienced investigator as the evening glow of a distant fire. His movements are watched for several days and nights. The people with whom he associates and the places he frequents are all carefully recorded, and these facts turned over to the stool pigeon, who picks up the trail and tries to win the confidence of an associate and make a buy. Occasionally relatives and friends of victims give the authorities valuable information, and the source of supply is often stopped by following them. The house or person is spotted. Under the guise of being an addict the informer worms his or her way into the good graces of the traders and frequently spends several weeks getting evidence as to places of storage and avenues of supply.

Careful traders and peddlers are naturally suspicious of newcomers, and as an evidence of good faith ask the informer to take a shot. The answer is generally to the effect that it is eaten, and a pill is put in the mouth and shifted under the tongue.

Evidence of two purchases is necessary for conviction. On the first quest for drugs the stool pigeon makes an ordinary buy and takes the deck—a deck contains three doses and generally costs a dollar—to the office, where it is labeled and set aside. A day or so later a second visit is made. Before entering the house, if the purchase is to be made in a dwelling, the stool pigeon is thoroughly searched, and searched again after the purchase has been made, as a matter of evidence. On the third visit the buyer takes marked money, and as soon as he or she comes out of the house the members of the narcotic squad arrest and seize the inmates and thoroughly search them and the house.

One well-known sign that an addict is running out, that his system is literally crying for more, is frequent yawning and sneezing. In the tenderloin districts of the big cities, where the peddlers are ever alive to the demands of the trade, a man or woman yawning or sneezing on the corner has not long to wait for a signal to proceed to the next corner. The two persons concerned pass in close proximity. The buyer says, "A deck of H," and the other, "One dollar." Each walks to the farther end of the street, turns about, and as they brush past each other the exchange is made. This leads generally to a series of sales, the trailing of the peddler in and out of his haunts, and a later discovery of his cache.

(Continued on Page 48)

She will look back — and thank you

Womanly Beauty comes from Childhood Health

— says the Health Doctor

YOUR kiddies have lovely, satiny skins because they are well. Fevers have not faded the roses in their cheeks. Their complexions have not been blemished by infections or coarsened by neglect.

So far you have been able to guard them from sickness and care for their delicate skins. Only too soon will come the time when their own habits of cleanliness must protect them.

They can always be beautiful

If you can only make them understand how important it is to *purify* hands and faces after school or play, before eating and always when they go to bed, they have an excellent chance of growing up into beautiful women and clear-skinned, handsome men.

The danger of little hands

Active, curious little hands are responsible for more sickness than all other causes put together. Because almost everything they touch is pretty sure to be covered with germs. Hands are constantly touching mouth and nose. That is how germs get into the body Keep their hands clean.

That applies to your husband, too. Until he has thoroughly *purified* his hands when he gets home he may endanger the health of the whole family, as well as himself.

Safeguards Health and Beauty

Aside from its absolute purity and gracious affinity for delicate skin, the most impressive quality of Lifebuoy is the thorough manner in which it removes germs and all impurities from the skin. It is your everyday protection from infection and contagion.

Just what your skin needs

I want to impress upon you again that Lifebuoy is as pure and fine and gentle as any soap you ever used. Its suave oils of palm fruit and cocoanut are pure vegetable oils which you know are most beneficial to the skin. The lather is rich, creamy and mild, and because of its antiseptic quality, has a noticeably soothing effect which I find delightful. The skin responds with the healthy underglow of a radiant complexion. And how it does clean grimy hands and knees!

I know if you will give it a real trial—two or three cakes at least—you will become genuinely fond of Lifebuoy—not only because you know from the quickly vanishing odor that it protects, but because it *agrees* so wonderfully with your skin.

The Health Doctor

ALL OF US MOTHERS ARE HEALTH DOCTORS

Our worship of cleanliness and instinctive fear of dirt are the most powerful influences for the protection of health and beauty

HER FIRST PARTY

Feminine reverence for beauty is born when a tiny, lovely mite, glowing from her bath, is decked out in crisp linen and fairy lace for her first party

I know my book "Health Beauty" will help you

It is a practical text book on health which will help you to guard family health and to hold your good looks and the beauty of your youngsters. It is charmingly illustrated and bound in stiff covers—a real library book... It will be mailed to you if you will send 10 cents in stamps to Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-belted hot rock conveyor in plant of American Cyanamid Co., at Brewster, Fla., with inset photograph of the plant

Copyright 1924, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Hot Phosphate Rock—and the G. T. M.

The job of conveying rock is hard enough on the best of belts. The heavy, abrasive, flint-edged load takes a toll of wear. And when you add the element of heat, making it *hot* rock that the belt must carry, it is well to choose your belt carefully, the way the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—worked out the problem of longer belt life and more low-cost tonnage for the plant of The American Cyanamid Company, at Brewster, Florida.

They handle hot phosphate rock down there, and in May, 1920, they called in the G. T. M. to see whether the material could be conveyed more economically and with less trouble on a belt that was scientifically specified to the job.

The G. T. M. made a thorough study of the requirements and conditions, as he always does under the Goodyear Analysis Plan. He computed carefully all the conveyor belt factors involved—pulley dimensions, center-to-center distances, weight of load, speed, temperatures. He noted the things the Plant Superintendent told him about the peculiar conditions of belt operation in that particular plant.

The conveyor belt runs directly above the rotary dryers, and thus is subject to continuous heat from both the load and the atmosphere. The hot rock is elevated directly, without cooling, from the dryers to the belt, registers from 250 to 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and weighs approximately 88 lbs. per cubic foot.

A Goodyear Conveyor Belt, 5-ply, 18 inches wide, 1/4-inch by 1/8-inch cover carrying side, 1-16-inch cover pulley side, was the G. T. M.'s recommendation, with the conservative estimate that it would carry 60,000 tons and last perhaps six months on the job.

Now for its record, as reported by Mr. J. C. Driskell, Assistant Purchasing Agent: "We are delighted to say that this belt handled 108,683 tons of hot phosphate rock in its 13 1/2 months of continuous service. Tonnage cost $.00505 per ton. This is excellent service, and we can unhesitatingly recommend your belts for similar conditions."

Nothing succeeds like service, and of course it is no more than natural that Goodyear Belts today should be in operation, carrying both the wet rock and the hot in this plant of The American Cyanamid Company.

The same good service is available to you, for the solving of either conveying or transmission problems. The G. T. M. is an expert on belting and has a wide experience with practical operating conditions in many industries. You may rely implicitly on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he may recommend—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing. For further information about his service, the Goodyear Analysis Plan, and Goodyear products, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Calif.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

America's Self-Sufficiency

By ROGER W. BABSON

IS AMERICA following the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome into decadence and oblivion? The question was put to the late Doctor Steinmetz at a conference last summer. With a humorous twinkle in his eye the great scientist replied that whether the country was going to the dogs or not depends upon two things—your age and your digestion.

Continuing in a more serious vein, he discussed two other and possibly more scientific reasons for a continuance of our present civilization. Both the older systems were based upon slavery. Advantages and luxuries were procured for the few at the expense of the many. Oppression became unbearable and the state crumbled. Today we have made slaves of steam and electricity. Everyone enjoys most of the benefits of our present civilization and there need be no submerged nine-tenths to overthrow it.

The older city states got on well, according to Doctor Steinmetz, until they expanded beyond their own limits and attempted to govern broad areas. Communication was slow and the governing had to be done too much by the residents of the capital city. Imagine us today governed entirely by the residents of the City of Washington or Boston or Atlanta or any other single city. Very naturally, misunderstandings arose and things went to pieces. Today our newspapers, telephones, telegraphs and radio broadcasts make it possible for the most remote citizen to know what is going on at all times. Truly representative government is possible today. Bitter pills, these purely scientific reasons, for those who delight in drawing deadly parallels to prove their fears, but facts are illuminating and have a way of clearing up a controversy.

We are approaching an open season, politically speaking, and other fears and dire predictions will be brought to our attention. Europe has been in a bad way economically, politically and socially; and Europe may be a campaign issue. Our own Middle West has a grievance and the several blocs in Congress will have as many programs of reform to promote. Between now and next November the public will witness much plain and fancy mud slinging. Dire prognostication of what will happen if the other fellow is elected will be circulated freely. We shall hear much of financial collapse abroad and moral collapse at home. It is probable that we shall be dizzied a bit by all the conflicting testimony. Confusion is contagious, and before it gets started it may be well to get a good firm hold on the facts—facts about the United States and its position in the world today.

The Nation's Mineral Wealth

IF WE, as business men, were interested in any concern, we would study its balance sheet. Let's suppose then that we go to Washington and demand a statement of the conditions of this enterprise in which we are all interested. We should have to visit several departments for our facts, but once collected they would look much like any other statement of condition.

Let us suppose, for instance, that we begin by taking account of stock, that we check up on raw materials, and make out our inventory. Compared with world production we should find our national production about as follows:

	PER CENT		PER CENT
Aluminum	37	Petroleum	65
Coal—anthracite and bituminous	35	Pig Iron	54
Copper	70	Silver	29
Lead	39	Zinc	43

Examining these figures a bit further we find pig-iron production to be three times that of Germany, our nearest competitor. Lead production is two and a half times that of Spain, the second producer. Our copper tonnage and zinc production exceed those of any other nation. In silver our production of 55,500,000 ounces is about equaled by that of Mexico. In oil, however, we exceed our southern neighbors by about two and a half times.

There are, in fact, very few materials and commodities that must be brought into the United States from the outside. Among the minerals we find manganese, tungsten, tin, platinum and certain chemicals as imports. Agriculturally we import hemp, jute, rubber, sugar and coffee, although some of these could be produced within our own boundaries. Silk and wool comprise the two prominent animal products imported. Without intent to boast at all, the facts indicate that our national warehouse is exceedingly well stocked with practically all necessary materials.

Some have been alarmed at the possibility of exhausting our oil and coal supplies unless more conservative plans are adopted. One might assume, for instance, that our auto manufacturers would be deeply interested in a possible shortage of gasoline. They declare, however, that we could manage if every oil well in the country went dry, because potatoes provide a source for fuel alcohol that could be made in any desired quantity at a reasonable price. Other substitutes for gasoline as fuel are readily obtainable, but it would be more difficult to replace petroleum as a lubricant. Doubtless some substitute will be developed and waiting as the need arises.

We have had so much trouble with coal these last few years that the terrifying effect of predicted famine is somewhat lessened. "Permanent shortage" and "perpetual shortage" sound much alike, and we are already used to the latter. Our undeveloped water powers, however, will furnish heat, light and power in abundance, wherever and whenever it is needed. Incidentally it has been estimated that our known coal beds will supply us for 6033 years!

If we are to add to our mineral resources our agricultural production of principal crops we find that the United States supplies, compared with world production,

	PER CENT		PER CENT
Corn	84	Potatoes	11
Cotton	55	Barley	1
Oats	37	Rye	7
Wheat	23		

Corn, you will note, seems to be almost entirely an American product, and it is our biggest money crop. The corn harvest in 1923 represents $2,222,000,000 in gross wealth, and when you figure that every one of those dollars, starting with the farmer, worked its way through our commercial structure, to be spent over and over again, you realize that corn is responsible for a large slice of American business.

Agricultural Readjustment

THE fortunes of the South tend to rise and fall with cotton. Raising more than half of the world's supply, we fill our own needs and have a surplus to export. The South is especially prosperous at the present time, profiting from the high prices at which cotton is now selling and from the diversified farming which is constantly increasing.

Wheat is also an export product—in normal years we sell about one-quarter of our crop abroad—and it is this foreign market, or rather lack of one, that has disappointed the growers this last year. Without our usual volume of export we have more than we can use at home, and the price naturally drops, as it always does when supply exceeds demand.

These sudden changes in market channels throw things out of joint for a while and cause temporary loss and suffering. In time, however, economic law will adjust matters. Low prices for wheat this year will tend to discourage the farmer on this crop and he will grow a little less wheat next year, and more of something else. Within two or three years production and therefore supply will have decreased, and wheat will command a better price.

If things go too far in this direction and wheat becomes scarce, high prices will attract the farmer and larger acreage will be planted the following year. If we have no foreign market for wheat we shall eventually grow three-quarters as much and grow more of something else.

This may seem hard to the farmer who feels that he is situated so that he can grow nothing but wheat; and if he can grow nothing else his position is precarious at best. Most farmers, however, can diversify their crops, and do so each year for protection against these fluctuations. Like the investor who diversifies his list of securities to protect himself against disaster, due to the misfortunes of any one concern, the wise farmer diversifies his crops and knows that he will get an average return for his labor.

Present weakness in wheat prices is the reaction from war demands. High prices, when we were called upon to feed the world, put hundreds of thousands of new acres into wheat. Postwar economic conditions in Europe cut that abnormal demand for wheat considerably. The situation has changed. The farmer will not get what he calls good prices for his wheat until he has adjusted supply to current conditions.

Coöperative marketing and more direct distribution may help the wheat farmer to get a larger proportion of the ultimate price of his product, but that ultimate price will be determined by the law of supply and demand. You can no more legislate prices up or down than you can legislate water to run uphill. You can dam the stream for a time, but the dam soon fills, and when it breaks the valley is flooded.

Other small grains and garden crops, together with hay and ensilage, make up the balance of our crops. An abundant supply of these exists for all our needs. Therefore looking ahead we have little to fear in the agricultural field.

One of the newspapers has recently carried a sensational story depicting America starving to death because of increased population with decreased agriculture. The argument is, of course, ridiculous. Economic law will see that there is plenty of agriculture. If foodstuffs begin to run short, high prices will bring new blood to the farms. As far as increased population is concerned, it is estimated that an area the size of the state of Florida would feed the entire country if we farmed as intensively as Japan does today.

Our lumber supply is really in a more precarious position. Available lumber reserves within our borders are now estimated at 2,535,000,000,000 board feet—about two-fifths of the world's supply. Our annual consumption is running about 40,000,000,000 board feet a year. On this basis without counting on reforestation or an increase in population, present supplies will last about seventy years. Most states, however, already have reforestation projects under way, and more scientific cutting, with necessary replanting, can perpetuate our lumber supply indefinitely.

Having satisfied ourselves regarding supplies we turn to equipment, to the machinery that converts raw stuff into usable conveniences and provides work for our industrial population. In the nation's workshops we find a manufacturing capacity capable of turning out over $50,000,000,000 worth of products every year—a capacity that actually turned out $62,041,795,000 worth in 1919.

Blast furnaces and rolling mills within our borders produce annually 35,000,000 tons of steel or 43 per cent of the world's steel production. The automobile plants of Detroit and vicinity turn out 90 per cent of the world's automobiles—an estimated production of over 3,000,000 cars in 1923 breaking all records.

It has been argued that we must have foreign markets to absorb the production of our factories. Normally about 7 per cent of our product is exported, which, to be sure, is more than the profit on making it; yet such trade is not absolutely necessary. The problem is not one of volume and outlet, but one of proper adjustment and equitable relationship. There is no such thing as too many goods, provided they are increased proportionally and gradually.

Let's suppose, for instance, that every factory in America could double its output tomorrow morning. Price levels would change, but we should soon find that our dollar would buy twice as much. We could have two cars instead of one. Twice as many roads would be paved. More schools would be built and we'd have another pair of shoes for Sunday. We could all have twice as much, and America alone would absorb double our present industrial production without a foreign market.

The Chemical Equipment

THE point is that we can have too much window glass, but not too many houses. As soon as one product increases in volume faster than the average, there is trouble. The problem is to maintain proper adjustment at all times. When foreign trade suddenly ceases there is a surplus of these few products here at home and the maladjustment causes trouble; hence people say we must have foreign trade. Their reasoning is not sound. I do not say that we should not have foreign trade; we are probably much better off with it, but from an economic point of view it is not essential to the future prosperity of American industry.

Returning to our inventory, we are confronted with an endless category of equipment capable of turning out anything from fine watches to knock-down factories. We seem equipped to make anything the human race needs—or imagines it needs, for that matter—in almost unlimited quantity. Moreover, our railroads, by far the most highly developed in the world, provide a transportation system with a freedom of circulation necessary to a healthy and prosperous industrial development.

Nor is this industrial organization hampered by class control. Our businesses are not inherited as they are in some countries, but are for the most part owned by thousands of individual stockholders. Management is determined on the basis of ability and efficiency, not upon special privilege. A new enterprise may be launched and financed by anyone who can demonstrate the need for it and can furnish convincing proof that he is capable of managing it.

The recent developments toward employe and consumer ownership are distinctly encouraging and point to a sound solution of our industrial disputes. Yes, America is rich not only in labor resources but also in labor possibilities. In America there is no need of the thousands of workers in our great industries to strike to gain their ends. Violence is too expensive. It costs the workers much in suffering and loss of earning power; it costs the management and the owners their earnings; it costs the public the service it has a right to expect. Instead, the workers will buy up the stock

of their concern in the open market. The investment of a few hundred dollars each will purchase control; then they can determine wages, hours and working conditions to suit themselves. The formation of brotherhood banks by some of the large labor unions is the first step in this development.

If we examine the present condition of New England railroads, for instance, we find that for a number of years they have been struggling along. There are 395,054 outstanding shares of Boston and Maine common stock. The New York, New Haven and Hartford has 1,571,179 such shares. The total of the two systems, or 1,966,233 shares, has a market value of, say, twenty dollars each. The employes of the Boston and Maine number about 30,000, while the pay roll of the New Haven system lists something over 37,000, making a total of 67,000. The suggestion that the employes gradually acquire control of these shares is by no means impossible. In order to control the roads they would need hold only about half the shares—or about sixteen shares an employe. By making customary arrangements with the banks the workers could in this way buy control of their roads at a pro rata initial investment of only $160.

Some may think this would spell ruin, but it need do nothing of the sort. The worker, as owner, will not run his own concern into the ground and will not jeopardize his own interests. I firmly believe that many of our great industries would be safer today in the hands of their workers than they are now at the mercy of suspicious and ignorant agitators who, willingly or no, often demand more than the industry can stand. The increased interest and energy on the part of the worker-owner should in any event more than offset any mistakes he may make in getting adjusted to his new position. The very fact that the wage workers of the United States are well enough off to do this is additional evidence of the self-sufficiency of America.

Legislative rate fixing has been necessary in the public-utility field to protect the consumers of gas, electricity and transportation, but unfortunately it has not always been intelligent. Charges have often been reduced to the point where satisfactory service was impossible, and everyone has suffered. Transportation rates have served as a political football for opposing candidates without regard for the real interest of the public or the utility itself. If the stock of the electric-power company or transit line is in the hands of its own customers the problem is well on the way to solution. On one hand, the owners will not support unfair political action that paralyzes their own industry and threatens their equity. On the other hand, if the utility prospers, its earnings go back to the community in the form of dividends, and the public enjoys efficient service practically at cost.

Our National Balance Sheet

The economic health movement is spreading in American industry and the United States is richer from this standpoint than any other country in the world.

The bankers among us may want to see the financial statement, and though it does not represent our true wealth it may be well to see just how the books balance when we consider our condition in dollars and cents.

The total wealth of the United States is estimated at $350,000,000,000, or a per capita wealth of $3132. Against this we have a national debt figured on a per capita basis at $197. Our per capita equity then is $2935. Great Britain shows a total wealth of only $180,000,000,000, a little more than half that of the United States. Against this, however, the British subject owes through his government $805. In France conditions are much worse. A per capita wealth of $2550 is cut into by a debt of $1559, leaving a net worth of but $991. Italy with a per capita wealth of $772 is burdened with a debt of $562, leaving but $210.

In business it is assumed that a ratio between assets and liabilities of 2 to 1 is safe. That is, if a concern has assets of $100,000 and liabilities of not more than $50,000 it is a good credit risk. As soon as its liabilities increase beyond the halfway mark its credit rapidly declines, and when liabilities exceed assets it is bankrupt.

Applying this rule to nations, we find that the United States of America stands at the head of the list with a ratio of 15.9 to 1, which means that we have national assets valued at $15.90 to every dollar of national debts. Great Britain follows, with a ratio of 4.7 to 1. France we find is very near the danger mark, with a little less than 2 to 1. Italy figures but 1.4 to 1, and from a strictly commercial viewpoint presents a poor credit risk.

The financial condition of the United States of America, however, examined individually or in comparison with other countries, is sound enough to engender enthusiasm in the most conservative and cautious of bankers. Our average per capita income is more than $600 a year, and is steadily increasing. National income divided for families of five gives us an average family income over $3000. If sound financial machinery is necessary for stable government and progress we have nothing to fear from this quarter.

Having finished with the items included in the ordinary balance sheet, we come to an asset that in my estimation outweighs all others. The census department tells us that there are 111,700,000 people in America. That means there are 111,700,000 human souls, capable of almost limitless possibilities. It takes but one of them to make an Edison, a Schwab, a Steinmetz, or a Coolidge. Although the United States has only 6 per cent of the world's population, it has a great bulk of the world's materials to work with and has an opportunity for growth and development in human souls without equal or precedent.

Constructive Religion

Statistics have led me to believe that the entire progress of civilization has been due to less than 2 per cent of the people. Two in a hundred, perhaps, have vision and really think for themselves; the ninety-eight others follow. Two in every hundred people are responsible for the progress of your city—they do the planning and developing; the rest follow. A hundred years ago the ratio was even smaller. It is gradually increasing. The difference between these leaders and the ninety-eight followers is a matter of vision.

How can the percentage of the progressive be increased? Studying scores of individual cases, I find that almost always it is religion that has furnished the inspiration. I do not mean theology or creed, but rather plain fundamental religion. It is religion that furnishes the spark which causes men and women to create families, industries and cities which are to survive them. The men and women without religion merely desire to feast and amuse themselves, doing nothing for posterity.

With these facts before us the wave of interest in religion that has developed during the past year takes on a new significance. The favorite topic of discussion at business lunches is no longer batting averages and prize fights, but practical problems in religion. I do not say that these discussions are reverent, but I do say that the so-called hard-headed American business man is coming to see that there is more to life than dollars and that something more than mechanical efficiency is necessary to true and permanent success. This is one of the most optimistic developments in twenty years! Moreover, America has the most wonderful field in the world for the growth of this religious seed.

Population has increased 47 per cent since 1900. The value of our manufactured products has increased 283 per cent during this same period. We raise 50 per cent more wheat, by bushel, than we did at the beginning of this century. Mines have shown an increase of 267 per cent in value of production. The aggregate savings deposits of all classes of banks in the United States has increased 83 per cent from 1914 to 1922. Population has increased but 11 per cent during this period.

Your dollar can be spent for two sorts of things which are classified economically as "production goods" and "consumption goods." Things used to produce other things come under the first classification, while things we use up come under the latter. If a carpenter spends a dollar for a necktie he is buying a "consumption good" which he will wear out and throw away. If he spends the dollar for a hammer, which he can use to build many other things, he has invested in a "production good." Some things might be classified either way, depending upon what you do with them. A piece of lumber is a production good when it is used to build a workbench, but it is a consumption good when it is burned to heat the house.

Every dollar put in a savings account is really invested in some production good—it goes on making more wealth. If the bank loans it to a concern building a factory it provides work for people and goes on producing for years. If the bank invests it in the bond of a railroad it may help to open up a whole new section and make available millions of dollars' worth of natural resources and new land. If it is invested in a water power it helps to develop heat, light and power that will not only benefit us but will serve future generations. Dollars in savings accounts spell more rapid future development and greater wealth for everyone.

There is good reason to believe that we shall make even more progress between now and 1944 than we have made during the past twenty years. Despite the constant fluctuations that will probably continue to beset American business, regardless of which political party is elected at this or at any other election, the United States of America is fundamentally, economically and spiritually sound. The X–Y line of national growth should tend constantly upward. We need only to keep our feet on the ground and our hearts right. We must not lose our hearts or become selfish.

How should our own self-sufficiency affect our negotiations with Europe? Because we are on dry land is no reason why we should refuse to throw a life preserver to anyone who is overboard. Because we have plenty to eat and wear is all the more reason why we should share with others. The real pleasures of life come from helping friends, neighbors, and especially those in trouble. The world's greatest economist, Jesus, stated a fundamental truth when He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Hence, I am not presenting these facts regarding America's self-sufficiency as any reason why we should not help Europe in its present difficulty. It is our duty and will be a pleasure to give aid to Europe whenever the opportunity presents itself.

If Europe Were Submerged

There are, however, two fundamental facts which should be recognized. The first should be clearly kept in the minds of Europe, and the second should be clearly kept in the minds of our own people. These two facts are as follows:

Europe should fully understand that America is dependent upon Europe for absolutely nothing. There are a few rare minerals which have not yet been found on the American continent, but these are not essential to our health, happiness or prosperity. Rubber is not raised as yet in the forty-eight states of the Union, but it doubtless could be, and surely Latin America could easily supply all the rubber, sugar and other tropical demands of our nation. Without Europe those who are now producing for export would be obliged to turn their energies to goods used in home consumption. Farmers who are raising wheat would turn to products of which the people of the United States do not get enough. Manufacturers of exported goods would turn to the manufacture of bathroom equipment, heating equipment, and electrical equipment, of which a great number of American homes are still in need. If Europe were submerged under the ocean it would hurt us severely for a few years; but as soon as the farmers, manufacturers, importers and exporters became adjusted to the situation, everyone here would again be busy and prosperous supplying the needs of our own people. Almost the only real loss would come upon the American investor in European securities, for certainly there would then be no argument as to whether European debts should be canceled! Europe should clearly understand the very unusual position of the United States in this regard. Such a position is held by no other nation in the world. The self-sufficiency of our country actually puts us in a class by ourselves, and thereby we are naturally the envy of the rest of the world.

This brings me to the other important conclusion; namely, that when Europe is anxious for tools with which to work instead of money with which to play politics, then it is up to us to give Europe the helping hand.

There is nothing so dangerous for a family or an individual as great prosperity and a feeling of self-sufficiency. When a family or individual reaches such a point it is the beginning of the end. Hence the saying, "It is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The same principle applies to nations. Whenever Europe is in a mood to be helped and an opportunity for real service presents itself, we must accept it even though it means a temporary sacrifice for us.

These two thoughts are what I desire to leave in the minds of readers. One is the supplement or complement of the other; one is the hatchet and the other the handle; one the lock and the other the key. Europe's pride will never be humbled, Europe will never repent of its sins, Europe will never stop playing poker with the lives of its people as chips until she realizes that the world can get on without her and that she no longer occupies the position which she did fifty years ago.

On the other hand, America's greatest danger today is this self-sufficiency of which I have been talking, because self-sufficiency very easily leads to selfishness, inefficiency and general degeneracy.

Let me close with a homely story which happened near Gloucester, Massachusetts, where I spent the first eighteen years of my life and where my father and mother still live today. The officer of one of the banks of that city, an earnest Christian man, was a deacon in one of the local churches. Moreover, he was not the typical New England deacon that has been written about in so many storybooks—not a man who kept the Sabbath and everything else he could lay his hands on. He was a fine man in every sense of the word, who carried his business into his religion and his religion into his business. He earnestly tried every day of the week, Sunday included, to be of service to the people of his city.

Straight Talk

Like every banker, he had many disagreeable things to do. He had to say "No" many times when he would much rather have said "Yes." He was obliged to refuse people requests for money when his heart made him want to grant it, and he was obliged to foreclose mortgages when it made him feel very, very bad to do so. He, however, always had his feet on the ground and always had a reason when he said "Yes" and when he said "No."

The story is told that once when he turned down a request for money by a flippant young man he was answered, "I thought you were a Christian man, but apparently your actions differ from your profession. Did not Jesus say that you should give to him that asketh, and any who would borrow you should not turn away?"

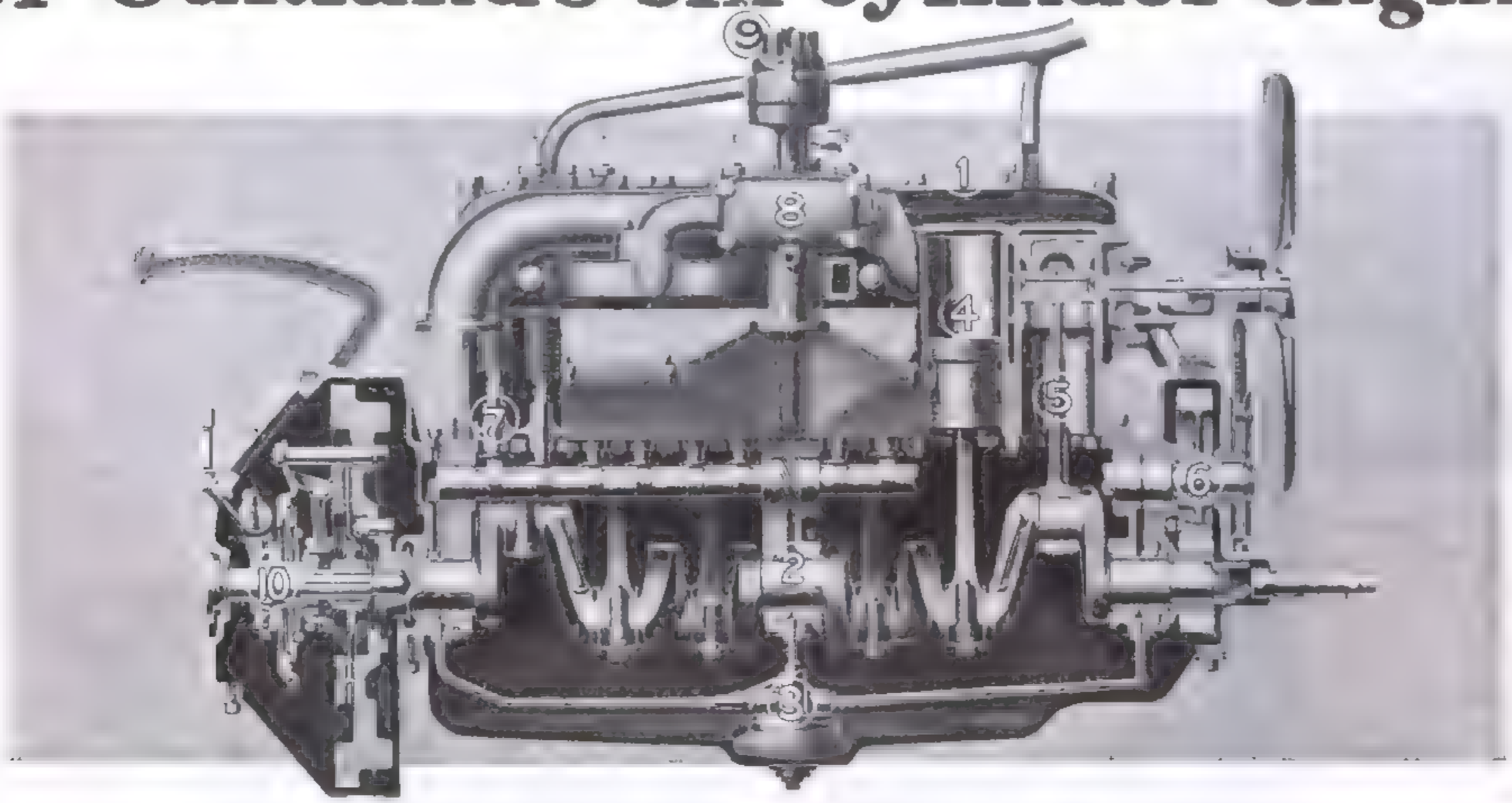
"Yes," replied the New England banker, "Jesus did say this, and I constantly try to keep it in mind. Jesus, however, did not say whether one should give money, property or good sound advice. Furthermore, I believe that if Jesus were here in the bank this morning it would be good sound advice that He would give you rather than money. If you will just step into the directors' room I will gladly give you some good advice."

The young man was taken into the directors' room and was told some of the fundamentals of business success. He was not given the money he desired, but he was given something which was worth far more to him than that money would have been, and he will tell you today that that fatherly talk was the basis of his future success.

In connection with this talk the New England banker told the young man one more thing—namely, that when Jesus did advise people to be generous he advised them to be generous with their own property and not with that belonging to someone else. Of course the money which the young man wished to borrow was not the banker's or the stockholders' money, but rather was the money of thousands of local people. The banker was merely trustee of this money, and had no right to give it away or even to loan it excepting on good security.

Is there not a lesson in this incident of my boyhood days which all of us can take to heart in connection with this foreign situation? Europe needs help today, but doesn't she really need some good fatherly advice more than money or credit? Furthermore, should not our politicians remember that although they are free to give away or loan their own money they should be extremely careful what they do with the money belonging to the people of the United States? This leads me to my final thought that when the time comes to help Europe let us all contribute personally. This would be far better for Europe and far healthier for us than to have Uncle Sam send over a check and charge it up to taxes.

Here are the Reasons for the Power, Smoothness *and* Endurance of Oakland's six-cylinder engine



(1) Oakland's new six-cylinder L-head engine is of the most advanced design. Its remarkable performance is the logical result of competent engineering and high grade construction throughout.

(2) The large, perfectly-balanced crankshaft runs in big, bronze-backed bearings. These patented bearings, on which smooth and trouble-free engine performance depends so much, are positively the best that money can buy.

(3) Lubrication is force feed by means of a reliable gear-type oil pump. Main, camshaft, and connecting-rod bearings and timing chain are continually bathed in oil. This positive lubrication adds greatly to quiet operation and long life. No better oiling system has been developed.

(4) Oakland cylinders are honed smooth as glass on special machines. Pistons and rings are individually fitted into each cylinder. Vibration and wear are thus practically eliminated.

(5) The connecting rods are light and strong. The babbitt-lined bearings are permanently bonded to each rod with pure tin—the most approved process and also the most expensive.

(6) The camshaft is driven by a silent chain running in a bath of oil. This is conceded the best type of drive and the most accurate. There is a convenient external adjustment.

(7) Oakland valves are of special, heat-resisting alloy steel. So efficient are they, that valve grinding is necessary only at very rare intervals.

(8) The intake manifold is scientifically designed to insure perfect fuel distribution to all cylinders, and therefore smooth, economical operation. There is a handy temperature adjustment for summer and winter.

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The craftsmen we employ there are wizards in their ability and accuracy. They never slight a detail or take a liberty with historical data. The scenes in ***"Merry Go Round,"*** our successful love-story of the Court of Austria, were likewise built at Universal City—not "faked" as you might have supposed, but copied from original structures and streets.

Some misapprehension seems to exist as to the character of ***"Fools' Highway,"*** MARY PHILBIN'S successful new picture. It is a story of old New York, at the time the Bowery was in its prime and everyone was singing "Eastside, Westside, All Around the Town." Photoplay Magazine says that "the outstanding features of this interesting picture are the careful drawing of types and the creation of the Bowery atmosphere." The unusually sweet personality of MARY PHILBIN adds immeasurably to the production, which is said to be one of the best of the year.

I want to express my appreciation to the reader of these advertisements who signed himself "Theatre Fan," for the helpful suggestions in his letter. I heartily agree with him and am working along the lines he suggests.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

THE ROMBOUT EMERALD

(Continued from Page 36)

to show the good faith, is it not? But I have here my canceled check for the one thousand dollars, and also the names of the three who bought the small emeralds, and also my correspondence with my brother who is in Paris. Receipt for the duties, too, on the imitation and the small emeralds imported from abroad. It is all quite regular, m'sieur."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Rombout

"And if, m'sieur," said Monsieur Pappillon, who was again full of charm and urbanity, "there was delay in stating all this to you, you shall recall that I was pledged in honor to keep a secret. In honor, m'sieur."

"In honor," repeated Mr. Rombout. "Show me what evidence you've got, and I'll check it up."

"A moment," said the jeweler, patting the air behind him with a soothing hand as he skipped toward his atelier. "You shall have all. All! And you shall check to your utmost satisfaction. I am desolated until I am happy in your confidence."

II

FOUR days later Mr. Rombout entered again the reception room of the private jeweler. And again he was permitted to inhale in solitude the somewhat stuffy and somewhat perfumed atmosphere, to drink in his surroundings of refinement, to reflect that someone must pay for all this. He was alone for just five seconds, which was time enough for a visitor to notice everything, to stoop furtively and feel the pile of the carpet if he doubted, but not long enough for him to seize something—the carpet, the sofa, the pier glass—and to bolt off with it. And then—*voilà!*—if one may have a word—Monsieur Pappillon was standing in the doorway of his workshop, delicately flicking his finger tips with white silk.

"M'sieur has checked?" asked the jeweler.

"Have a cigar," said Mr. Rombout with a cordial smile.

Monsieur Pappillon had a cigar. He lit it, accepting Mr. Rombout's flaming match. He sat on the sofa opposite Mr. Rombout and sucked the cigar with exceeding caution, as if he thought it was a trick cigar which was likely to explode in his face. He waved the burning tip under his nose, sniffing the ascending fumes with a knowing and gratified air. Mr. Rombout tried to be not annoyed by these evidences of appreciation. Damn such a man, thought Mr. Rombout well within himself.

"Mr. Pappillon," he said, frowning, "I have done you an injustice. You were not at all to blame in the matter of the Rombout emerald. My investigation bears out your story. I find that my sister received from you the sum of one thousand dollars at the time you state, and there is no evidence that such a sum was due and owing from you. I have also spoken to the three parties to whom you sold the gems cut from the Rombout emerald. I have been to the customhouse to seek discrepancies in your explanation. I have found nothing that seems to contradict what you told me."

"Ah-h!" said the jeweler.

"If you knew the value which we of the family attached to the Rombout emerald you would readily pardon my unwillingness to believe that it was gone from us. Family traditions of over two hundred years were clustered about that gem. Its intrinsic value was great, but I would not have sold it for any sum. As yet I have not got it in my heart to forgive my sister." Mr. Rombout sighed through his nose and looked thoughtful. Rarely when Mr. Rombout looked thoughtful was he thinking; his seeming pensiveness was a decorous cessation of intellectual activity, time out, a pause to pay tribute to an emotion passing by. The jeweler hung his head with a fine instinct for sympathy.

"I took this opportunity to run in on you, Mr. Pappillon, because I am going abroad very shortly and intend to stay away for some time. I expect to visit France, Switzerland, Italy. I have not been quite up to snuff since my sister's death, and can use a vacation very nicely."

"You have been in Paris before, I am sure."

"Never."

"Is it possible, m'sieur? But now you shall see it. Ah, how one must feel who has never before seen Paris!"

"Not badly, I assure you," said Mr. Rombout. "And only mildly curious. You have a brother there, I believe. A jeweler, isn't he? I gathered from what you said that he is skilled in the various tricks that jewel merchants play on foreigners."

"Pardon?"

"Skilled to detect them, I mean. Set a jeweler to catch a jeweler, as one might say. I should not care to buy any more of these—trinkets?"

"M'sieur contemplates buying gems?"

"There are quite a few in the family, as perhaps you know. I thought of buying a few, and, I suppose, I shall buy them in Paris. Oh, by the way, Pappillon, what do you know about the import duties on gems? Quite heavy, aren't they?"

"Twenty per cent on cut stones, m'sieur."

"Robbery!" grumbled Mr. Rombout. "A duty like that puts a premium on smuggling." He puffed his cigar silently. "Well, I shall cross that bridge when I come to it—cross it somehow. Twenty per cent, eh? Whew!" He rose to go.

"Pardon, m'sieur," begged Monsieur Pappillon, describing graceful figures about Mr. Rombout with his hands joined in prayer, now rushing impetuously forward and moving to go down on one knee, now drawing back with an irresolution that was touching. "Perhaps, m'sieur, perhaps you would do me the great honor to take from me a little letter to my brother?"

"He's a pretty good jeweler, is he?"

"Ah-h!" cried Monsieur Pappillon, ravished by the thought of his brother's professional excellence. "It is not that he is pretty good, m'sieur. *Mais, non!* It is—how shall I say?—it is that he knows it all. Ah, *oui*, he knows it all!"

"You mean he thinks he knows it all."

"Ah, yes," said Monsieur Pappillon gratefully. "He thinks he knows it all. That is the just word. I have not the idiom, m'sieur. And m'sieur will bear such a letter to my brother who is in Paris?"

"Glad to have it," said Mr. Rombout. "I can use him. You may tell him that if he treats me right he won't lose anything."

"One little minute, m'sieur, I implore, and you shall have this letter!"

III

MONSIEUR PAPPILLON was reading a letter from his brother:

——*un bon tip*, this mister Rombout. To spend four hundred thousand francs for jewels is something, I think, and all with the assistance of your little brother. There was the commission and then there was the *pourboire*. But still he has a good bargain. He has an emerald cut *en cabochon* that is a marvel, and six matched diamonds—jägers, or little worse—two pearls of excellent orient and skin and shape, and two very good rubies that I sold him.

About your affair. I saw D., the police *indicateur*, and he said that you were wise *foutre le camp*, and that you should not return to Paris.

Alors, more of dear mister Rombout. He spoke to me much of the tariff, and of how to bring his purchases into America without paying customs. He pretended that he spoke *pour une blague*, but I too am a bit of a joker. A word to the wise. There is a penalty, is there not? And then there is a reward for the *mouche* who whispers to the Government. When you have gotten it, do not forget your little brother who stands here in Paris like a leek. I go now to strangle a parrot to your success!

"*Ou-là-là!*" said Monsieur Pappillon, spacedly and with a mounting accent.

Mr. Rombout had visited him only the day before, and had displayed to him with pardonable pride these very pearls of which the letter spoke. Four hundred thousand francs! If, by good fortune, Mr. Rombout had not paid the duties—Monsieur Pappillon rolled up his eyes and went into a state of mental arithmetic. But his mind was too full of hope; he could not calculate. He put on his overcoat with the cuffs and collar of imitation mink, found his smart hat of velours, locked his door, and set off for the Subway station. He rode down to Bowling Green, and proceeded thence to the stately custom house.

"The office of the collector!" he demanded.

The collector of the port had his own affairs to attend to, but Monsieur Pappillon was shown into the presence of one of the chief examiners. Mr. Stepwell—a thin and elderly gentleman, suave, reserved, and indurated to intrusions—motioned his visitor to a seat.

"How do, Mr. Phillipon."

"Pappillon is the name, m'sieur. Pappillon."

"Oh, the jeweler," said Mr. Stepwell, showing more life. "Exactly. And just what was it, Mr. Pappillon?"

Monsieur Pappillon was flattered to perceive that his name and vocation were known here. But then, it is the business of Government to know everything and everybody. And yet, not everybody; that would be too much to ask. People of some importance, say. He expanded genially under this recognition.

"We jewelers, m'sieur," he said, "come at times into the possession of secrets which it is our duty to impart to the authorities. There are times when one's sacred duty to his client—how shall I say? It is to say that there are occasions, m'sieur ——"

"Precisely," nodded Mr. Stepwell, glancing at his desk clock. "And now, Mr. Pappillon, what is the nature of this secret which is troubling you? Has it to do with our business—with the customs?"

"That is very difficult, m'sieur. Look, m'sieur, I have the reason to credit that a great fraud has been worked upon you. That is it in a nut, as one says."

"We shall be very glad to hear of it."

"It is true though," said Monsieur Pappillon, holding the threads of his discourse between his thumb and second finger where Mr. Stepwell could see them, "that one must not commit a mistake of this character. It would be very rude to accuse a gentleman of honor that he did not pay duties, unless it is that he did not pay them."

"Yes?"

"And what is more, m'sieur," said the jeweler with fine feeling, "it would be very bad for the friendship in all cases. And the friendship, m'sieur, is what is of more value than all. What I say must be between us, is it not?"

"If you have any information to lay with us, Mr. Pappillon, your name won't be disclosed."

"Good. A true friendship, m'sieur, is to be preferred to money, but the man of sound mind will see to it that he is not put to his choice. It is not to be deceitful, though, look, even a deceit is permitted to the man of honor when he is making for the public good. It is then a good strategy."

"Not a doubt of it."

"Would you be good enough, m'sieur, and tell me what is the penalty for smuggling jewels?"

"Confiscation, primarily. The customs evader can redeem his property by paying to the Government the full foreign value, plus the duty of 20 per cent, plus the penalty of 40 per cent. A criminal charge may still be lodged, but commonly isn't in practice."

"Ah! And on a foreign value of twenty thousand dollars?"

"The Government would collect about thirty-three thousand dollars."

"Ah! And the share of the *chanteur*—pardon, how shall I say—the citizen who lays the information?"

"Twenty-five per cent. Something over eight thousand dollars."

"Ah-h!" said Monsieur Pappillon. And these several ahs, it is to be said in passing, were not such perfunctory aspirations, such lip service, as quite any Anglo-Saxon—Mr. Rombout, for example—might have uttered on being told of mensurable marvels; they were such as he might have emitted while being given, say, a first-hand and confidential account of the Creation. "I speak," said Monsieur Pappillon. "There is one M'sieur Rombout, a very rich American. He returned from Europe the week past on the George Washington, bringing with him jewels. Permit me, m'sieur, to present a list of these jewels. It shall be for you to say if he declared these, is it not? They are now in his possession, and I give you here his address."

"We shall look into this at once, Mr. Pappillon; and thanks for the tip. If there's anything in it you'll get your 25 per cent. Good day, Mr. Pappillon."

IV

A LADY and a gentleman entered Monsieur Pappillon's reception room. The lady—a stout young woman in a sealskin wrap and a small hat of cloth-of-silver—was obviously troubled in spirit; the gentleman's manner was assured to the point

(Continued on Page 48)

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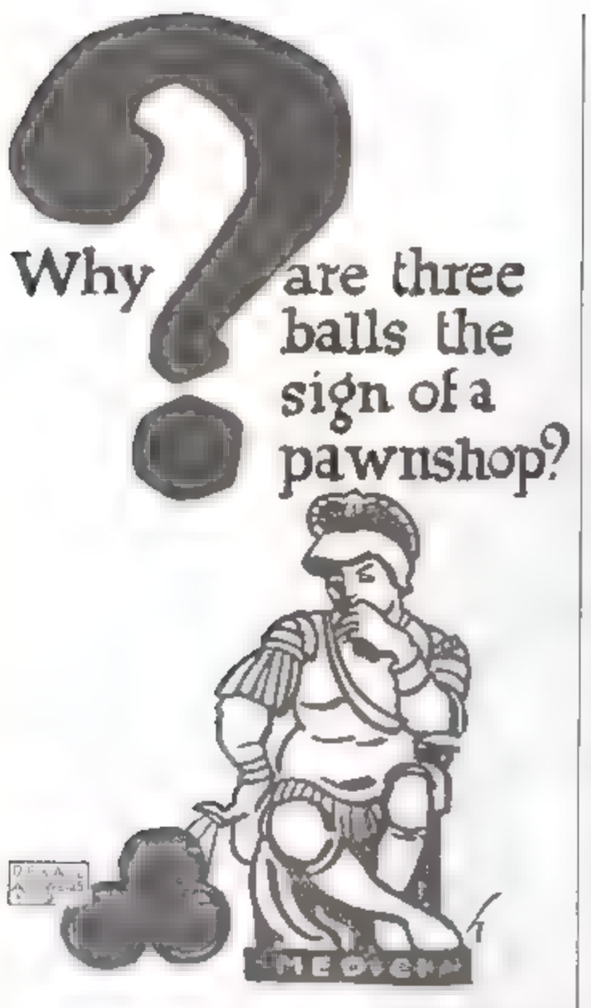

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(Continued from Page 44)

of being jaunty or brassy. The lady, obeying his offhand gesture, sat down on the edge of the sofa and proceeded to fidget; the gentleman went to the pier glass and carefully scrutinized an ingrown hair on his throat. He was youngish, small-boned, dapper, with red-gold hair and a tinge of red in his small blue eyes. He was not handsome; his nose was too big for his face, and lacked distinction in line, was swollen in appearance; his lips were too big and too loose.

"Now, please, Mr. Levine ——" said the lady worriedly.

"Sit down, Mrs. Mapes," said Mr. Levine over his shoulder, sparing one hand from his throat.

Monsieur Pappillon produced himself from his atelier. "Ah, madame!" he said.

"Levine," said his youngish visitor, giving over the pursuit of the ingrown hair until another moment of leisure. "McCormick & Levine; I'm Levine. Glad to meet you, Mr. Pappillon. Sit down. I want to talk to you."

Mr. Levine took a chair. Monsieur Pappillon looked rebukingly at him, but sat down on the other side of the sofa and raised his eyebrows whimsically at Mrs. Mapes. He did not like this Levine. Ill-bred—but no fool. Ah, no. A ferret, rather. One should be very careful. One would be ill-advised who should decide *poser un lapin*—to play a rabbit, is it not?—to the ferret of this Monsieur Levine of the beady and red-rimmed eyes. *C'est égal.* Proceed, Monsieur Levine.

"A few months ago, Mr. Pappillon, you sold this lady here an emerald."

"That is true."

"So you say. Now kindly keep still, Mrs. Mapes. If you want to talk, go ahead, and I'll keep still. Here's the stone you passed on her, Pappillon."

"This I cannot say," said the jeweler, taking the finger ring which Mr. Levine tendered him, and glancing at the green gems in it. "If madame says so."

"Now don't make any insinuations, Pappillon. Madame does say so, and I say so. Do you call that an emerald?"

"What does m'sieur call it?"

"I'll tell you what I call it, and not only what I call it but what it's called down on Maiden Lane. That's a green tourmaline, that's what it is."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Monsieur Pappillon, moving the ring about under his gaze.

"Keep looking at it," said Mr. Levine confidently. "One side of it's been washed since, and the stain taken off. That's a fake, Pappillon. It's a stained tourmaline, Pappillon, and no emerald at all."

"This is absolutely impossible, m'sieur!" exclaimed the jeweler excitedly. "This stone is one of three that I imported from Paris, and I am sure they were genuine emeralds!"

"Very good," said Levine equably. "You prefer to have this matter settled in court, do you? That suits us. We'll go straight from here to the office of the district attorney. Come along, Mrs. Mapes."

"A moment," said Monsieur Pappillon, blushing. "I am sure that madame does not credit that I ——"

"Oh, of course not, Mr. Pappillon!" cried Mrs. Mapes.

"It's all the same to us whether you did it, or the people you got the stone from. We want our money back. You got fifteen hundred dollars of Mrs. Mapes' money, and we want it back, understand?"

"But I tell you on my honor, madame—on my honor—that I do order to my own brother; to my very own brother, madame; to send to me three real emeralds for this very special order. It is not possible that he is so stupid, so—how shall I say?—so *infecté* of the heart that he shall send to me an imitation. For this very special order, madame. *Non, non*, madame."

"Twenty-four hours to think it over, and then you can tell it all to a policeman," said Mr. Levine. "You're losing your time, Pappillon. Come along, Mrs. Mapes."

When they had gone Monsieur Pappillon stood for several seconds holding his head and looking up at the ceiling. Then he dropped his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "Eh, *bien*," he said philosophically.

And he was his assured and ingratiating self when Mr. Rombout visited him, later that day.

"But you have trouble, my friend," he said.

"Trouble is no name for it, Pappillon," said Mr. Rombout, putting the lit end of his cigar into his mouth and then hurriedly changing his mind. "I'm in a terrible fix. Look at this letter I've just gotten from the customs people!"

Monsieur Pappillon accepted the letter:

Dear Sir: Please call at this office immediately in reference to the statement made by you on your recent return to this country. Information has come to us that seems to show you failed to declare certain dutiable articles in the form of precious stones. Kindly bring to this office any such articles brought in by you so that your statement may be gone over. Hoping that you will not compel us to proceed to unpleasant measures ——

"Now, Pappillon, where did the customs people get that information?"

"The Government has detectives abroad, m'sieur," suggested the jeweler.

"Oh, no, that cock won't fight," said Mr. Rombout grimly. He pointed a heavy arm at Monsieur Pappillon. "I know where the customs people got their information! Do you want me to tell you?"

"I cannot imagine," said the jeweler, looking away.

"From that fine brother of yours!" snapped Mr. Rombout.

"*Quelle canaille!*" cried Pappillon, convinced. "It must be as m'sieur says."

"Not a doubt of it," said Mr. Rombout. "He certainly dumped the apple cart this time. And now what am I to do?"

"M'sieur asks me?"

"The rascal is your brother. And you ought to know about these things."

"There is but one thing to do," said Monsieur Pappillon, accepting the responsibility. "You must make the clean breast, m'sieur. You must produce the jewels and—how shall I say?—and take the cure."

"Take my medicine, eh?"

"The medicine—ah, *oui*. You must take all the medicine, as one says. It is to play the man of honor, m'sieur."

"The man of honor who is caught with the goods," said Mr. Rombout sourly. "Well, I suppose there's nothing else to do. I suppose I'd better take a lawyer with me."

"A lawyer!" protested Monsieur Pappillon, making a mouth. "Lawyers, m'sieur, are the crust of the earth. The crust of the earth! *Parbleu*, I would as soon take the devil!"

"Will you come with me?"

"Pardon?"

"I should have someone who knows about jewels and can talk for me, as I'm not in a very good position myself to register a very strenuous kick. You're fairly familiar with foreign values, aren't you? Your brother told me you were a jeweler in Paris. You could show them, perhaps, where I was overreached, and save me something. I wouldn't bother you, but I do hate like thunder to go to a stranger or even to a business acquaintance, and have to tell him about this mess. Naturally, I'd like to hush it up and have done with it."

"Perhaps I should go with you," said Monsieur Pappillon slowly. "I shall tell them that I advised you to make the clean breast, is it not? And thus I shall appear to serve the Government a good turn, and they will accept my opinion the more. We shall think of this."

"On our way to the custom house," said Mr. Rombout, catching him up. "That letter says 'immediately,' and it is already an hour later than that. Let's go right down. I have a car."

V

A SMALL man with a nearsighted look came into Mr. Stepwell's room at the custom house, and approached the desk. Mr. Stepwell, who had been lying back in his chair and smoking one of Mr. Rombout's cigars, took a paper which the newcomer tendered him. They discussed in low tones the notations on this paper.

"You've been over-generous this time," said Mr. Stepwell, looking across at Mr. Rombout, where he sat beside Monsieur Pappillon.

"What's the matter?"

"Those two rubies. You've returned them as natural gems, which they are not. They're scientific stones. Synthetic, you know."

"Oh, no, they're not," said Mr. Rombout. "No such thing. Here's a bill of sale from Raymond Pappillon, of Paris; I paid him twenty-seven thousand francs for them. They're natural stones, fast enough. I wish they weren't, so far as you're concerned."

"Mr. Goodchild is our expert," said Stepwell. "I'll be glad if you can convince him."

"You say those aren't rubies, Mr. Goodchild?"

"They're rubies, but they're not natural stones," said the lapidary.

"You've got to show me!" said Mr. Rombout strongly.

"It doesn't concern us," said the lapidary, looking at Mr. Stepwell.

"Show him, if he wishes," said Mr. Stepwell obligingly.

"May I see them, m'sieur?" requested Monsieur Pappillon alertly.

He took the small envelope which held the disrupted stones, and proceeded to stir up with a forceps the two bits of red corundum.

"They have hardly the finish," he said grudgingly. "But it is not to say of a certainty that they are scientific."

"You know about gems?" asked the lapidary.

"Something," said Monsieur Pappillon modestly.

"The surface finish is suggestive," said the lapidary to Mr. Rombout. "The scientific rubies haven't the even hardness of the natural stones, and it's difficult to give them as good a finish. I don't say it's impossible."

"These are natural stones," said Monsieur Pappillon.

"They haven't got the defects," said the lapidary. "Take this lens, and see if you can find silk in them. Silk," he said to Mr. Rombout, "means the straight parallel lines that occur in the natural stones."

They watched Monsieur Pappillon, who was holding one of the stones in the forceps and glaring at it through an eyepiece.

"They have not the silk," said Pappillon stubbornly, "but that is to say they have not the defects, is it not?"

"The defects that belong in natural stones," said the lapidary somewhat crustily. "And can't you see round bubbles in there? They ought to be angular. And, what is more, they have the typical structural defects of their own. Such stones," he said, turning again to Mr. Rombout, "are made with a blowpipe. The powdered corundum passes through the flame and melts and crystallizes below in a drop we call a boule. The fresh material flows over it continuously, and thus the gem is built up in layers, like a pearl. These layers or zones are not uniform in color and structure. There's no doubt about these stones. I'll take my affidavit they're scientific."

"What are they worth?" asked Mr. Rombout.

"I wouldn't give you twenty-seven dollars for the two of them. If you're finished with that lens, Mr. ——"

"And I paid twenty-seven thousand francs for them!" said Mr. Rombout. "There's the bill. Whew! What do you think of your brother now, Pappillon?"

Monsieur Pappillon caressed his cheeks, which were now less red.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Mr. Rombout, getting up and walking about. "I think the gentleman has put his foot in it this time. I'll have his hide for this, if there's any law in France. Why, the man's a plain crook! He thought that I was going to beat the duties, and he decided that I wouldn't dare to raise a rumpus when I discovered the fraud he'd worked on me. Hello! There's an idea! It couldn't have been he that laid the information." He drew away from Monsieur Pappillon and stared inimically at him.

"Pardon, m'sieur?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Pappillon," said Mr. Rombout, speaking in a cold rage. "Somebody has got to do some tall explaining. I'm going to look into the matter of the Rombout emerald again. In view of the sort of man your brother is, it wouldn't be in nature for him to cut up that stone and throw away a small fortune. No, sir! Tell me, Mr. Goodchild, could you look at three gems and say if they were all cut from the same stone?"

"I could venture an opinion," said the lapidary.

"I'm going to give you the chance. There's no doubt in my mind about the thing now. I've got Mr. Raymond Pappillon on a criminal charge, and I'm going to squeeze the truth out of him about the Rombout emerald. I'll get those three stones, Mr. Goodchild, and I'm going to ask you to have a look at them."

"Eh, *bien*," said Monsieur Pappillon. "My brother is perhaps a rascal. But this does not concern me, is it not?"

"Very much, Mr. Pappillon," said Mr. Rombout, returning the smile. "I shall

(Continued on Page 48)

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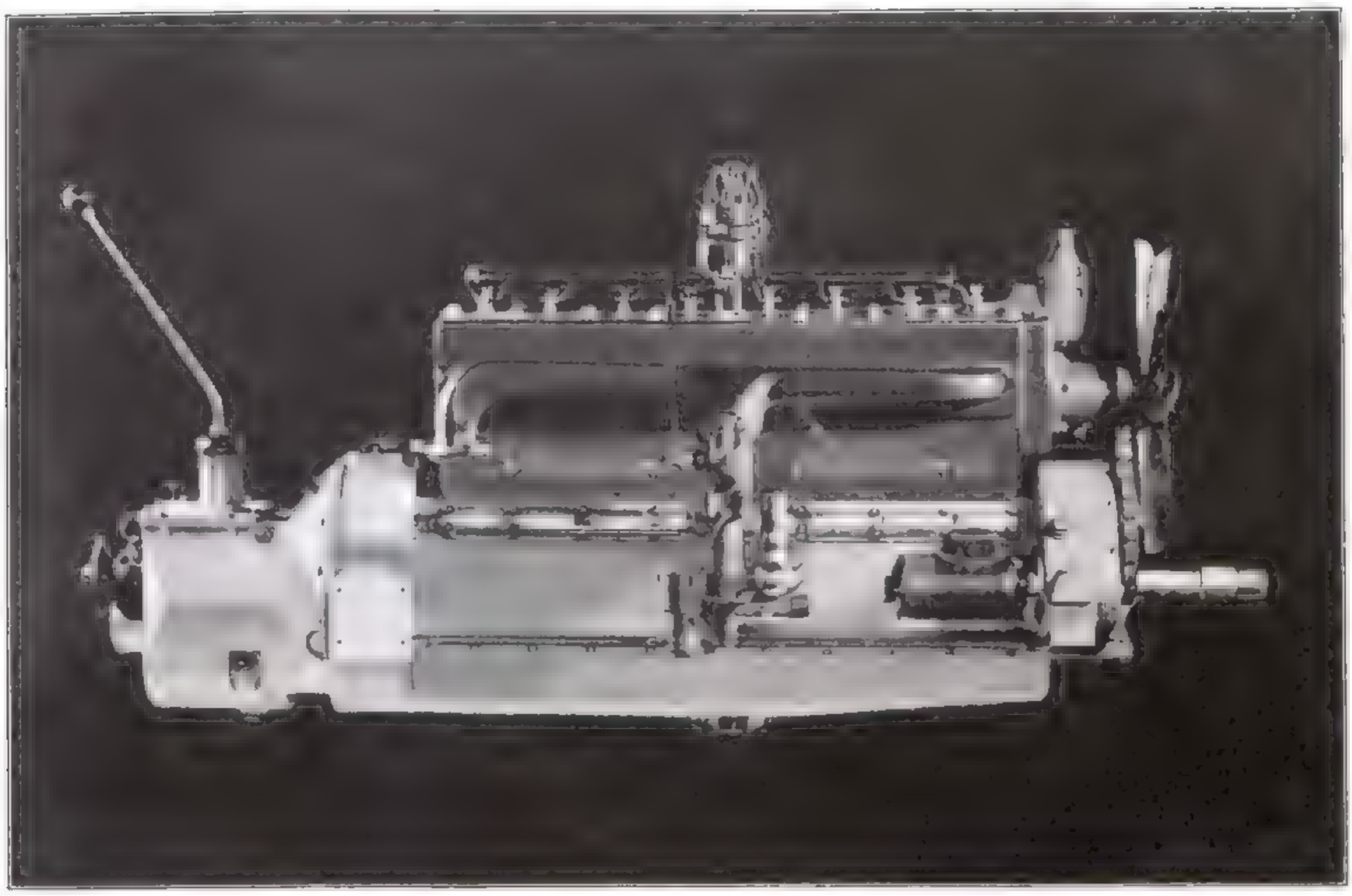

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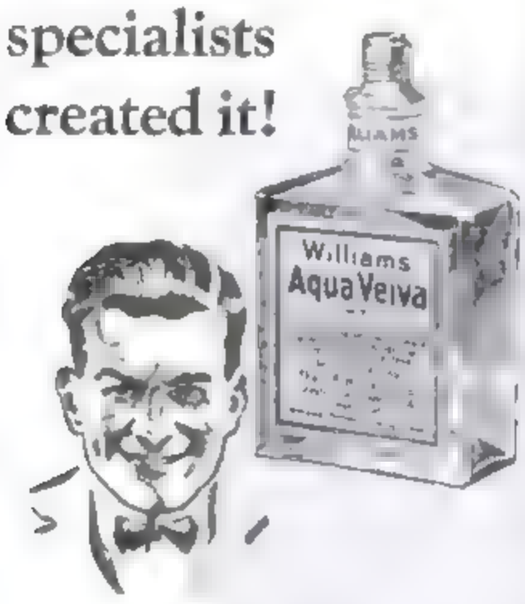

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Name _____

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(Continued from Page 46)

be obliged to lodge a charge against you at once, and must see to it that you are detained, as a principal or as a material witness, until your brother has been induced to tell what he did with the Rombout emerald. You have nothing to fear; I dare say he worked a fraud upon you as well as upon my sister. Mr. Stepwell, will you be good enough to call an officer?"

"But no, m'sieur!"

"Sorry," said Mr. Rombout, turning his broad back and walking to the window.

"The policeman, Mr. Rombout."

The sight of the brass buttons was as good as a tonic to Monsieur Pappillon. He had been sitting in a relaxed posture, and with lips pursed in a soundless whistle had been gazing aggrievedly at Mr. Rombout; he had been looking distressingly wan. But now his color revived, his blue eyes shone, and he leaped up like a new man. He approached Mr. Rombout.

"M'sieur," he said with good humor, "this policeman is not of a necessity, I think. We shall dispense with him, is it not? *Parbleu*, there are many policemen, and this one shall not be missed, eh?"

"We need him," said Mr. Rombout.

"Oh, but no, m'sieur! *Au contraire.* The affair is to find the emerald, is it not? The policeman is of public assistance in the streets, but this is a private affair. But, m'sieur, if one calls in the police, then it is an affair of state, and an arrangement is not to be made. The justice on the malefactor, m'sieur, is of the ideal, but we are men of the world, is it not? Certainly, one cannot have the ideal and also have the private arrangement. It is to choose."

"What are you driving at?"

"If perhaps, m'sieur—if perhaps the Rombout emerald is to be trotted—eh, then what?"

"Well?"

"Then there is not a necessity to detain me, m'sieur."

"Are you proposing to turn over to me the Rombout emerald?"

"Have I the word of honor?"

"If you give me back the Rombout emerald I shall not press any charge against you."

"Good," exclaimed Monsieur Pappillon. "*Alors*, the policeman departs to the streets to run after the tight man and the chauffeur, and we go about our business."

"I'll see you later, Mr. Stepwell," said Mr. Rombout, ushering the jeweler out.

The two men went down to the street. Monsieur Pappillon put his high heels together, bowed to Mr. Rombout, and preceded him into the latter's roomy sedan. The rear seat of this sedan accommodated three easily, according to the advertisements; according to Mr. Rombout and Monsieur Pappillon, it accommodated two very nicely and with nothing to spare. So snugged in, looking out at the world through burnished plate glass, they slid into the traffic of lower Broadway. This financial section of the city was strange to Monsieur Pappillon; he looked at the crowds, at the cathedral-like entrances to buildings, at the leaping façades; and he asked questions. Mr. Rombout fed him statistics like bonbons, and he opened his mouth for each, with an appreciative "Ah-h!"

The car stopped before a bank on Sixth Avenue in the upper Twenties. Monsieur Pappillon excused himself, and went into the bank. Mr. Rombout lit a cigar and invited the chauffeur to talk about the motor of this car, which was a new one. Monsieur Pappillon returned.

"May I put you down somewhere?" asked Mr. Rombout, beckoning him in.

"You are very kind," said the jeweler. "*Voilà!*" said Monsieur Pappillon when they were again under way and when he had opened a small jewel box and tendered it to Mr. Rombout.

Mr. Rombout cocked his cigar into the corner of his mouth, and looked hard at the green gem in the box. It was a step-cut stone of about six carats, and was indubitably the fine emerald which his ancestor had bought from a Spanish merchant of Santa Fé de Bogotá once upon a time.

"Have you anything to tell me?" asked Mr. Rombout.

"The explanation," said Monsieur Pappillon, waving a burning cigar tip beneath his expanded nostrils, "is always how shall I say? *—embêtant!* to be tedious. When one delivers the goods, one does not fabricate the explanation, is it not?"

"You don't seem to worry about your brother's position."

"Ah, my dear Raymond," said Monsieur Pappillon. "If that Raymond is not such a beast, I shall be still making the explanation. He sends to me the triplet—ah, *bon*, admirable! But the three little emeralds, m'sieur—they are not admirable, though I pay for them the good money. No, they are the tourmaline! A beautiful stone, the tourmaline, but not of the true green, unless one paints it. M'sieur would soon discover this, and then the grease takes the fire, as one says. Shall I suspect my own true brother, and wash the emeralds? But, no. Eh, *bien*, it is not for me to worry of him now."

"But you paid my sister a thousand dollars."

"*C'est vrai.* She needed the money, and I asked her to accept this small loan. It is nothing, m'sieur. But I descend here."

"Just a moment," said Mr. Rombout. "I have agreed not to press a charge against you, but I think you're a dangerous person to be in business. You don't seem sufficiently impressed with the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, Mr. Pappillon. I may tell you that I asked questions on the other side, and discovered that you have a record in France. Kindly remember that the evidence in the matter of the Rombout emerald can be brought forward if you don't watch your step in the future. I'm going to ask you to close that deadfall of yours, and ——"

"—— and make myself of a great rarity, m'sieur?" said the jeweler, submissively attentive to friendly advice. "Ah, *oui!* It is my own thought."

"And don't think too harshly of your brother."

"Pardon?"

"McCormick & Levine are my attorneys. Mr. Levine suggested that he call upon you in the company of Mrs. Mapes. We decided that you had plotted this thing with your brother, but that you were too wise to let the emerald get out of your own hands. We thought it likely that you would believe that your brother had tricked you and sent you imitation emeralds instead of the three genuine ones which he was supposed to have cut from the Rombout. Can you see the hole in the millstone?"

"*Ciel!*" cried Monsieur Pappillon, standing in the street and staring through the open door. "What a pear!"

"Excuse me?"

"It is of myself I speak, m'sieur, and no reflection. Then perhaps the rubies ——"

"It was necessary to convince you that we had a hold on your brother sufficient to make him talk. I have no quarrel with the rubies which your brother sold me. The others were provided by Mr. Levine, who is a man of resource. And as for the informer's reward which you may have expected to collect from my good friend Mr. Stepwell ——"

Mr. Rombout drew his large hand slowly down over his three bluish chins and looked under his black eyebrows at the jeweler.

"Ah-h," breathed the jeweler. He burst into a jovial laugh, though the sudden brilliance of his eyes and the quick deepening of his color indicated that his mirth was not unalloyed. "Capital, m'sieur! *Etonnant!* But, pardon—the r-rug; so, under the legs. Permit me to shut the door, m'sieur. So! *Au revoir*, m'sieur; *au revoir!*"

THE HIDDEN TRAIL

(Continued from Page 38)

Few of the traders and peddlers are addicts themselves. Their code of ethics is no higher than their occupation, and it is seldom that the victim gets the pure drug to pep up his lagging vitality and once again to give him a rosy outlook on life. He pays well to go through this bucking-up process. Prices for morphine and heroin among dealers and peddlers run about $45 an ounce, with cocaine generally a bit cheaper. These same drugs sell at the stores for an average of about $15 an ounce. Just as the bootlegger cuts and dilutes his whisky, so does the peddler weaken and adulterate his drugs. Each ounce of heroin and morphine as a rule contains about three-quarters of an ounce of powdered sugar of milk. Cocaine in order to retain the sheen of the pure drug is generally mixed with half an ounce of powdered paraffin. This injected into the arm or leg hardens after cooling and leaves a lump which has to be removed by surgery.

A batch of morphine sold recently in New York had been combined with a white acid that caused decomposition of the flesh where the needle had been inserted. A hole as large as a man's fist was left in the arms and legs of the addicts who had secured their supply from this source.

The peddler's greatest risk is having dope found on his person. Perhaps the cleverest and yet at the same time the most dangerous method of concealment ever discovered was the use of a waterproof bag about the size of a small marble. It was filled with heroin and securely sewed together, then tied to the base of one of the front teeth by a strong silk thread, and lowered into the stomach. It could be carried in safety to the peddler's destination, and then taken out.

A traffic that had its source at Camp Dix and its market in Philadephia was successful for a long time through the cleverness of a sergeant, who transported the drug to the peddler, in being able to roll an ounce of morphine in tin foil so that it was the exact reproduction of a cigar. So deftly and skillfully was it done that not until the fourth time the soldier was searched was the scheme discovered.

In addition to the workers in each division, a number of the best men in the service, with Washington as their headquarters, follow the movements of the drug rings all over the United States. Members of the squadron frequently live for several weeks in the tenderloin sections of the large cities, where they are unknown as narcotic agents, to gain the confidence of the dealers and peddlers. Stool pigeons establish themselves in the very heart of the trading centers.

They go about gathering their evidence in ways that would never arouse the suspicion of the peddlers or the addicts with whom they mingle day and night. In one of the large Eastern cities a former habitué, a woman, had been assigned to work with a young Italian known generally in that section as Tony. He rented a store as a bootblack stand, and the woman was able by a queer turn of fate to hire the room directly above as lodgings. A listening-in device was installed so that every word uttered in the shop could be heard plainly by the woman upstairs.

Tony had arranged a mirror so that he could, while shining shoes, watch the movements of the passers-by.

With watchers above and below, the frequenters of the street and the houses that were apparently selling drugs soon became well-known.

The stool pigeons had been at their work for almost a month when a daily customer said to Tony, "Want to make a little extra money?"

The opportunity was grasped, and it proved to be making the shop available for entry at night so that small packages might be left and removed. Few deals have ever gone through with less ceremony. Final arrangements and a giving over of keys were to be discussed the next morning. Just a few moments after the customer had taken his seat and the conversation had been resumed, the adjoining chair was occupied by a rather good-looking young woman who had, unmistakably, been a drug user. While fumbling in her purse a hypodermic needle rolled from her lap to the floor. It was several moments before Tony picked it up and returned it to her, in order to give the stranger a good chance to see it.

He smiled at her and said "H?" and smiling back she said, "No; M." The three simple syllables that were exchanged between the two proved to be the beginning of the end of one of the biggest dope rings that ever operated in America. The code was their common language. They had conveyed as much to each other as the novice could in 200 words.

It was an opportunity for which both Tony and the woman had been waiting for almost a month, and she followed up the opening by venturing, "I wish I could make a good connection."

"I can wise you up, kid. Where you from?"

"Chicago."

"Show girl?"

(Continued on Page 50)

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American Express Travelers Cheques

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"No; booster"—which in the vernacular of the underworld means shoplifter.

The conversation took on a more confidential aspect as it progressed, and she was finally given a note and told to report to the chief of the employment bureau of a large chemical plant at 7:30 next morning. The plant itself, one of the largest in the country, housed enough narcotics at that moment to send more than 100,000,000 people off into the caressing arms of Morpheus.

Upon presenting her sealed note at the plant the woman was ushered into the private office of the chief of the employment department. After a brief conference she took up her work recording the amount of morphine coming from the opium room. All the opium derivatives were to pass through her hands for recording on the government books. But it was not all to be put on the books. A box left under her desk was to be filled each day without being taken into consideration on the day's records. For filling a box a day she was to get an extra envelope containing $100 every Saturday morning.

A few nights after the end of the first week two members of the narcotic squad, who had been watching the plant every night, followed a truck that had backed up to the front door and loaded a large packing case. The truck went to an office building in the central section of the city, and the agents could see by the lighted freight elevator that the men got off at the seventh floor. Slipping past the night watchman, the members of the narcotic squad located the room by the sound of voices. A dozen dealers had gathered to take off their supply. The rest is, of course, obvious; the men were arrested and the morphine seized.

The chemical company pleaded ignorance of the plot, and explained that opium varies in morphine content, and that there is no means of telling just how much morphine may be obtained from any given quantity of the raw drug. The only requirement is that it must contain not less than 14 per cent. The exact quantity extracted can be told only at the time it is recorded on the books.

Opium smoking is a less vicious habit than the hypodermic use of narcotics. A smoker may go as long as a month without hitting the pipe, while the drug addict must have his shot at least every five or six hours. Hoping to eliminate the greater evil first, the Government is devoting all the energies of its agents against the morphine and heroin traffic. Approximately 65 per cent of the habitués are morphine users, 23 per cent use heroin, 10 per cent cocaine, and the remaining 2 per cent smoke opium.

The smoking habit, more widespread years ago among the Chinese, is gradually becoming extinct in this country. The younger generation of Chinese, born in America, are almost entirely free from the habit. A few of the older ones, some white men and white women who have been part of the underworld for a decade or more, are the only frequenters of the hop joints, where peasants become kings and life is one golden play day.

Despite the human wreckage they leave in their wake, narcotics have been a blessing to the world and humanity, and science and medicine could ill do without them. The work in hand then is to rid the country of the leeches who are sucking at the very lifeblood of American stability. It is no small task. Only those who are familiar with facts and figures can appreciate that a greater expenditure in wiping out the dope traffic would be the best investment the Government could make. Halfway means can get only halfway results. The hidden trail of the dope peddler should be turned into a pathway to better things for thousands of unfortunates who have followed it for years.

THE BLASTED BLURB

Continued from Page 23

"Who is this Filbard Farrar? That's what I want to know!" asked Mr. Schuylkill, the oldest director, disregarding him as usual, in a high and angered voice.

President Swartout, in place of answering him, picked up one of the papers before him.

"It seems he is an author—a radical novel writer. Here, I have it here!" said President Swartout then, and read aloud from the first page of the morning edition of the Daily Mess in his right hand the headlines which had been built above and around the sketch from memory of the board of directors under the table, and their simple visitor in his simple denim smock:

ASKS WIDOW'S MITE OF ANNU'AL COAL RISE

FILBARD FARRAR FACES COAL TRUST

Author of Wailing Widows says Piercing Cries for Justice Must be Satisfied

Completing this opening, Mr. Swartout read on steadily into the text:

"Saying that the next annual advance in the price of anthracite coal did not in itself interest him, but that if it were made he would stand firm, even to death, for the rights of the widows of the pit, the breakers, the tipples and the rails to share in that advance—warranted or unwarranted—the famous author of Wailing Widows yesterday afternoon bearded in their inner room the directors of the central coal trust, and demanded justice for the sufferers whose just cause he represents.

"Himself a practical coal miner, having undergone all the hardships of the workers in the pit and dump to insure the exact accuracy of his book, Mr. Farrar made this statement to the press, preliminary to his drastic action:

"'I wish to make myself perfectly clear. Whether the annual rise of the price of anthracite to the American public is justified I do not know, or pretend to know. In that I am not interested. I simply say ——.'"

"Not interested! Not interested!" burst in Mr. Schuylkill, interrupting the reader from his right hand. "Then what does he want? What does interest him?"

"That's it! What is there in this for this bird?" said Mr. Snaggitt callously. "That's what I want somebody to tell me."

At this moment a new voice came into the discussion. Glancing up, the other directors saw Cyrus Socoway, the public-utilities king, who had been absent from the board meeting on the previous afternoon, rising in his seat.

"Mister President," he said in the formal manner of one bringing up new business.

"Mr. Socoway."

"I have taken the liberty, sir, to bring with me," he said, "just the man who can answer these questions—if anyone can. And he is now in the anteroom. I refer to Dr. Marcus Aurelius Browne, the public-relations counsel, whom I think many of you know—or know of."

"The boy that writes all your speeches'" exclaimed Mr. Snaggitt with interest. "Bring him in. Let's look him over."

"I move we do so," said Mr. Feldman the banker, more formally. "And I may say that, from personal knowledge, I heartily concur in what Mr. Socoway has said of Doctor Browne."

Following the unanimous vote of the directors, a dark handsome young man of grave and academic bearing, the now great influential public-relations counsel of Wall Street, walked in, followed by his assistant with his brief case. The years had changed him very little, outside of a much increased poise and dignity. His hair was still thick and dark. The fire and intelligence back of his glasses remained. Upon his vest still shone the Phi Beta Kappa key of scholarship.

Bowing gravely to the members of the board whose speeches and public relations he already had charge of, he dismissed his assistant, and after a formal introduction to those directors he did not yet know he seated himself in the vacant board chair beside Mr. Socoway.

President Swartout, for the meeting, lost no time in placing the new and puzzling problem of publicity before him.

"This is a very mysterious and unusual case," he stated, "different from any of the many and bitter publicity attacks upon the annual advance in the price of anthracite up to date. The question is, What is the motive of this man? What does he want?"

"He wants to be put permanently in jail," broke in the oldest director positively. "Like all these radicals."

"He wants notoriety, no doubt," said the dressiest and best-read director.

"He wants more than that," said the director from South Chicago grossly. "He wants his!"

"Is it a part of a bear raid, by any chance?" asked Mr. Johnson, the softest spoken and most anxious director.

"What's your idea?" asked Cyrus Socoway of the grave publicity expert, who waited with a slight but very well-informed smile on his dark scholarly face, as one after another of the financial leaders spoke.

He stood now, having taken up from the brief case which his assistant had brought in, a large clipping from a newspaper.

"You possibly have not," he said, indicating it, "read the literary supplement of the last Sunday Public Guardian?" His audience signified by definite signs that none had done so. "It might be well, in that case, for me to read it to you—in the hope that we may find here the clew to our problem."

"On the literary page, did he say?" inquired Mr. Schuylkill impatiently of his neighbor.

"He says so," Mr. Feldman assured him.

"Bosh and balderdash! The man is crazy!" said the oldest and most irritated director, but nevertheless leaning forward with a firmer grip on his ear trumpet, listening with the other distinguished financiers for the unexpected clew this newcomer was giving them to their public-relations problem.

"Filbard Farrar," he was reading from the literary supplement, looking down every now and then into the grave uplifted faces of the millionaires, "the author of Sex the Serpent, last season's widely discussed romance of divorce, has issued this week from the press of Bugheim & Binks the first of his long-anticipated trilogy on Coal, Iron and Wood—in the 400-page volume, Wailing Widows. In his foreword he states the purpose and inception of this comprehensive work.

"'It is not merely life,' he says, 'raw, bleeding, actual. It is my life. I have myself gone down into the coal mines. I have myself dug coal. I have gone through personally all that those pits of pity and pain can offer. I have seen the red eyes of the hungry mine rats gleam through the darkness. I have choked in the deadly mine damp. I have worked upon the seam until my reason failed me and I have thrown my pick and shovel from me to pluck the virgin carbon literally with my raw and bleeding hands.'"

The reader here stopped, interrupted by a low inarticulate noise. Looking down again upon his financiers, he saw the three from North Central Pennsylvania, Mr. Singmeister, Mr. Hochstanzer and Mr. Dinkey, the three silent coal barons, looking at one another with a gaze of mingled doubt and wonder. But as they made no other demonstration the reader of the literary supplement passed on with his reading from Mr. Farrar:

"'Yes, I have dug coal. But I have done more. I have lived coal. Coal has been born of me. Of the travail and wrenching of my flesh. And all of this, this bitter soul-and-body fruit, I have garnered and offer now to the indifferent eyes of the world, in my little book—my first epic in my trilogy of the great common things of life—Wailing Widows, which it is in my heart to put into the hands of every user of coal—exactly as I expect later to do with the products of man's other prime necessities, iron and wood.

"'Wailing Widows, in one word, is my message of appeal from those darkened souls who struggle in the pitiless pit, to the human homes and heart of America—and especially to the womanhood of the nation. All those tender hearts and understanding eyes of the 90 per cent of the mothers and daughters of this country—those modern priestesses who have in their charge the ministrations of the kitchen range—the real lares and penates of the American home, the sacred fire of human love, which never is extinguished. And ——.'"

But at this point the reader stopped, interrupted.

"What is this stuff?" the oldest and deafest director was demanding loudly.

The publicity expert paused before answering.

"It is a blurb," he said then simply, with a grave but only partially concealed smile.

(Continued on Page 52)

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Wilson Bro's Number 616 with "INSETTE SOLE"

a new kind of silk hose so trim you could wear them inside out!

JUST turn the old-style seamless hose inside-out and note the ragged edge along the instep and heel, where the silk is spliced with the reinforcement. The finer the silk, the more this "fringe" shows through when worn with low shoes.

You'll look in vain for this unsightly "fringe" in Wilson Bro's new silk hose Number 616, with INSETTE SOLE, toe and heel. A newly invented knitting machine has made possible an inside edge as trim as the outer—and a vastly superior hose in every way. Yet they cost no more than the old-style kind—

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Look for "INSETTE SOLE"* stamped in red. It means trimmer and better wearing hose.

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New York *Paris*

*Trade-mark registered

(Continued from Page 50)

His audience of multimillionaires gazed at one another silent, in mute surmise.

"What did he say?" the voice of the oldest and angriest director spoke up. "A verb?"

"A blurb—or so I understood," said Mr. Feldman, the most mannerly director.

"The man is mad," said Mr. Schuylkill with ever increasing positiveness, and stopped, for Cyrus Socoway, the public-utilities king and the best coal customer the railroad had, was speaking.

"Let us hear him," he pleaded, raising his hand. "He knows."

The financiers were silent, even Mr. Schuylkill leaning forward with the rest, as the expert upon publicity and public opinion went on now, questioning instead of yet explaining himself—after the fashion of a doctor completing, before fully stating, his diagnosis.

"When Mr. Farrar was here yesterday," he asked, holding up another clipping from his brief case, "did he state, as he states here, that he would return at the next board meeting for an answer?"

"He did, yes," said several voices.

"We can very likely expect him soon then," said Marcus Aurelius Browne, the publicity counselor, gravely. And suddenly his hearers gave a start.

As if by prearrangement the sound of high voices was heard from the office and anteroom.

"They are in session now, are they not?" one of these asked simply, but loudly.

The directors of the Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad looked sharply at one another. It was the voice of yesterday afternoon, the well-remembered voice of the fair-bearded man in the denim smock.

"Very well," it said with a well-measured calm, "I am here with one of those I represent. You must admit us. We are going in."

"You are not going in!" said a second voice, the voice of the tried old guardian, the ex-policeman who for years had protected the old and conservative Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad offices from unwarranted intrusion. "I guess I know my orders."

"We are—we certainly are! We are!" cried a third and higher voice, the high and excited voice of a woman. "You certainly will. You will admit us or arrest us!"

The sound of shuffling, of human effort, arose, followed by the heavy closing of a door.

A grim smile came upon the face of the well-known powers of Wall Street. But no one of them spoke, except the one from South Chicago.

"Rough work!" he said appreciatively.

"They should all be arrested and put permanently behind the bars," stated Mr. Schuylkill.

The voice of their visitor, the publicity expert, interrupted in a sharp tone of warning. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are making a mistake here—a great mistake."

Scarcely had these words passed his lips when all were upon their feet. There was a crash of glass behind them. Looking out, they saw framed in the broken upper half of the private door into the hallway two striking figures, the fair-bearded stranger in the denim smock, and with him another no less notable—a young woman of excellent figure, entirely in black, with her face heavily covered by a deep black veil.

"Arrest them!" cried the voice of the oldest, angriest director. "Arrest them both—at once!"

It was the voice of the man in the smock—of Filbard Farrar—which replied. "Yes," he said, standing very still and calm, "that would be best! Arrest us!"

"Yes. Yes. Arrest us!" invited the sharp eager voice of the black-swathed woman.

And at that instant they were grasped, apparently by someone coming up from behind them in the hall.

"That's it, arrest them, John. Call in the police!" the voice of Mr. Schuylkill was calling to the faithful guardian of the old office.

But now another voice cut sharply into the turmoil.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" Marcus Aurelius Browne, the publicity counselor, was crying. "Think! Before you do this thing!"

The eyes of all—both the great business kings and their prisoners—were upon him.

"Stop, gentlemen," he was saying to the former. "Remember! Try to visualize your situation. You are dealing with a blurb!"

Excited voices repeated after him his unfamiliar word.

"A blurb!" cried the millionaires angrily. "What is a blurb?"

"A publisher's press agent's free publicity for a new book," stated Doctor Browne.

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Aaron Feldman, the best-read director, in their general silence. "Of course."

"Using us! To advertise a book! The man is an idiot!" said the angriest and most positive director.

But his words had no effect upon his associates.

The keen eyes of the financiers were set upon the face of the publicity adviser—none keener or more searching than those of Mr. Snaggitt, the outlaw money king, from South Chicago.

"You arrest this man. You throw him into jail," the speaker pleaded sharply. "And what do you do? What do you make?"

No one answered.

"You make a martyr. A self-advertising martyr. For a blurb!"

"The boy is there!" exclaimed the outlaw millionaire, with a sudden reflective twist of his cigar.

And the other millionaires, though not speaking, moved uneasily in their chairs. Unaccustomed as he might have been to the deeper secrets of free publicity for books, no one in the room could be ignorant of the power of the martyr, the self-advertising martyr in the daily press.

"Gentlemen, what is this man's obvious purpose?" asked Marcus Aurelius Browne, pointing and looking out through the frame of splintered glass at the fair-bearded simple stranger in the blue denim smock.

For a moment the two great experts in free publicity, on either side of the broken door, looked steadfastly into each other's eyes in mutual challenge.

"What is his purpose?" repeated Mr. Browne, withdrawing his glance first.

"To tell the world about himself!" said the hard understanding voice of Mr. Snaggitt.

"Yes. Arrest him—throw him into jail—and what have you?"

"You have a free hollering martyr on your hands," said Mr. Snaggitt. And the financiers moved uneasily again. Not one of them but had heard through the press the voice of the hollering martyr.

"You have doubled his advertising value at one stroke. Gentlemen, you cannot arrest this man," said Mr. Browne very gravely. "You must see that."

"Then what shall we do? What can we do?" asked several voices, after a long pause.

"Take Doctor Browne's advice. He knows," urged Cyrus Socoway, the public-utilities king.

"Yes. Yes, by all means," agreed the other directors.

Acting on this counsel the board gave its orders; under these orders the prisoners were started forward toward the elevator and the ground floor—and freedom.

At this a new and marked reaction passed over the calm and simple bearded face of the man in the plain denim smock. An intense and terrible emotion showed in his eyes and his voice as he leaned forward, staring first at Marcus Aurelius Browne and then at the silent millionaires. For a moment all was silent as the two experts in publicity once more faced each other.

"This is not the last, gentlemen," said Filbard Farrar, speaking finally. "I will return with a fuller quota of those I represent, for a final, fuller reckoning."

With his right hand with its two uplifted fingers raised above his head, he was propelled gently but firmly toward the elevator.

But now the sharp, quick, bitter cry of his companion rang out. "Arrest us! Arrest us! Cowards! Arrest us—if you dare!" demanded the high shrill accents of the unidentified woman in black.

"If you dare!" came the deep rich accents of Filbard Farrar's mellifluous voice, like the bass following a boys' choir in a recessional.

"Cowards, you don't dare, don't dare—don't dare arrest us!" came the soprano.

"Arrest us!" came the antiphonal bass, which then died finally, swallowed up in the elevator.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, from the farther and darker end of the hallway, there was the sound of feet, of low but disappointed voices, of matches lighting cigarettes.

"Newspaper photographers!" reported President Swartout, peering out the broken ground glass. "From the Daily Mess. From all the papers."

The great powers of Wall Street, sitting in deep silence, listening to the retreating voices, the shuffling of the feet upon the worn old marble stairs, remained motionless, wiping their brows, thinking of what they had just escaped.

"But what shall we do? What shall we do?" demanded one abruptly, turning to Marcus Aurelius Browne, the public-relations counselor. "This cannot go on indefinitely."

"If we move at this time to ratify the operators' committee's findings," went on another financier, "for the necessary advance in its price of coal, with all this public clamor now ..."

"This outrageous splurge," broke in D. Schuyler Schuylkill.

"Our enemies will be out demanding a congressional investigation! The whole basic principle—the annual advance in price, upon which the continuance of the anthracite industry depends—will be placed in jeopardy!"

"Whereas, if we do not," President Swartout was warning them, "give our answer to the miners' committee at once, within one week's time, this country will be plunged into national disaster. Nothing can prevent another annual coal strike."

"If this wild criminal book writer is not headed off in some way," said Mr. Schuylkill bitterly.

The calm collected voice of Mr. Browne, the great publicity expert, succeeded their excited ones.

"Do you wish to have me head him off?" it asked.

"By all means. At once. How?" cried several directors simultaneously. "In what way?"

"I will tell you that later, when I have outlined my plans. For this is no simple problem in publicity," said Marcus Aurelius Browne, rising and gathering up his various clippings into his brief case preparatory to departure.

The financiers were all standing with him.

"When can you let us hear from you?" asked President Swartout, with still face but ill-concealed anxiety.

"Very soon. I will let you know just when!" responded Marcus Aurelius Browne, and bowing courteously left the directors of the Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad looking after him.

For this was an important matter to him. He could not let it seem too easy. For this transaction marked a milestone in his career. The old and conservative anthracite coal group was now the last big corporate interest whose publicity he cared to take on in Wall Street. He had already practically all the others. It would be wiser, he could see, to let Filbard Farrar, the prince of the radical literary blurb makers, and his widows ride on just a little farther, especially with the oldest director—that D. Schuyler Schuylkill—who held the largest single block of stock.

III

"EIGHTEEN widows, so-called; we have counted them!" exclaimed President Swartout, of the Susquehanna and Coalfields Railroad, gazing narrowly at Mr. Marcus Aurelius Browne. "Walking for the past three days, in relays, up and down before this office in this man Farrar's so-called patrol of pity. You must have seen them as you came in."

"I did," said Mr. Browne, from where he sat among the directors at their board.

"Swathed in black, their faces veiled, back and forth in squads of six, with this unscrupulous Farrar in his whiskers and blue denim robe at their head. Stopping every turn or two to give an interview to some reporter on 'Oh, the pity of it!'"

"Or something to that effect," said Mr. Feldman, the cautious and cultivated director.

"And in the meanwhile," continued the chairman in a hoarse voice, "the worst annual anthracite coal strike in history hanging over this country!"

"Preposterous! Outrageous!" said the oldest member of the board, his ear trumpet shaking with the violence of his speech.

"And now, sir," continued the president, still looking severely at Mr. Browne, "not having heard from you in this matter, as we had hoped, we have instituted an investigation of our own. And what do we find?"

"I should be very glad to know," said Marcus Aurelius Browne gravely.

"We find this man was never in a coal mine in his life—in spite of all his claims."

(Continued on Page 64)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

The Flapper Evolves

"THE men pay no attention to me!" cried the flapper. "I'll change my methods."

"They all love me except the man I love!" she pouted a while later. "I must try some other way."

Finally she nestled in his arms. "He loves me," she sighed blissfully. "This is perfect!"

Sydney Chaplin in "The Perfect Flapper"

Such is the career of "The Perfect Flapper" in the delightful comedy drama now offered in the leading theatres. Colleen Moore interprets her evolution to the heights of perfection. It is entertainment built for the eyes of the world

At Last!—"The Perfect Flapper"

The perfect flapper may find herself surrounded by many—but long for the arms of one. From popularity to love; from "a good fellow" to a "sweetheart".

That's the story of "The Perfect Flapper", the Colleen Moore picture you've been waiting for. And the change is sometimes a hard one to make, with a heartache or two on the way.

"The Perfect Flapper" belongs to Junetime as June belongs to the flappers.

Frank Mayo (in the oval on the left) heads the cast supporting Colleen Moore in "The Perfect Flapper". Sydney Chaplin, Mary Carr and Phyllis Haver are also principals, and John Francis Dillon directed.

How Long to Make a Movie?

"HOW long does it take to make a movie?"

I've been asked this question so often, but there isn't any definite answer to give "Sundown," for instance, has been five months in the making on the Mexican border and in the studios. "The Sea Hawk," presented by Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., was in work over half a year—sixteenth century ships had to be built and huge land sets constructed. Al and Ray Rockett, who produced "Abraham Lincoln," put in two solid years at the task. And in addition there was a mass of preliminary research work.

These three pictures are, of course, among the biggest ever filmed. Many productions can be completed in less time.

Turn and Turn About

FOR the first time in her screen career Mary Carr is to appear in an unsympathetic rôle. The kindly old mother of the screen comes forth in "For Sale" as a grasping and ambitious mother. And, in the same picture, Adolphe Menjou also changes his coat. No longer is he a shrewd schemer of insidious plots, but a suave and likable man-of-the-world

"For Sale" is a story of New York society life, with Claire Windsor, doubly beautiful in an array of expensive gowns, in the leading rôle.

WHOM would you like to see as Colleen Moore's screen lover?

In "Flaming Youth" there was Milton Sills; in "Painted People" Ben Lyon; and in "The Perfect Flapper" you will see Frank Mayo. Now, in a new picture being filmed, we expect another famous actor—as popular as any on the screen—to appear with Miss Moore.

"HUSBANDS and Lovers" is the interesting title of a forthcoming John M. Stahl production Lewis Stone, Lew Cody and Florence Vidor will play the leading rôles.

Corinne Griffith Again

IT IS the story, they say in the movie world, that helps to make or break a star. Be it true or false, Corinne Griffith's beauty and personality have fitted her stories to perfection. First Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." Then "Lilies of the Field." And now comes a startling drama by Earl Hudson, "Single Wives," in which Miss Griffith will soon appear. She has a powerful rôle as a young married woman.

The summer time will bring forth some of the finest First National pictures that you have ever seen, and "Single Wives" is one of the titles worth remembering.

A Desert That is a Desert

ONE of my correspondents complains about "A Son of the Sahara." "That desert," he writes, "did not look like the real thing. It was billowy and the wind was blowing."

But he had, unfortunately, been made desert-wise by former movies filmed in the American desert or on California beaches. "A Son of the Sahara" took Edwin Carewe and his cast into the heart of Algeria, and there they remained for five months Desert, camels, Arabs and French negro troops in the picture are as real as life itself, and the accuracy adds to the colorful adventure and rich romance of the story. It pays to travel half way around the world to make such a picture.

Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are in the leading rôles.

Tears on a Smiling Face

THE art in motion picture directing, so a famous critic once told me, lies in breaking the drama with a touch of comedy; sounding a note of pathos amid the chorus of chuckles. It was "The Woman on the Jury" made me see the wisdom of this movie sage Director Harry Hoyt, when his drama grew so tensed that I leaned forward unconsciously, stopped just long enough to give me a smile. Then a further tension; a laugh again, and then—a smashing dramatic situation in a superb climax

Tears on a face that smiles. That sums up "The Woman on the Jury." Sylvia Breamer excels herself in the title rôle, and in the large cast are Frank Mayo, Lew Cody, Bessie Love, Hobart Bosworth, Mary Carr and Ford Sterling

Paris in the Springtime!

PARIS in the springtime! A city with the freshness and gayety of a child. With its bewildered visitors and its leisurely natives, its play-places, its age-old grandeur. More than one movie director has tried to catch that spirit; to put his finger on the thing that makes Paris Paris, and throw it on the screen.

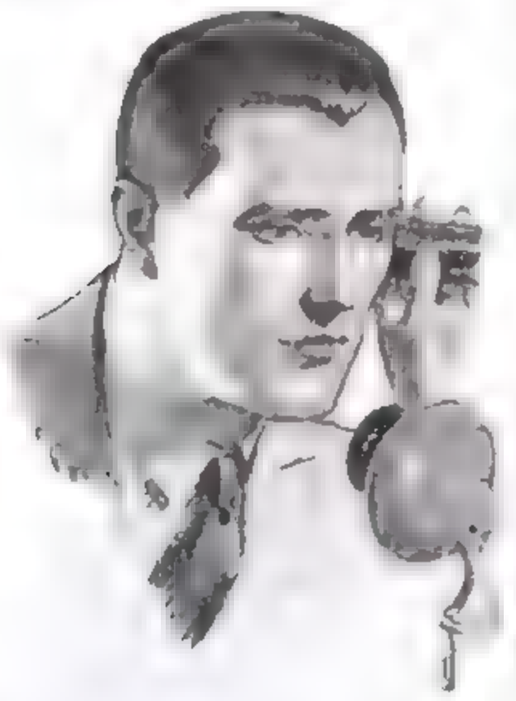
To me it seems that they have failed in comparison with Maurice Tourneur's "The White Moth." Perhaps it is because Tourneur is a Parisian and a veteran director of half a hundred pictures. Whatever it is, this story of Parisian theatrical life somehow soothes the little demon of wanderlust that cries so within one for Paris and France in the Springtime

"The White Moth" is a current attraction at the leading theatres of the country.

"For your father's and my sake—"

More girls than the world dreams of are faced with the decision. The salvation of her parents; their security for life—or a marriage without love? This drama, presented in an unique and fascinating manner, fills "For Sale", which First National theatres will show late in June. Above are Claire Windsor and Mary Carr as the mother.

Ben Alexander in his newest J. K. McDonald picture, will be with us soon. Remember "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine"!



Keeps your hair just as you want it

—all day long!

SIDE part, center part, pompadour—every man has his own way of wearing his hair.

And practically every man has had trouble *keeping* it the way he wants it!

Stacomb has changed all that.

Smooth, lustrous, well-kept hair is as easy to have today as well-pressed clothes or a clean shave.

Just a touch of Stacomb in the morning, and your hair—no matter how unruly—stays smoothly in place all day. Not a liquid—not sticky or gummy—Stacomb is a light, velvety, invisible cream, applied quickly and leaving no trace.

It is becoming as much a part of men's morning routine as the daily shave!

Women, too, find Stacomb ideal—especially for bobbed hair and hair that is naturally too fluffy for the severe smoothness which the latest fashion demands.

You can get Stacomb at all drug and department stores—in jars and tubes. Try it tomorrow morning—and look your best all day!

Stacomb

MAKES HAIR STAY COMBED

FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 30A
114 West 18th Street, New York City

Please send me *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 52

"That is true," said Marcus Aurelius Browne.

The directors of the great railroad property gazed sharply at him.

"He says it's so? He admits it?" asked the oldest director.

"Yes," responded Mr. Feldman, the banker.

And the three silent directors from North Central Pennsylvania nodded as one man.

"The man is a fool. An absolute fool!" said Mr. Schuylkill loudly.

"And secondly," the president now went on, with a sweeping gesture down and back of him, "we now believe, upon reliable information, that these women are not widows—not miners' widows at all."

"And you are quite right," the publicity expert informed him. "Indeed, to do him justice, Filbard Farrar has never claimed that, in so many words."

"You mean to say ——"

"That he is a fake?"

"That they are false?"

"Not genuine Pennsylvania widows?"

"What are they then? Or do you know?" asked the directors one after another rapidly.

"Oh, very well!" said Marcus Aurelius Browne, answering the last question. "If you gentlemen wish to step to the windows I will show you."

The board of directors gradually, one by one, arose and followed him to the high narrow windows toward which he now went, and looked down with him upon the sidewalk of the north side of the quieter, more easterly end of Wall Street. The crowd of curiosity seekers which had gathered in previous days was not so great. Looking down, they saw quite clearly the six widows, so-called, on duty at that time—the small, slow, stately, black-robed figures, marching and countermarching, with Filbard Farrar in his blue denim robe at their head.

"You see the first pair following him?" asked the publicity expert of his followers.

"Yes."

"That is his present wife, who was his former stenographer, on the right."

The financiers were silent, studying her.

"And on the left, the tall one, is his present stenographer, who was his former wife."

"And the others?" asked one of the crowding group behind.

"They are other friends of his—literary and radical ladies from Greenwich Village, who have volunteered to aid him by acting temporarily as widows in his publicity campaign."

"And they are not widows?" came the harsh accusing voice of President Swartout from behind the speaker. "Not one?"

"Unless they are the grass or Greenwich Village type," said the publicity expert with a grave smile.

His quiet humor was not appreciated. The president of the great railroad turned from him and addressed himself to his directors.

"Gentlemen," he said harshly, "shall we go back again and be seated?"

One after another followed him, including Mr. Browne.

"And now," said President Swartout, standing facing the latter across the table, "I wish to assure myself that I am right. You were engaged by us, were you not, to form a plan of quick defense against the insidious, the illegitimate publicity attacks of this wild radical author, this Farrar?"

"I was," said Marcus Aurelius Browne simply.

"You have known he was never a coal miner?"

"Yes."

"That these widows—in this patrol of pity—were all false?"

Doctor Browne bowed his head.

"That meanwhile this industry—this country was threatened with the untold miseries of the annual hard-coal strike?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you not act?" asked President Swartout in a harsh and challenging voice.

"In what way?" asked the publicity expert, always with the same grave well-informed smile upon his face.

The directors leaned forward, staring in silence, until their president answered him. "To report to us. To expose this fraud. This atrocious misrepresentation—this free book advertising!"

"This blurge!" cried the oldest, deafest director, who even yet had not gotten the term fixed rightly in his mind.

The center of their harsh glances did not change his grave and well-informed smile.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but how can you expose it?" he asked calmly. "Where?"

"In the press. By publicity. By public statements," said several excited voices at one time.

"And who would be responsible for those statements? Who would make them?" their calm questioner still questioned.

"We would. We would!" said several.

"Exactly," said Marcus Aurelius Browne's quiet and never-once-raised voice.

"What—just what do you mean?" stammered Mr. Feldman the banker, who, being more experienced with publicity than many of the others, now began to see.

"How can you, gentlemen, expose anything," asked the publicity expert in the general silence—"being what you are?"

They looked at him silent, others now having grasped his thought.

"Millionaires. In Wall Street. The heads of great American industries. How can they expose anything today?" The silence was broken again only by his own voice: "Especially a widow or an orphan?"

"Let alone eighteen?" said the coarsely humorous millionaire from South Chicago.

"But these—these widows are false!" said several other voices hoarsely.

"What difference does that make?" came back the severe and logical voice of the public-relations counselor. "They are false, yes. But who would say so? You would. And who would take your word for it—the word of a multimillionaire, the head of a great corporation against a widow—in the press today? You see, gentlemen, just how it is," said the expert, closing: "This is not a question of fact. It is a question of publicity."

There was silence—the tense silence of conviction.

"So that is why," said Mr. Snaggitt of South Chicago, in a reflective voice, breaking it at last.

"Why what?" asked others in brittle savage voices.

"Why he comes around and hangs this May basket on us," responded the outlaw millionaire.

"What do you mean by that?" asked another director crossly. For he was getting more and more on their nerves.

"Because he knew we couldn't shake it off. Because anybody can hang anything on us today. Because he knew nobody would believe a millionaire or the head of a big business today, on a bet."

"It's all publicity, as I have already told you," Mr. Browne went on explaining. "It shows you—the past ten years in this country, say since 1902—shows you what publicity will do, when it's used as it has been continually used here."

"Against any man with more than ten dollars in the bank," said Mr. Dinkey in a bitter voice.

"Public sentiment has certainly changed in that time."

"Turned right around."

"It's all wrong," said Mr. Singmeister, the most gloomy-looking of the North Central Pennsylvania directors, speaking for the first time, and stopped. For Mr. Dinkey, his larger and more vigorous associate from the coalfields, was once more speaking for him.

"The time was, ten years ago," said Mr. Dinkey reminiscently, "when a man who had done something in a business way got some credit. When a millionaire was written up, and looked up to, in all the papers."

The two others from North Central Pennsylvania nodded gloomily, and even the New York multimillionaires seemed depressed.

But the outlaw director from South Chicago, as usual, took it callously.

"And now they're all out to put him in jail," he remarked. "All hands, from the humblest second-story worker to the biggest politicians and publishers in the land. All hot and hollering after him—to shoot him down on sight."

"If he escapes alive from the tax collector," said Cyrus Socoway, the public-utilities king.

"I understand," continued Mr. Snaggitt, in a level confidential voice, "that there's bills in the North Dakota and Wisconsin legislatures now, putting a bounty on millionaires' pelts beginning January first."

"They make a mistake. They make a mistake doing it," said the deafest director, who had not clearly understood his remark. "And they'll find it out when they're gone."

But now the chairman of the board rapped on the table and turned sharply to Mr. Browne, going back to the business before them.

"We are, as I understand you then," he said, "the victims of this publicity scheme."

"This blurge," said the oldest director.

"Against which we can in no way defend ourselves."

And Mr. Browne bowed.

"Then what is your advice? What can we do? Is this company this country—helpless in the hands of this unscrupulous book advertiser?"

"This unspeakable splurge?" said the deafest director, his snow-white whiskers bristling.

The calm voice of the public-opinion counselor was heard in their final silence. "No, I think not. Not if you are willing to allow me to stop it—or rather him."

"In what way? How?" they cried.

"I would prefer, gentlemen, if you do not mind, not to divulge this at the present time," said Marcus Aurelius Browne. "But I feel confident of success in the matter—so confident that I will gladly make any arrangement in the way of contracts for future business as your public-relations counselor contingent upon my success in this."

"That seems fair—eminently fair," said several of the directors at once.

"And I feel quite certain that this matter will be cleared up for you before the committee of miners must have their answer—before another annual coal strike is precipitated on this country," Doctor Browne reassured them.

His terms accepted, going down the elevator by the silent stately widows and their statelier head, Marcus Aurelius Browne, the publicity adviser, passed hurriedly through the crowded streets of the great city up to his own handsome offices, and stood before his invaluable newspaper reader and clippings librarian, seated in his remarkable and unequaled library of free publicity, reading her papers with a zeal still undimmed by their years together.

"Miss Judd."

She raised her intelligent and nearsighted eyes to her chief.

"Look among the J's, please," directed Marcus Aurelius Browne, indicating a section of envelopes in the crowded pigeonholes, which lined the room. "I want the address of Jasmyn, the Leopard Woman."

IV

"YOU were Jasmyn, the Leopard Woman, the heroine of Mr. Farrar's Sex the Serpent, were you not?" asked Marcus Aurelius Browne of the dark exotic young woman in the slightly soiled one-piece gown, who sat beside him on the ample divan which formed so large a part of the furniture of the studio.

The leopard, which up to this time had stayed quite closely by its mistress, now with a sudden impulsive movement sprang lightly in front of Mr. Browne and, placing its chin upon his left knee, looked up steadily with its jade-green eyes into his.

"Oh, yes; we planned it together, before we were married," its mistress was saying.

"Oh, I see," said Doctor Browne a little inattentively. For the leopard, concluding its earnest look and sitting back, had placed its left paw, as if in friendliness, upon his right knee. "A young leopard, evidently," he said to himself watching it "Young and full of play."

"Yes," its mistress was saying, tucking in the back of her hair, which had been slightly untidy when Mr. Browne arrived. "Filbard and I arranged to consummate—just before the book was published—the model divorce up to which the whole action of the book leads, if you have read it?" she ended in a politely rising inflection.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Browne, still inattentively. For the young leopard was drawing slightly at his right knee, as if in invitation to play, and had now opened its mouth in an eager and friendly manner.

"Which we felt would help the sale—the circulation of his message tremendously," the book's heroine was continuing.

"Of course," responded Marcus Aurelius Browne nervously. For although he did not wish to appear impolite and the leopard apparently was in the happiest mood, yet the position of its persuading claws, fixed gently on his knee, caused him now no little anxiety, lest by its suddenly drawing down on them in its play the lower part of his trousers, if not his kneecap, would go with them.

"You should be flattered," said his hostess, now noticing her pet's position. "She wants to play with you. There are very few that she so honors."

(Continued on Page 57)

Advice to buyers of used cars

EVERY time three new cars go on the roads, two used cars pass into fresh hands. Which raises the important question, "What is the right attitude towards a used car anyway?"

In buying a used car, here are three cautions to keep in mind if you want lowest possible operating costs and the best running engine:

(1) Make sure it is in good mechanical condition before you buy it, unless you intend to have it properly overhauled and placed in such condition. If any parts are badly worn they should be replaced.

Do not be misled into thinking that heavy oil can take the place of worn away metal. Our advice, based on a wide and careful study of many used cars, is this: Do *not* use heavier oil than that specified in the Chart of Recommendations. While heavier oils may sometimes seem to give better compression, the lubricating system of your car may be designed for the use of light or medium oil. To use heavier oil may rob expensive bearings and other parts of needed protection.

(2) Be sure to get the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your make of car and for *the year in which your car was built.* This is necessary because many engines have changed in design during the past few years. If you buy a 1920 car, for example, look up the 1920 model in the Chart and use the oil recommended Don't assume that the 1920 and 1924 models use the same grade.

(3) If your car is over five years old, write to us for specific advice Cars over five years old are not listed in the current Chart. But our files include recommendations for cars as far back as the Fall of 1906 when the first Vacuum Oil Chart was printed.

In writing, be sure to state make, model and year.

Excellent values may be obtained in second-hand cars if you are particular to buy reconditioned cars of reliable makes from responsible manufacturers or their agents or in the purchase from reliable owners of cars in good condition.

Chart of Recommendations

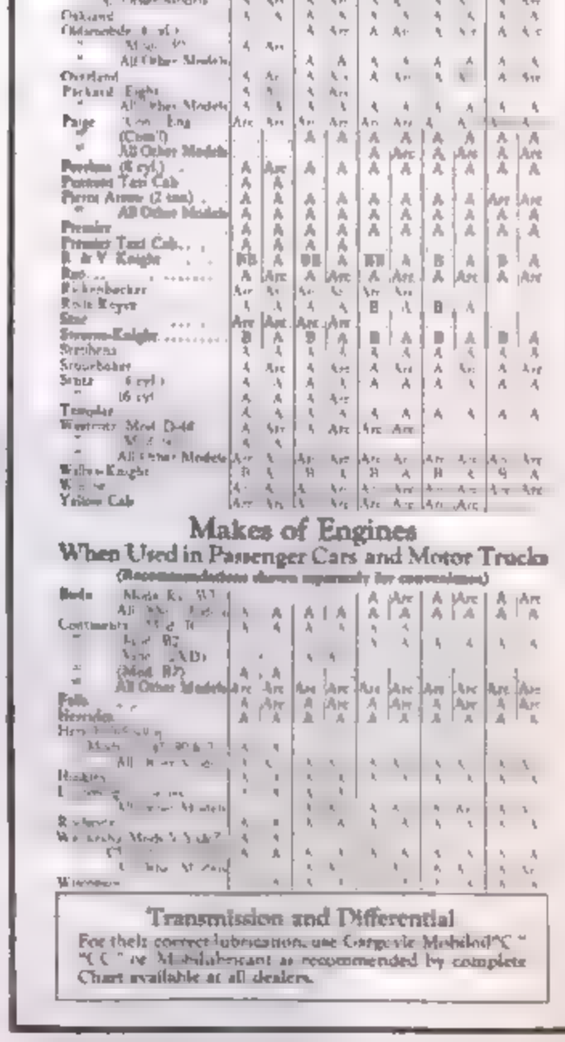
(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication



Makes of Engines
When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks
(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Transmission and Differential
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

For Your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient one-quart can is now on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. As fast as production will permit this package will be placed on sale elsewhere.

Put one or two one-quart cans under the seat. A handy refill when your oil gets low along the road.

Be prepared!

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York (Main Office)	Philadelphia
Chicago	Boston
Detroit	St Louis
Buffalo	Pittsburgh
Rochester	Indianapolis
Milwaukee	Dallas
Minneapolis	Kansas City, Mo
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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

More Power for Summer Radio

WHEN you take radio away with you—take Eveready Radio "A" and "B" Batteries, the batteries whose great power lasts longer. Remember, summer's the time when radio signals are weaker.

Batteries do get used up in time. The ones you've been using, though partly exhausted, may be satisfactory for the strong winter signals, but are probably inadequate for the weaker summer signals. Now is the time to buy new radio batteries. For a "B" Battery use the familiar standard 22½-volt Eveready No. 766. It has variable taps for "soft" detector tubes. Put two, three or four in series to provide sufficient power for amplifying tubes.

To light the filaments of your dry cell vacuum tubes for the longest time, use Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery No. 7111. The Eveready "A" will astonish you by its long-sustained vigor. It is advisable to use two Eveready "A's" connected in multiple for each WD-11 or WD-12 tube—this gives the "economical eighth" ampere drain per cell which insures maximum economy and longer life. For sets employing one to three UV-199 tubes use three Eveready "A" No. 7111 connected in series.

The greatest electro-chemical laboratory known created these famous dry cell batteries on which radio largely depends. The experience of thirty years in battery making stands back of them.

Buy Eveready Radio "A," "B" and "C" Batteries—lively, peppy, long-lived producers of power that will make your radio a new delight this summer.

For your light-weight sets to take camping or on hikes, Eveready has suitable dry cell batteries that are small in size and light in weight, but packed to the brim with Eveready vim and vigor. Buy them from your dealer.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco
Headquarters for Radio Battery Information
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Informative and money-saving booklets on radio batteries sent free on request. If you have any questions regarding radio batteries write to Radio Division, National Carbon Company, Inc., Thompson Avenue and Manley Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

(Continued from Page 54)

"That's fine," said Mr. Browne, with a quick nervous smile as she went on.

"She was the one we had for advertising purposes, when we were publishing Sex the Serpent. She followed me all about the streets of New York, until the authorities arrested me. As the Leopard Woman of course. You may remember?"

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Browne.

The leopard, after again looking invitingly into his eyes, once more opened its mouth so that the scarlet tonsils were clearly visible behind the snow-white teeth.

"She was merely a cub then," said her mistress. "Since then she has grown to such an extent that she is a good deal of a problem."

The leopard, with a final lingering look into Mr. Browne's eyes, now sprang suddenly away, fortunately taking but a few slivers of his trousers and his knee; and, darting into the farther corner of the room and whirling about, knocked over an easel, still looking at Mr. Browne with the light of playful invitation in her eyes.

"Naughty, naughty!" said her mistress reprovingly. "She is growing so big. She is quite a problem. And very, very expensive to feed. For she is very dainty like all her sex! She will only touch the best and freshest of meats."

"Oh, indeed?" said Mr. Browne, absentmindedly.

For the animal, now returning, stood before him, with a look of hurt and reproach in its sensitive but hardening eyes.

"Grisette, we called her—the Wild Grisette—from an allusion in Filbard's book. She is perfectly harmless—a female. They are always more amenable—more tractable than the males—as one might expect," she said with an arch Greenwich Village smile. "But perhaps she annoys you. Perhaps you don't care for pets," said the leopard's mistress, breaking off. "Perhaps I would better put her in the bedroom."

"I think perhaps it might be as well," said Mr. Browne. "I think perhaps we could talk better."

"Oh, by all means," said Filbard Farrar's former wife, and seizing her pet by the scruff of the neck led it, resisting and with a backward look of reproach and distaste at Mr. Browne, and threw it into the next room, evidently a bedchamber.

"Yes," she said, coming back, wiping her hands upon her handkerchief, "she is a great care—a great expense. But only one of the many expenses, the various experiments—that poor Filbard has left me. If he would only pay his alimony, it would be different. But I suppose he can't, poor dear. I suppose he hasn't a dollar, as usual," she said, seating herself again on the wide divan with her visitor, and drawing in the cushions behind her with a languid and exotic air.

"I imagine you have heard of the success of his last book—of Wailing Widows?" asked Mr. Browne, now gazing at her with sharp and businesslike eyes.

"Not financial! You can't mean that!" cried the languid former wife of the novelist, now sitting bolt upright.

"Oh, I think so. Without a doubt," her visitor assured her.

"Oh, how exciting! Tell me all about it!" said Jasmyn, the former Leopard Woman, in a voice whose eagerness showed through the lightness of its words.

The expert in public opinion did as she asked, dwelling especially upon the large receipts from the new book in the past week.

"You can't mean it! It isn't possible!" exclaimed his hearer with every evidence of deep emotion when he was done. "I knew of course that he was out again with the Great American Novel. Filling the world with tumultuous sound. Emitting all kinds of varicolored blurbs. But I had no idea!"

And now Mr. Browne arose, for she had started to her feet.

"Money! Real money!" she cried. "I had no idea!"

And Marcus Aurelius Browne remained still. He saw, in spite of her light words, that she was in the clutch of a genuine emotion.

"Would you think me terrible? Would you think me quite impossible, if I should leave you? Right away?" she cried. And again through her light words rang the sound of a deep feeling. Her bright exotic color was richer. Her great eyes glistened. Her somewhat soiled one-piece dress moved rapidly with her rapid breathing.

"By no means. No," said Marcus Aurelius Browne, observing her closely, seeing her real nature. He could see, when her studied and tropic languor was once broken through, when her instincts and emotions were once influenced to action, she was a woman of fire and fervor; all that Filbard Farrar had claimed of her in Sex the Serpent.

Almost before he knew it she had gone, leaving him to close up the studio after her.

V

MORRIS BUGHEIM, the senior partner of the successful radical publishers, Bugheim & Binks, sat in his office after sorting his morning orders. A short man with chubby legs, he smoked a short chubby cigar with deep satisfaction, as he turned to Miss Bernstein, his stenographer.

"Wailing Widows is going big. If this patrol of pity keeps on just a few days longer, it'll be a Hoojer!" he said to her, as he reached out a short left arm to grasp the advertising copy he had sketched out during the night. "Take an ad, Miss Bernstein," he said and dictated it to her.

"Oh, the Pity of It!"
says
FILBARD FARRAR
to the Press

I called to the Conscience of the people and I have sold

50,000 Copies

But the Patrol of Pity must go on!

Hear what the critics say:

"Should be in the hands of every user of coal."—*Beaumont (Tex.) Banner.*

"I could not finish it. My eyes were too full of unbidden tears."—*Winifred Wildhack, New York's leading woman journalist.*

"Has America produced a novel at last? . . . Almost European in its fidelity to fate—its utter absence of any plot or action."—*Gunnholm Gunsbeck in Wordcraft.*

"If this is not a masterpiece, it is at least a piece of a master. . . . Carved out of the living flesh of a strong man."—*Henry Tudor Jones in the New York Mess.*

"The author of Sex the Serpent surpasses himself in holding up the poignant mirror of fidelity to life. Freud himself could not be more revealing!"—*Sara S. Loeb, America's greatest woman novelist.*

"You got her latest picture, ain't you?" asked Mr. Bugheim. "Her book is going good too. There are orders for five hundred Stately Syllogisms of Sin in just this morning's mail."

Miss Bernstein's answer was not concluded. For at just this moment she heard the snatching back of the door of the private office behind her, and saw the horror in the eyes and the fat cigar falling from the lips of Morris Bugheim, the radical publisher. Turning rapidly herself, she saw the cause.

In the doorway stood a figure with smooth-shaven face and close-cut hair in a sailor or yachting costume. She sprang to her feet with distended eyes, for she saw at last who this unknown mariner was. It was Filbard Farrar. But neither she nor her employer spoke, for the unexpected sailor was now speaking, calling out his mission.

"Quick! My royalties! To date!" he was exclaiming.

They both still stared without speech.

"For I am going!"

"Going where?" inquired Morris Bugheim, the wealthy radical publisher, at last.

"To the Oceanides in my yawl."

"But our contract! Our patrol of pity, down there before the coal-trust offices on Wall Street!" exclaimed the all but stupefied publisher.

"All off—all off!" said Filbard Farrar, with the rough decided gestures of the sailor. "I must have all my royalties—all my advances on my next book—at once—at once!" cried the author in a wild and dancing haste.

"But why? Won't you tell me why, Filbard?" pleaded the excited publisher.

"Jasmyn!" returned the author briefly.

The publisher stood, more silent than before, waiting.

"Jasmyn has come!" cried the author. "After her back alimony!"

His hearer stood aghast.

"You have no idea what happened—when she arrived, down there—to the patrol of pity—to the others!" said the author and clapped a nervous palm to his forehead.

"Were they there, the reporters, any of them," asked the publisher, "at the time?"

"No. No. It was all over too soon—too completely. For, of course, if she must have it—all at once—the full alimony to date—why, of course, Loluth and Candide and all the others—also! You see?" exclaimed the impulsive author, in a quick and anxious voice. "So give it to me! Give it to me—the check up to date! And the advances—whatever they are. For I must go. I must be gone with it—out to sea! Before they get here with their lawyers."

"Yes. Yes," said Mr. Bugheim, having after rapid figuring given the stenographer the memorandum for the check. "Here it is. You shall have it!"

"Hurry, hurry!" cried out Filbard Farrar.

"But now that's done," said the publisher, more in hand, picking up his half cigar from the floor, "just what is it that you plan now? How do I get my money back?"

"We sail at once—Sangamonde and I—upon the yawl, for my masterpiece—to work up Jungle Love in the Oceanides."

"But what of your trilogy—what of Wood and Iron, the two books that still remain?"

"Oh, that can rest. The public can wait for that. I feel the urge—the urge of the South Seas upon me. Jungle Love will be my best work. Best of all in the soul of me!" said Filbard Farrar.

Grasping the check from the stenographer and glancing quickly at its figures, he placed it in his trousers pocket, and shook hands with his publisher hastily.

"But where—where shall I address you?" asked Morris Bugheim, before losing him.

"At Persididae, capital of Oceanides, six months from now," said Filbard Farrar hurriedly. "Now I must go—go! Sangamonde is waiting down below. The tide ebbs at the Battery at 4:15 P.M. I must go."

Waving his hand the great radical author passed through the office door with the free and rolling walk of a sailor.

Morris Bugheim, the radical publisher, fell back heavily in his office chair.

"Gone," he said thickly. "All that money we put out on this. And all the papers that were backing us—all sore!"

"Ain't it positively a shame?" said Miss Bernstein solicitously. "Them authors!"

"Well, what can we do?" said Morris Bugheim, spreading his short-fingered hands in a fatalistic gesture. "Drop it! Drop it! That's all! Put all our strength now on the Loeb woman—on Syllogisms of Sin."

VI

IT WAS the following morning. Marcus Aurelius Browne stood in his handsome library, the great institution which had grown from the first morgue of millionaires, with which he and Miss Judd had entered the publicity business.

"You have found it then!" he said to her approvingly.

"In an obscure corner. In the literary notes of just one paper," said Miss Judd indifferently, but flushing at her chief's implied praise.

"Read it, please," he asked her, "if you will."

And she noticed then the weariness in his voice, as she read the obscure literary item, carried under a small single head:

"SAILS FOR OCEANIDES

"Filbard Farrar, the radical novelist, sailed out yesterday from New York harbor in a yawl, with his present wife, Sangamonde Farrar. His publisher, in a statement issued to the press, says of this new move:

"'Ever insatiate of adventure and of truth, Filbard Farrar, America's foremost novelist, is now somewhere on the Atlantic in his forty-foot yawl, with his wife Sangamonde Farrar and a pet cockatoo as his only companions—en route to some tropic port unnamed, but thought to be one of the Oceanides. The lure of the tropics has drawn him suddenly and irresistibly southward. And lovers of American literature will await eagerly the results of his quest, at first hand, of his new masterpiece, in a strange and exotic field, which he is to entitle Jungle Love—when Strength meets Innocence in the Ultimate Wild of the Tropics.'"

There was a pause when her precise voice finished reading.

"So that is done. That will drop out of sight in the newspapers," said Marcus Aurelius Browne, pushing back his hair with a slow but wearied gesture from his forehead.

"That blurb. Those widows. The annual coal strike!" she said, looking up, interpreting him.

"Yes," he said dully, and stopped.

"They must be greatly pleased—greatly indebted to you—that new client—those directors of that great railroad!" said Miss Judd admiringly and soothingly. "They owe you much—we all do—all the public—with the aversion of that threatened annual coal strike!"

"But what of me?" asked the publicity expert in a heavy voice.

She looked at him.

"You remember," he recalled to her, "our beginnings—the time when we started

Style 206
Cherry Russia
Calfskin Oxford

THE
Hanover
Shoe

Exclusively for Men and Boys

Nearly a quarter century of shoe-making experience has taught us how to produce Hanover Shoes—shoes that are styled for comfort and built for wear—the embodiment of good taste and honest value.

FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.

We will fit you from Hanover—if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for catalog. The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.

Little Men's
Brown Russia
Blucher
Oxford

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are made and guaranteed for [illegible] wear. They are of the highest grade and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] that appeal to boys. $2, $2½, $3 and $3½.

For holiday hurts to Tender Skin

"WHY bother—it's nothing but a blister."

"Perfectly true—but why be a dumb-bell, Tom—don't you know that a blister is an open door to infection?"

"It does hurt a bit."

"Well, that's a signal. It means your skin is in trouble at a certain place and needs help. It's Nature's way of saying 'Unguentine—*quick!*'"

Be sure to have Unguentine handy over the holiday

IT'S the way to be prepared for what may happen to tender skin—***conditions*** like blisters, sunburn, poison ivy—***accidents*** like cuts, burns, bruises. Each enemy, and there are hundreds, has a different name. But the damage to the skin and the danger through infection are much alike.

Quick and successful treatment of skin injuries or irritations should get the following results: ***Stop pain.*** Unguentine stops pain with grateful promptness. ***Prevent infection.*** Unguentine kills germs within a few moments, preventing minor troubles from becoming serious. ***Heal quickly.*** Unguentine stimulates rapid growth of healthy cells. ***Avoid needless scars.*** Remember these four assured results from using "Unguentine—*quick!*"

Scientifically produced in our laboratories for many years, tested and successfully used in hospitals and by physicians in literally millions of cases.

Always have a tube of Unguentine in your medicine cabinet. At your druggist's—50c.

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

Laboratories—Norwich, New York
New York Chicago Kansas City

Norwich

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

Return this coupon. Test Unguentine yourself

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., NORWICH, N.Y.
Enclosed find 5c in stamps for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by M. Webster Stofer, M. D.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

in with our first millionaire, with Cyrus Socoway?"

She smiled; it seemed so long ago. So many millionaires and business builders had come in to them for guidance, for publicity counsel since then.

"And now," he was going on, "with this—this anthracite-coal group—we have them all—the pick of Wall Street—the publicity for their corporations, their benefactions, their weddings and funerals. Their speeches and brochures and interviews."

He was still thinking, evidently depressed.

"I am weary, very weary of it all sometimes," he said, and pushed back with a characteristic tired gesture the thick hair from his forehead. "They weary me, these multimillionaires, these captains of industry, with their material aims, their narrow horizons, their curiously childish and simple reaction to the world beyond their own particular interests. I grow very weary sometimes of this drudgery—of being head kindergartner in this kindergarten of their public affairs. It is no place for an ambitious man—a man of education, of a really first-class mind."

His grave assistant looked, waited, observing that this secretive man was in a rare mood—a mood of self-revelation.

"For it is a mistake, Miss Judd," he said, now running his fingers through his thick hair, "to believe that men of education, of intellectual interests, cannot be ambitious—intensely so!"

He paused again, in her breathless listening.

"As I am, Miss Judd. As I am," he went on, with tense voice and gesture, "knowing that, day by day, is coming into my hands the greatest power in the world—the power behind the so-called power of the press. The possibility of the greatest monopoly of all time—the monopoly of free publicity of mass suggestion in this country—perhaps across the world."

Looking up, as if from a trance, and now suddenly realizing his situation, this strange and unusual man turned and passed out from his high library with no further word.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of short stories by Mr. Turner. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE CHILD IN THEIR MIDST

(Continued from Page 7)

for her." And he thought, "But I could not marry her, I suppose."

As he communed thus with himself the primroses and the angel aconites that had grown so happily from his other thoughts pined as in a bleak wind. He felt the wind himself, and grew harder.

He repeated, "What is your mystery, Grace?"

She answered, "I believe you will have to come and see."

She took his face between her hands. She was like a child gazing into the face of a grown-up.

"You mean it all?"

"My dearest!" he said soberly. "All! Far more! Why, what are you thinking?"

"That men are all the same," she sighed. He saw tears in her eyes.

When he had kissed them away he asked, "We all make love to you?"

"All of you."

"But, darling, I am not just a stray cavalier. Think differently of me."

"I know! I know! Oh, you are different!"

"No, after all, I am not very different," said the duke slowly; "but you are! You are a divine child, and I have the honor to be your playmate just for this evening, anyway. Let us be happy."

"The others in the theater thought I was an awful fool; they didn't know I loved you."

"They would have thought you a bigger fool, sweetheart, if they had known that."

"Let's not talk of love any more. It's too hard. Let's just talk."

"Well," said the duke, momentarily obeying, "I want to know how it was that you suddenly appeared like a star among us. Tell me something—anything. Trust me a little, Grace."

And he looked at her with eyes that once she had thought so wicked, but now were so tender that they nearly made her cry with longing.

"My life is my own," she said.

"You are giving it to the public, remember," said the duke, humoring her in her behest for talk, and nothing more.

"It mustn't be the public's. It can't be. I am so careful—so very, very careful. I let no photographs be taken; I see and know no one—except a few men who get introductions, send me flowers—and you. I am just Grace, the mystery dancer."

"You've driven half the men in London wild to know your secrets, anyway, Grace, tell me! Be a darling."

"Most men say I am one."

William laughed.

"You are," he said tenderly, and holding her hand, he kissed it, finger by finger. "My dear," he said, "I am a detective. What is this little stain on your little first finger? You mess with a car, anyway. This—this is oil."

She tugged at her hand, but he held it fast.

"Come, my dear," said William, "I am going to know something about you. I am going to follow you home if I must, yank you out of this ridiculous seclusion and carry you off. It must happen, my darling."

"Never!" said Grace vehemently. "It couldn't."

"Everything can happen, dear heart."

"Yes; for men like you—so rich—you've had all you want, always. You could never understand ——"

He coaxed and wheedled.

"Try me. Begin. Even I need a fair chance sometimes. What is this stain on your little hand?"

"It is a potato stain," said Grace slowly.

"But do potatoes stain one?" asked the duke ingenuously.

"Raw ones do."

"But what—you little pig—what were you doing with a raw potato?"

"I was peeling it."

"Peeling potatoes!" the duke still mused ten minutes later.

He now sat on a couch side by side with Grace the dancer, caressing her little hand with the stain upon it, and frequently kissing the degraded finger.

"You live in a cottage, dear, set in fields, with only a footpath leading to it, thirteen miles out of London? Is there such a place?"

"There is," said Grace, her head against his shoulder, for she was really very tired and he was really very cunning. "In winter it is a swampy place; in summer it dries up and is quite lovely. It is only a mile off a main road out of London, and busses run down that road; but at home you might think you were in—in ——"

"—— in Arcady."

"We have apple trees in the garden; it is a very small garden, and old-fashioned."

"How do you get a car down there?"

"You don't. You would leave a car in the highroad and walk over the footpath. But as a matter of fact, only people on foot and bicyclists usually come."

"Indeed, dear?" said the duke curiously.

"On Sundays we serve tea; we have a notice up: Tea for Cyclists."

"We, my dear child?"

"I help on Sundays."

"Y-y-you, my dear child!"

"I."

"You do it—for a joke?"

"I do it for a duty. You see, my mother ——"

"Now look here, dear heart," said the duke, "this must stop. I know a great deal about this wicked world and its chances for girls as pretty and gifted as you are, and I say it must stop. What is your salary?"

"Fifty pounds a week," she said, naming the sum with fear.

"Already!" said the duke. "Whew! And how do you spend it, you little mouse?"

"I don't. I can't. I daren't. I bank more than forty pounds a week. You see, I could not tell my mother ——"

"Now, dear heart," said the duke, and he spoke like a big brother, though his eyes were the eyes of a lover, "I will tell you what you must do. You must have a charming little flat in winter, a cottage at Maidenhead in the summer, and the discreetest of maids. And you must be photographed, and you must go about. Who has mesmerized you into this freak way of living I don't know ——"

Grace made a little movement to stop him.

"It is my natural sphere," she said seriously, "to which I was born."

"Yes, yes," said the duke hastily. "So many of you are born out of your suitable sphere, angel child. I quite understand all that. But now it must stop. What does Macphersson say to it all?"

He spoke of Grace's manager, one of the most inspired autocrats in the profession.

"He says it must stop instantly," said Grace, "and he will stop it. I have had it all out with him—oh, the battles!" And she put a hand wearily to her little fair head.

"A headache, child?" whispered the duke, and then kissed her.

"Don't," said Grace. "I have said; not any more. Yes, I have had a headache for a week. Macphersson gave it to me. He says he will come down on Sunday and see my mother and tell her the nonsense must cease."

"Good!" said the duke. "I'll come, too, and back him up on my own account, my dear."

"But I know that neither of you will ever tell my mother any such thing."

"Bet me!" said the duke.

Grace did not reply, for a clock somewhere in the room chimed midnight. She sprang up. "I have to change. I must change. I forgot to tell you that. There is a little bag in your hall ——"

"The servants have gone to bed," said the duke; "let me show you a room." And full of curiosity, he found the bag she spoke of, and led her to the door of the rose-colored bedroom.

"Oh, what a heavenly room!" said Grace, looking in.

"Heavenly girl!" said the duke, and again he caught and kissed her.

But all the same, when he had set down the bag he went out quickly, closing the door. He smoked a cigarette meditatively.

"She seems a sort of angel child," he thought, but he was not nineteen any more; he was his old self, wondering if she truly could be so.

Then Grace came out of the rose-colored room and he went to meet her.

"Cinderella!" he cried.

For she was in a cheap little suit that a housemaid might wear, and a cheap hat, and—last abomination of all—cheap shoes on her dancing feet.

"Do you always change your fairy garments at midnight?" he asked; and she nodded, handing him her bag.

"We must stop and leave that at a little room I have, to dress in, sometimes." And she named a mean street, an obscure street.

They went down to the duke's car, which, according to his orders, awaited them. They got in silently; they left the bag at the address in the obscure street and drove out of London. The duke held her in the circle of his arm.

"On Sunday," he said firmly—"next Sunday as ever is, my dear, I come down and stamp with my great hoof on this silly masquerade."

"Shall you be alone?"

"I'll bring Sarah," said the duke. "I'll bring my sister. She's the worldliest thing aboveground and she'll show you sense."

"But she won't know me, and she won't want to," said Grace.

"Won't she?" mused the duke.

"No," said Grace; and she added thoughtfully, "If Macphersson comes—and he won't come alone—and if you bring your sister, I'd better reserve both our tables."

"Tables, dear heart?"

"Our tea tables under the apple trees."

They drove in silence, the duke holding Grace's hand.

"I wonder, little girl," he said presently, "if you love me as much as I love you."

His voice was very tender.

"I must not love you very much," said Grace. But he heard her sigh.

"But say you do, dear!"

"I love you so much; I love London; I love the theater; I love dancing; I love champagne; I love my pink frock—I love it all! I love me too! But ——"

"Go on, child, go on."

The car slowed and stopped by the signpost as she had directed. It was bright moonlight and the signpost stood like a long white ghost. Beyond, to the right, lay silver fields and black-feathered coppices.

(Continued on Page 60)

REAL SILK

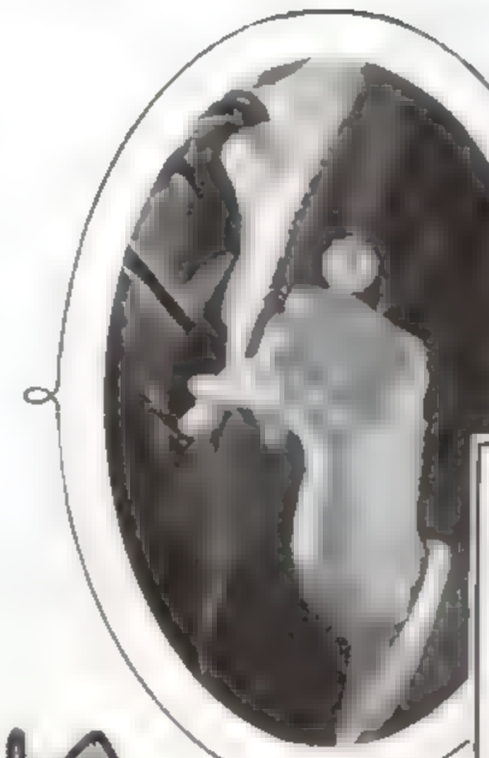
Luxurious Silk Hosiery at a Saving

The American woman has the knack of dressing well—*economically*. That is why the vogue for REAL SILK Hosiery has swept the country. By buying direct from the manufacturer, women have found it possible to save money on beautiful, perfect-fitting silk stockings.

When our mill representative comes to you from the REAL SILK Hosiery office in your city, examine his samples; match your whole wardrobe conveniently at home—and *save money*... Every pair is guaranteed.

From Mill to Millions

This Silk Hosiery is made to give Super-Service—silk soles reinforced with mercerized yarn—toe, heel and top of special processed lisle.



Caution

When anyone calls at your home to sell silk hosiery, insist on being shown the Real Silk gold identification button. It is your protection against imitators.

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Indianapolis, Indiana

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Tinting furniture the Kyanize way—with Celoid

Of course you've noticed how popular "painted furniture" is becoming. Bedroom sets, sun porch furniture and, in fact, things for every room in the house are displayed by the best shops in "painted" beauty.

Why don't you make over some of your old things in this new way? This is a marvelous finish—this Celoid—a really high grade medium gloss enamel that gives the effect of a costly "hand-rubbed" finish.

Washes easily without leaving streaks or stains—in fact, it improves with washing.

In addition to tinting furniture use Celoid on any woodwork anywhere; on walls of metal, wood, plaster or fibreboard, or anywhere about the home.

Eight delicately-toned tints in addition to Pure White. We guarantee absolute satisfaction or "money back for the empty can."

Write for our booklet, "The Value of Painted Furniture," beautifully illustrated in colors. It is FREE.

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(Continued from Page 58)

She pulled the duke forward beside her till both their heads were together at the open window of the limousine.

"Do you see a roof? It shines a little where the moon catches it; that's our new bit of thatch. Do you see it there at the bottom of the hill near those trees?"

The duke thought he did.

"That's home."

He helped her from the car.

"A moment!" he cried, detaining her by force, so anxious was she, suddenly, to be gone.

"Quick! Quick! My mother always sits up for me. I see her candle in the window!"

"Candle in the window!" murmured the duke. "A real mother? Is she real? By Jove! But stay! I want to ask, shall you wait upon us on Sunday?"

"Yes. I get the afternoon off to help my mother."

"The afternoon off, child?"

"That one; and my other afternoon off is for the Saturday matinée, of course. Not that they know that."

"But when you're not off, child ——"

"I am in daily service with a lady—one of the ladies of the family my mother used to work for."

"My dearest heart!"

"Oh, let me go!"

"But then you peel potatoes *au grand sérieux!*"

"Oh, quick! Quick! Let me go!"

And then she was over the stile and running along the footpath under the tall hedge, like a flash of lightning, on her dancing feet.

"Sunday might be a new sensation," said the duke to himself, getting into the car again. His arms felt empty. He could not remember that there had ever been before such a loneliness after such a parting.

V

"NOW go away, you little devil," said Mr. Macphersson, "or I might smack you."

Mr. Macphersson said this with the full force of his harsh voice and his Scotch accent.

He spoke to the Lady Angel, who had been lounging gracefully for an hour past in his visitors' chair, displaying two-thirds of a yard of lovely limb in a flesh-colored stocking. She had a little black hat well drawn down over one eye, and an attenuated summer suit. She shared with Lady Mary a feverish hankering to go on the stage as a twin turn, and she cherished a foolish hope that Mr. Macphersson, as a return for the honor of her society might put them there.

The Lady Angel gasped.

"Ah, ye may pant!" said Mr. Macphersson. "Pant away! I don't care if I insult ye or not, Lady Angel. As a matter of fact, it's not easy for any man in my position to insult any lady in yours. I would regard insulting ye as an achievement, I would. What I say to ye all, when ye come hanging round me, trying to take the bread out of the mouths of my puir artists—what I say to you is, Go home!"

"But ——" said the Lady Angel.

"Go home," said Mr. Macphersson. "Let me see ye in the front of my theaters, where ye belong, and not in any other part whatsoever. I'm sick of you fine ladies all gasping for advertisement and notoriety."

"But ——" said the Lady Angel.

Her face was strangely pink and her eyes were strangely big as she stared at Mr. Macphersson.

"I've never seen ye look more like the little girl ye are than at this moment," said Mr. Macphersson. "I'd rather see ye look like that than like a half-baked vamp, which is the part you've been playing at me for the last half hour by yonder clock. I'm sick of vampires, male and female. No pussy tricks get over me. I know it all, Lady Angel, so go home."

"I don't know how you ——" said the Lady Angel, stopping on an unexpected sob.

"—— dare?" said Macphersson. "Well, I dare. I dare say anything, and I do—particularly to your kind. I'm tired of you. If Lady So-and-So wants to interview me with an eye to a star job she's never earned, I have her put at the end of the applicants' queue, and I see all the Bellas from Brixton first. That's how I manage to fill my theaters with talent."

"I hate you!" said the Lady Angel fiercely. "No man has ever ——"

"—— insulted you so?" murmured Mr. Macphersson. "That's a pretty. I'll insult ye any time ye ask for it, and there's my promise."

"I'll never," choked the Lady Angel, "never, nev-er come here again!"

"Don't," said Mr. Macphersson earnestly. "But I note ye continue to occupy my chair."

The Lady Angel sprang to her feet, and very little and young and hard and reckless she looked. And strangely enough, in spite of what she tried to say, she looked not so much angry with Mr. Macphersson as afraid of him.

"Good-by," she said in a trembling voice.

Mr. Macphersson rose to open the door for her. But he lingered a little over turning the handle, looking down into the Lady Angel's childish, sophisticated face.

"We always meet in this room, over the same business," he said gravely. "I would like very much—some other time—to meet you in some other place."

"There is no other place for you and me," said the Lady Angel like a frost, and she went out.

Mr. Macphersson's blue eyes shone like fires at her retreating back; but the Lady Angel ran, not looking round.

Mr. Macphersson watched her go, over the top of his blind, with a smile on his face.

He had promised to drop in to see the Duke of Kingsland on his way from the office, so he, too, went down and entered the car that was waiting for him below. This was a beautiful limousine of the most stately design, sunk in the depths of which Mr. Macphersson, with his sandy hair and homely face, big as he was, looked a little wistful.

William was dressing very early for a theater dinner, and through his open dressing-room door he shouted to Mr. Macphersson to join him there for a cocktail.

"Well, duke," said Mr. Macphersson.

"Well, Mac," said the duke negligently, poising his hairbrushes for an assault upon his already shining head, "tell us the latest about the firmament of the heavens. Stars rising or falling, eh?"

"Been mainly engaged in shooting stars today," said Mr. Macphersson; "I did the shooting. I'd like a good day at it."

The duke turned to his valet, who now hovered at a distance as discreet as the limits of the narrow room allowed.

"Bring in whatever Mr. Macphersson wants to mix a cocktail, and then you can clear out."

"Bring the old cognac and a lemon and a squeezer," said Mr. Macphersson; "bring Cointreau; and listen! See there's plenty of ice in the shaker—ye understand?"

These things were set before Mr. Macpherson and he and the duke were alone. Mr. Macphersson worked delicately, with pleasure, and in silence.

"Macphersson," he heard the duke say as he groomed himself, "what's all this about Grace?"

The duke had begun the question with a kind of brisk nonchalance, but before he uttered Grace's name he paused quite an appreciable time. Mr. Macphersson, anyway, appreciated it; and he thought, "So that's why I'm shaking this cocktail here tonight."

"Not gossip, duke?" replied Mr. Macpherson surprisedly. "Not gossip about our Grace?"

"Gossip!" said the duke, clapping his brushes together resoundingly and flinging them on the dressing table. "Gossip be hanged! No doubt there is that, and plenty. There always is. No, I mean— "

He paused. Mr. Macphersson poured the cocktails into the glasses.

"I made double," he said. "No doubt it's as well. . . . Grace, duke, is one of the hardest-working little artists I have ever engaged. I wish she had time to study, that's all. Do you know that that girl has practically had no study—no study at all? Keep it to yourself, of course."

"Yes," said the duke; "but she ought to have time—she ought to have a little flat—be seen about a little more—have er any tuition she needs in fact."

Mr. Macphersson gazed under lowered eyelids at his glass.

"Of course," he said, "the girl has magnetism. She has that rare quality of instant appeal to the public; and she is lovely, and," said Mr. Macphersson slowly, "she has that quality which one might look for all through the world and miss finding. She has the quality of innocence; and I, as her manager, say, please God, may she never lose it! Now the public likes the quality of innocence. In that girl, directly she steps before the footlights, every man sees the thing he loves—and kills—and every woman sees what she might have been—perhaps. Now Grace's agent, So-and-So, he saw her dancing at a village fête—some little dance she had learned from a kind lady—and he saw this quality of hers; and he saw that she could learn. And he came to me, and when I saw her I says to him, 'Done!' He says, 'Fifty pounds.' I says, 'No.' He says, 'All right; I can get fifty for her from at least two other managements.' And he was speaking the truth. So I engaged her at fifty pounds a week on a short contract, and my ballet master teaches her all she knows. Rehearsals were the devil. We couldn't get her to give the time to them. However, she's caught on. The public loves her, and in my judgment she might be great, if ——"

Mr. Macphersson tossed down his cocktail and reached for the shaker.

"Yes," said the duke; "what's this tale about her mother?"

"I'm going to see," said Mr. Macphersson. "I've wormed an address out of Grace, and I'm going to see—on Sunday."

The duke suddenly began to walk up and down and talk, and Mr. Macphersson drank both the remaining cocktails and watched and listened. And William's talk was the talk of a man consumedly in love, though he did not know it. It was not talk of a whim or a passion, but talk of the soul's desire.

Suddenly Mr. Macphersson held up his hand.

"Duke, little Grace is my protégée. I'm going to make a great woman of her." He was warning William.

"Mac, doesn't she bring back to you"—and again the thought returned to him "the fragrance of all the first things?"

"I'm going to have that girl live for her dancing and make herself famous," said Mr. Macphersson, "and I would like to have her guarded night and day."

"Against me?"

"Against scores of you, duke."

The duke smiled.

"I told her I should come down and tell her mother what I thought of all this humbug and fooling. I shall take that old lady aside and I shall tell her with firmness and tact where it all stops. I, too, shall go on Sunday."

"On Sunday," growled Mr. Macphersson, "I shall take that old lady aside and I shall tell her—with a bludgeon."

VI

MR. MACPHERSSON did not drive down alone on Sunday. He brought with him the Ladies Angel and Mary, for the Lady Angel, it seemed, cherished no grievance against him for the little fracas the other day. She just inquired, "Was it better tempered the noo?" And she smiled a baby smile at it. As for Sarah, Madame la Comtesse St. Juin, when she had dragged some part of the quaint and preposterous tale from William, and recalled dimly the young dancer who had turned the heads of scores of eligibles and noneligibles in London, she insisted upon Elena coming out upon the funny expedition too. So all three drove down in the duke's open touring car, and the duke was in a shocking bad temper over it. Lord Charles—who had a private understanding with the Lady Mary as to her movements—appeared alone in his latest sports two-seater, a freak built to his own design.

The duke's party was the first to come walking in single file along the footpath between the tall hedge—where he saw that dog roses and honeysuckle flowered—and the growing corn. The countess led, Elena walked limply after, and the duke came last, very thoughtfully, and with an air of one apart, struggling with his exasperation.

"You say, Bill," said the countess, pausing to call back to him past the intervening Elena, "that the girl's mother has no idea that the girl is a celebrity?"

"Positively," said the duke coldly. "And she isn't to be told."

"Do you believe it?" Sarah appealed to Elena.

And she replied mocking, "I do not; and angels of heaven could not help mine unbelief." She laughed.

To the sound of Elena's weary laughter—she always made of her laughter an insolence and a slight—they came to the garden gate of the cottage.

"Here," said Sarah, calling back to William, "is the lost cottage."

Continued on Page 63

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(Continued from Page 60)

"Here," mocked Elena, "is the lost heaven."

And she laughed again, as she stood under the first apple tree of the little group of gnarled old things, cool and lovely, looking about her. Sarah, with the sunlight filtering cruelly on her wrinkles, stood beside her.

It was a small cottage; very small; roofed with a mixture of new thatch and old thatch, flowery creepers crawling over it, a cobbled path in front of it, borders of mignonette and lavender and pansies and pinks, backed by profuse hollyhocks. And there was a patch of grass, roughly cut, where grew the apple trees under which the two tea tables were set.

"Let us take possession," said the duke in his manner of one accustomed to take possession.

But as they stood there, and Elena had begun to say, "Really, it's a dear little pigsty, isn't it?" an old woman appeared at the cottage door and came out to them. She wore a full-gathered black cotton dress with white spots on it, the whitest and biggest of starched aprons, and her hair was as white as that. She had a brave face and eyes of faded blue. Looking at them with sudden timidity, flurried by their wonderful appearance, she approached the duke, who had raised his hat and stepped forward to meet her. And as he came, he said to himself, "By the Lord, Grace! Old Grace!" For the old woman was Grace faint and faded, Grace grown very brave, Grace grown very wise, Grace gnarled and seared, Grace grown old.

"Did you wish tea, sir?" said the old woman. "My daughter said that a party might come, and she asked me to take the sign down to accommodate you. She said it might be some of the ladies and gentlemen who have seen her dance in London."

The duke looked, to see a narrow signboard with Teas for Cyclists painted upon it, leaning up against the gray wall of the cottage.

"We have certainly seen your daughter dance, ma'am," he said, "and we all admire her very much. And we would like tea, if you please. May we sit over there?"

"Which table you like, sir," said the old woman; "the kettle is on the boil." And she disappeared within.

The duke strolled back to his party, but Sarah was already seating them round the nearer table.

"Ask her for honey in the comb," said Elena in a languid voice, "because it exactly matches my hair."

"Who's this?" said Lord Charles, fixing his eyeglass and looking toward the cornfield.

"Macphersson," said the duke, "the theatrical manager, you know. And who's he got with him?"

"Angel and Mary," cried Sarah.

"Extraordinary," said Lord Charles, dropping his eyeglass, "the way we all mix up and gather round nowadays, isn't it? But I like it."

Mr. Macphersson leaned over the duke's chair while the girls were kissing Sarah and the honey-haired Elena.

"Hullo," he said, "so you came?"

"Look!" said the duke.

Mr. Macphersson looked.

"Her mother! Old Grace?"

"Old Grace," said the duke thoughtfully.

The old lady came out again with a tray and saw her second table full.

She was very brave and frail and pink, and the tray was hospitably large. The duke rose from his seat and took the heavy tray from her; and, flushed with shock and protests, she hurried after him and it to the table.

Mr. Macphersson bent his hard gaze upon her, while Angel whispered to Mary, "Rather like old nurse, isn't she?"

"Tea, sir?" the old woman asked Mr. Macphersson, acknowledging with a respectful smile the two pretty girls.

Mr. Macphersson nodded. "If you please."

"I am expecting my daughter in at any minute to help me, sir," said old Grace, setting out the duke's tea table with worn hands that trembled in their haste to please. "I shall not keep you waiting long."

It was the duke who first saw young Grace at the garden gate. She wore a cotton frock with a muslin apron over it; the sunlight was on her bare head, and her face was so frightened that the duke looked a swift warning to Macphersson. But Macphersson had already seen her and was looking a swift warning to the duke. As for the women, they did not know the dancer off the stage, out of her paint and powder and sheaths of frocks; they did not know her when she was not dancing her way into the hearts of men.

"Did you ask for the honey in the comb," lisped Elena, breaking the silence, "to go with my hair?"

And she laughed her silly, slighting laugh.

The old woman came out of the cottage with a second tray; and this time young Grace took it, with all eyes upon her. Bearing the tray, with the superb carriage of a born dancer, she came toward them.

"Heavens!" the countess whispered. "That isn't ——"

"Is it Grace herself?" Lady Angel murmured to Mr. Macphersson.

"Grace!" breathed Lord Charles, who unobtrusively, but with the air of one having a right, had joined Mr. Macphersson's table.

"Ah!" murmured the duke.

"Keep quiet," said Mr. Macphersson.

So Grace set their table enchantingly, Mr. Macphersson watching her and thinking, "I might have this set made for her."

Then, rising, he walked toward the cottage, and he made his first plunge.

"You know, perhaps," he said to old Grace, "that I have the good fortune to—er—have engaged your daughter ——"

The old woman's face lighted, as Mr. Macphersson—unaccountably to himself—stumbled over his words.

"Oh, sir, are you Mr. Macphersson? Grace has spoken of you, sir. It's the morris dancing that she does, sir, isn't it? I wouldn't have thought little simple dances like that would please the people in London, sir; but she says they do; and it seems a miracle that you should pay her five pounds a week for just that. How kind you are, sir!"

"Five pounds a week!" said Mr. Macphersson, and was struck dumb. But the old lady stood looking up the long, long distance between their faces, so he swallowed hard, recovered himself and added, "She's worth every penny of it."

"My daughter is quite safe, sir, isn't she?" said old Grace meekly but anxiously.

"Quite safe," said Mr. Macphersson, very gently and kindly, but trying not to forget the bludgeon that he had brought. "You need have no fears of any harm for her, madam. Your daughter is a young lady who is greatly respected."

"She is a good girl," said old Grace, shining.

"—— and admired," pursued Mr. Macphersson; "and I expect you have very high ambitions for her, eh?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said old Grace. "Nothing would have persuaded me to let my girl dance in London for a lot of money like that—five pounds a week, sir! It frightened me at first—nothing would have persuaded me to let her do it; but we did need the money so, and when the gentleman came—and after all it's only the morris dancing."

Mr. Macphersson remembered all the dances subtle minds had invented for her beautiful limbs, her extraordinary and delicate appeal.

"Morris dancing," he mused aloud at a loss. And he looked down the long way into old Grace's face and said gently, "You needed the money, you were saying, madam."

"The cottage was for sale," old Grace explained distressfully. "A week-ending gentleman had his eye on it, they said. But they kindly said if Grace and me could raise the money—three hundred pounds, sir ——"

As old Grace mentioned the sum in a dim, drowning voice, looking at him with her frightened yet trusting eyes, Mr. Macphersson began suddenly to feel again the inhibitions that had graced his boyhood when he had loved his mother. He stayed the bludgeon on its way.

"I came to this cottage, sir," old Grace was explaining, "when I was married; straight from church I came here, sir. All my children were born here, sir, and my man died here, and I want to stay here right to the end. The teas and my daughter's money—what with her dancing and what she takes in service—will manage it yet."

"I quite understand," said Mr. Macpherson; "but that brings me to an interesting point. Wouldn't you like your daughter to study dancing seriously, become perhaps a great dancer and be able to give you a house far bigger and even more charming than this one?"

But as he saw old Grace look at the cottage Mr. Macphersson stopped short.

"No, sir," she said. "Oh, no, sir! I want my Grace to be a good girl, to stay in her sphere, sir, where we should all stay; and to marry as happy as I did and have children like me. And may I live to see it, sir, and die happy like I have lived."

"You have—have lived very happy?" said Mr. Macphersson, unconsciously quoting old Grace. "Well," he considered, and his look went over her to the tea tables where Sarah sat—and just then Elena laughed her laugh that slighted earth and heaven—"well, madam, that is a great deal to say. And you wouldn't entertain the idea?"

"You are very kind, sir," said old Grace respectfully; "but you are a rich gentleman, and you don't quite know our ways of thinking."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Macphersson. And he thought to himself, "Is there really anything then that money can't buy?" And all at once he remembered that there really was. When he had been a little boy he had had a mongrel terrier that a million could not have purchased from him; that darling dog was without money and without price. And once he had said to his mother, about that time, "Would you ever sell me for anything, mother?" And she said, "Not for anything." And he knew that she spoke true; and he knew of other things like that, only they had all been when he was very young. Since then he had bought and he had sold till half the earth seemed to him to be buying and the other half selling.

"All my children were born here," said old Grace again, looking at the cottage.

"Ah," said Mr. Macphersson kindly, "and you like to keep the old home together for a foregathering sometimes?"

"Just now, sir, just now—especially."

"Tell me," said Mr. Macphersson suddenly, in a voice few people knew.

"Oh, thank you, sir. You are very kind; but you are a stranger, sir. Excuse me, please."

"In future," said Mr. Macphersson, "perhaps you will allow it that we shall not be quite such strangers. We must have another talk"—he paused—"many talks."

So temporarily he put the bludgeon back.

He returned to the tea table. The duke rose and leaned over his chair.

"Bludgeoned her?" he murmured.

"Not her," said Mr. Macphersson—"me. I am bludgeoned. She thanks me for paying Grace five pounds a week for morris dancing!" he appealed.

The duke looked for Grace. She stood properly apart from them under the fourth apple tree, awaiting their behests, in the cotton frock and the apron of her servitude.

VII

"I THINK it is too sweet," said the Lady Angel, after a while, "and I must see inside the cottage." Before anyone could question this idea, she took Mary's hand and the twins approached old Grace.

"Little dears!" said Mr. Macphersson. "I'm after 'em!" And he started in pursuit.

So the duke, who had been looking, looking, looking, at that humble, lovely figure under the fourth apple tree, followed him, while Lord Charles walked beside Elena and Sarah, who were saying, "I don't know why we shouldn't see too. Sometimes they have wonderful old bits of china or something, you know, and are glad to part with them for a mere song."

"Yes, miss, indeed I shall be pleased to show you my cottage," said old Grace, and she looked in a very tender fashion at the two pretty hard-faced young girls, and in some funny way, despite her years, she was not nearly so old as they were. And she led them inside. Everyone followed.

"Boxes made of red plush and shells!" cried the Lady Angel, pouncing on two. "Exactly like nurse kept her hairpins and love letters in. You remember, Mary?"

"I keep photographs in them, miss," said old Grace; "my children."

"Your children?" said Sarah hesitatingly.

"Edward, my eldest," said old Grace, taking the photographs out one by one, "in South Africa; in Johannesburg. A tram driver, he is. Marg'ret, my second, in service up in the north. Kate, my third, married, and I've never seen the children yet. Wilfred, he died. Jack, he died at sea. He was a sailor. . . . There's my Grace."

"Where?" exclaimed the duke, pressing into the group, and he took the photograph and stared at its pretty innocence long and hard. And heedless of the amused looks of

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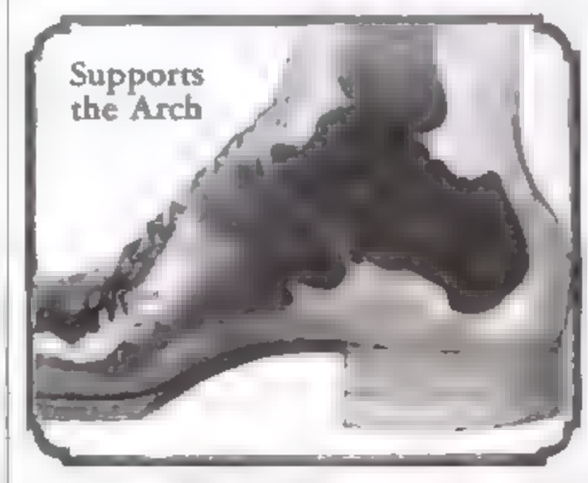

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Lord Charles and Elena he said, "Let me buy it."

"No, sir," said old Grace with courteous distress; "it's the only one I have of her at fifteen."

Mr. Macphersson looked triumphantly at the duke.

"I would offer ——" the duke began.

"No, sir," said old Grace; "no money would buy my photographs, sir, thanking you kindly."

And looking at the left hands of all the ladies, she saw wedding rings on the third fingers of two. And she met the eyes of Elena, which were blank; and she met the eyes of Sarah, la Comtesse St. Juin, which were not blank, which were full of pain and defeat and pride, and as their eyes met perhaps the hearts of the two old women met, too, for old Grace spoke confidentially, as one mother to another.

"They scatter so, ma'am, don't they? They scatter and they are lost."

"Indeed, yes," said Sarah, bowing her head.

"Another portrait!" said the Lady Angel.

"That is Robert," said old Grace.

"Where is he?" lisped Elena.

But there was a great silence in the little cottage; a silence so great and hard and heavy that everyone there felt it.

"A family Bible!" exclaimed the Lady Angel, exploring.

The countess took the family Bible and withdrew with it to the window, beside the row of red geraniums in reddish pots. The Bible was no imposing specimen. It was brown and worn; it was not very heavy for a Bible of that importance; but very heavily, indeed, it weighed in Sarah's thin hands and on her heart as she read through the names of all the little babies who, being of their kind, had grown up to labor and to toil, to obey and to fear and to serve Sarah and her kind. But once they had not known fear or sin or servitude. Once they had all reigned as little babies, royal like little queens and kings.

They were all standing or sitting where there was accommodation, and old Grace was answering many questions, each one of which had first been censored by the steely glance of Mr. Macphersson.

The Lady Angel cried, "And I suppose you are very busy with teas every Sunday?"

"I've been very lucky, miss," agreed old Grace.

"We must come down again," said Lord Charles, with less languor than usual, "booking your tables beforehand."

"For you are in great demand, I dare say," added Elena, with her derisive, curling smile.

"You must be awfully happy here," gushed the Lady Mary.

"Yes, miss, very happy," said old Grace.

"So peaceful," continued Elena, staring about her.

"Peace don't come from places, ma'am," said old Grace.

"Where does peace come from?" cried a high voice.

They looked and it was Sarah, who had moved from the geranium pots, but who had the Bible still clasped in her thin arms all bangled with diamonds and onyx.

Again the two old women looked into each other's eyes with a strangely comprehending look.

"I had a good husband," said old Grace, the words investing her with pride.

Lord Charles looked secretly at Elena, who had a very good husband indeed.

"And I had good children," said old Grace, with glory.

"Seven," said the countess.

"Yes, ma'am," said old Grace.

The countess looked round. By a sort of common impulse they all looked round the tiny room and toward the tiny dark stairway that led up to some other tiny room under the thatch.

"Born here?" she asked under her breath.

"All born here, ma'am."

The eyes of the countess filled with tears, the eyes of Elena, and even the eyes of the ignorant girls, widened; but old Grace smiled proudly as any queen.

"You must have been very poor at the time," said the countess.

"Poor all the time, ma'am." The countess shuddered. "But a woman can manage very well, ma'am."

The duke was tired of Mr. Macphersson's triumphant looks at him, which seemed to say, "You'll do no more than I." So now he spoke. "I say, all of us here are great admirers of your daughter's dancing, and I thought if you and I could have a little talk together we might perhaps—I mean ——"

The duke paused while the eyes of old Grace looked the long distance up to his.

"I've been talking to this gentleman here about it, and I have explained to him, thank you, sir. Ladies and gentlemen have told me before, sir, that my Grace is very clever, and I've been pleased to hear it; but I know what is right, and my Grace knows I know it. And if you ladies and gentlemen had ever seen life like I've seen it ——"

"Seen life!" echoed Elena, and then something checked her. It was Lord Charles' hand on her arm, and the hand was heavy, impatient with her for her mockeries.

"—— you'd understand, ma'am," continued old Grace, addressing herself to Elena, who suddenly looked down. "I brought up seven children, ma'am. And when you are very poor—though comfortable enough; I wouldn't have you think otherwise—when you are always within a few shillings of being destitute, as it were, ma'am, like such as we, you've got to bring your children up strong. They have got to grow up contented and doing their duty, or you don't know what will happen to them. I am not like a lady, ma'am, who can save her children and keep her home with her money or her influence. I've only had myself to lean on since my husband died young. And I have brought up my Grace to know her duty, not to hanker after just what's easy and pretty. And I wouldn't for any money let her be tempted out of her sphere, among ladies and gentlemen."

"Such as we!" said Elena, her nostrils dilating.

"Such as you, ma'am—no offense meant," replied old Grace, blushing.

When old Grace blushed Mr. Macphersson, the duke and Lord Charles all bent forward and regarded her with delight. It was a long while since they could remember seeing a wise old woman, or, indeed, any woman at all, blush like that.

"My Grace," said she—"the best baby I ever had. My good girl. All I want is for my Grace to stay a good girl, thank you very kindly, indeed." And she turned to Elena. "Have you children, ma'am?"

"Oh, no!" said Elena quickly. And she stammered, "I'm getting nervy in here, all crowded up. I—I'm nervy, Bill. Bill, do you hear?"

But Elena had to walk out alone into the garden for air, for the duke and Lord Charles and Mr. Macphersson had drawn closer to old Grace, and were regarding her so delightedly that they did not hear the beauty's plaint.

"I hope you will believe, sirs," said old Grace to the three men, "that nobody knows the value of money better than me." And she smiled at them a wise smile that had all patience and all courage in it. "But there's a place where the value of money stops. The best baby I ever had, Grace was. I don't want my girl to go into them temptations. What I read about sometimes in the newspapers seems to me like Babylon—and my Grace is a good girl."

"Amen," said Mr. Macphersson. "I mean ——" he began hastily.

"And did all your children gratify your highest hopes?" cried the countess, again in that thin high voice. Her question was followed once more by the great silence. During it the duke went out.

Again the duke was only nineteen. Youth had him by the heart, and the fragrance of all the first things perfumed the garden. He was looking for Grace, and there she was, having cleared the tables, still dreaming under the fourth apple tree. He ran to her. He took her behind the apple tree. He kissed her. She looked with her young eyes into his; and she saw that he was young, too; she stayed in his arms.

"You see?" she whispered.

"It—it will take some doing," he whispered back.

"It will never be done," said Grace. "I'll tell you about it. When that agent man got me fifty pounds a week I was crazy with joy. I could have danced all the way home. But when I got here I knew I couldn't tell her. She would have been so frightened."

"Of Babylon?" said the duke.

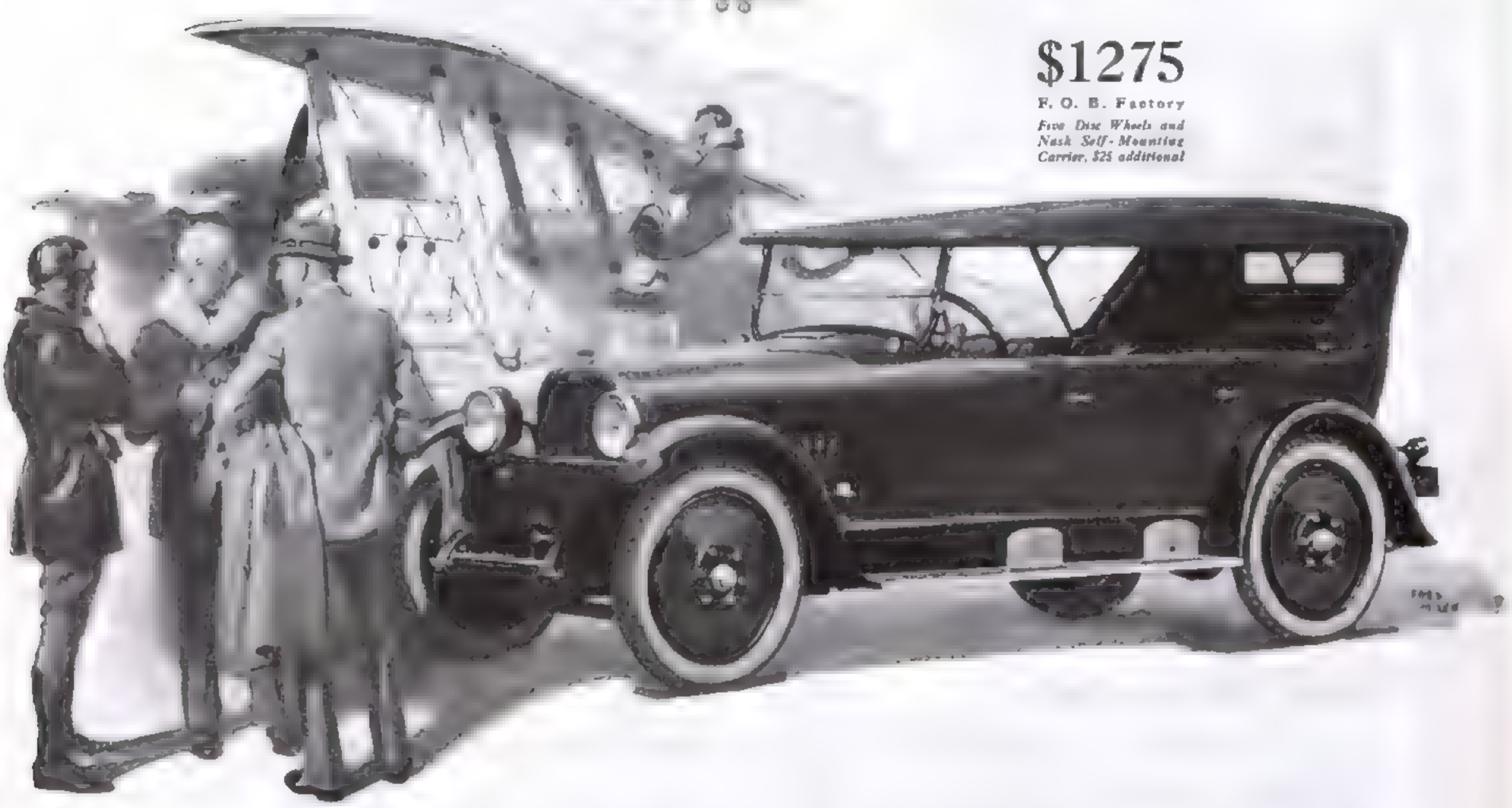
"Of Babylon," nodded Grace. "You see, my mother is very, very good."

"And is Babylon so very, very bad?" whispered the duke.

"You know it is."

(Continued on Page 66)

NASH



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(Continued from Page 64)

"I have never thought about it," said the duke. "When I think about it I suppose I know it is." He began to think. "It makes us all liars, of course. Well, that's a social necessity."

"My mother is not a liar."

"We're all blasphemers more or less."

"My mother believes in God."

"We've got no morals, of course."

"And, you see, my mother is quite pure."

"Of course, it's the devil to fill up our time, and no doubt we get into mischief right and left—and not always particularly decent mischief."

"My mother, you see, had so much to do ——"

"Big things," said the duke; "great struggling things; I see, I know." He thought of the seven babies born penuriously under the thatch. "But ——"

"She has never looked aside or questioned anything. She thinks God sends all. And that's all—for her."

"But if she knew of your success ——"

"It might kill her. Her heart would break. So every week I bring home just enough money not to frighten her, and I don't tell her; and I—I don't allow photographs or paragraphs that someone might tell her of; and—and I'm a good girl."

"Yes, my dearest," said the duke.

"You see, my mother—she does not know a great deal. To you she seems ignorant, perhaps; but she just does the best she knows, all the time."

"Very few of us can say that," thought the duke. And he kissed her hands and said, "So you're truly Cinderella. At midnight the clock strikes, and Grace the Great becomes Grace the Little." She smiled. "But we have our way out, darling. Damn Macphersson and his nefarious plots! I have another plot for you and me." He looked into her eyes. Now he knew for certain that he saw the first things there; that he smelled for the first time the fragrance of the first garden. So he whispered, "Could you bear to be a duchess? Will you marry me?"

But she said, "No," shaking her head, while tears dropped.

"No!" said the duke.

"No"—to the prince from Cinderella!

"No!" he cried. Then he pleaded, "Darling, I love you."

"That would break her heart, too," said Grace.

"To have me for a son-in-law?" asked the duke with humble amazement.

"You are the Duke of Kingsland," said Grace, with tear-filled eyes. "Everyone knows about you."

The duke remembered suddenly that, of course, everyone knew about him. He was a man of Babylon. He heard Grace murmuring, "My mother has very high standards."

And he opened his mouth to expostulate.

"Yes, but—but hang it all—forgive me mentioning I'm a duke—and—and—and I have a castle and—and a big rent roll, and far more than my share of the treasures of the earth." But he did not say it. It seemed to him as he stood here with Grace that such a thing would be very banal.

"But, Cinderella," he said humbly, "I feel young today with you. I feel good too."

"I cannot break her heart."

"She might get to—to like me for myself," said the duke.

"Oh, if you could only make her!"

"I will!"

"But you must not tell her you are the Duke of Kingsland."

"I will win her over incognito. I will!" he said. And he hoped high, like a boy. "I will come down and see you on Sundays, and court you, Grace. I will be anybody and anything to get you, my dearest dear." He pointed to the signboard which advertised teas. He laughed. "I will be a cyclist, one of those black flies that crawl all over main motoring roads when one wants to let out one's car."

"Kiss me quick!" said Grace obliviously.

He kissed her quick and hard, and it would have been long, too, only that in an instant he beheld for himself the cause of her haste. An elderly lady, who was indubitably a spinster, and a hostile one, approached the garden gate.

"Grace!" she called across it.

She entered.

"Tea?" whispered the duke.

"My mistress," whispered Grace.

The duke looked at the elderly spinster, and he thought, "I would like to wring her stringy neck, tear up her hat, bastinado her flat feet and then cremate the unpleasant body." But he assumed a respectful air.

"Tea over, Grace?" asked the lady. "I require you urgently this evening."

She looked critically at the duke.

"Yes, madam," said Grace; "this gentleman has just finished, and I will come."

"Thank you for the nice tea, miss," said the duke, bowing to Grace. "I will get my bicycle and take regretful leave of you."

"Bicycle?" said the lady looking about her suspiciously.

"Yes, madam," replied the duke, in the manner of one naming a very old and honorable profession, "I am a cyclist."

VIII

THEY walked between the honeysuckle hedges and the growing corn along the footpath back to the main road where the cars were parked. They were all talking, but in snatches, with pauses for thought between.

"I love the old shell boxes, like nurse had," said the Lady Angel.

"She is an old love," contributed the Lady Mary.

"I suppose on the whole," said Lord Charles, who had recovered somewhat, "people of that class manage to live happily, having no ambitions. And yet," he owned, "she had very great ambitions, by Jove! And she carried them out!"

"Are you talking of the old woman?" said Elena.

"So I am wrong," Lord Charles mused.

"It is a long time since I have met something without price," said Mr. Macpherson. "One can buy a fine lady or a motor car or a theater or a dinner or a diamond necklace, or slaves or lies or flattery or the press or ——"

"Strange," said Lord Charles; "most strange. Somehow one could no more tell that old lady the truth about things than one could rob the—ah—proverbial child of the—ah—proverbial ha'penny."

"Truth!" said Mr. Macpherson, turning upon him, and thereby incommoding those behind him, so narrow was the path. "Truth, you fool! She has the truth! She knows it! She is it!"

The duke, with Grace's kisses on his mouth, was silent. He was still not a day older than nineteen.

The cornfield was deep gold in the sunset. The narrow path, curling, looked as if it might lead over the edge of the world into paradise. They walked on like explorers, and like explorers, they wondered.

"Once I could have cried, positively!" said the Lady Angel, with a round look of wonder.

"So could I," agreed the Lady Mary.

Elena laughed. Elena walked feverishly ahead of the others, but they heard her laughter, as she intended.

"I am going there again, by myself," said Sarah, and she walked like a woman alone, as if the others were not about her. "I am going to talk to her; I think she remembers all the things one has forgotten."

Elena laughed.

"Seven children!" said the Lady Angel.

"Seven!" echoed the Lady Mary.

Elena laughed. Lord Charles was behind her, admiring the grace of her slim back. She looked always like a flower scorched in the heat.

"I shall run down again, too," said Mr. Macpherson. "After all, I really must persuade her ——"

The duke contributed nothing.

"If half the fine ladies who come whining into my office for a little notoriety and chance of displaying themselves on the stage had half the courage of that little old lady," said Mr. Macpherson, "they might be something a little more like women. If they had a little bit of her truth and a little bit of her pride and a little bit of her faith and a little bit of her love, a man'd see something he might take off his hat to without grudging the exertion. If half the silly girls ——"

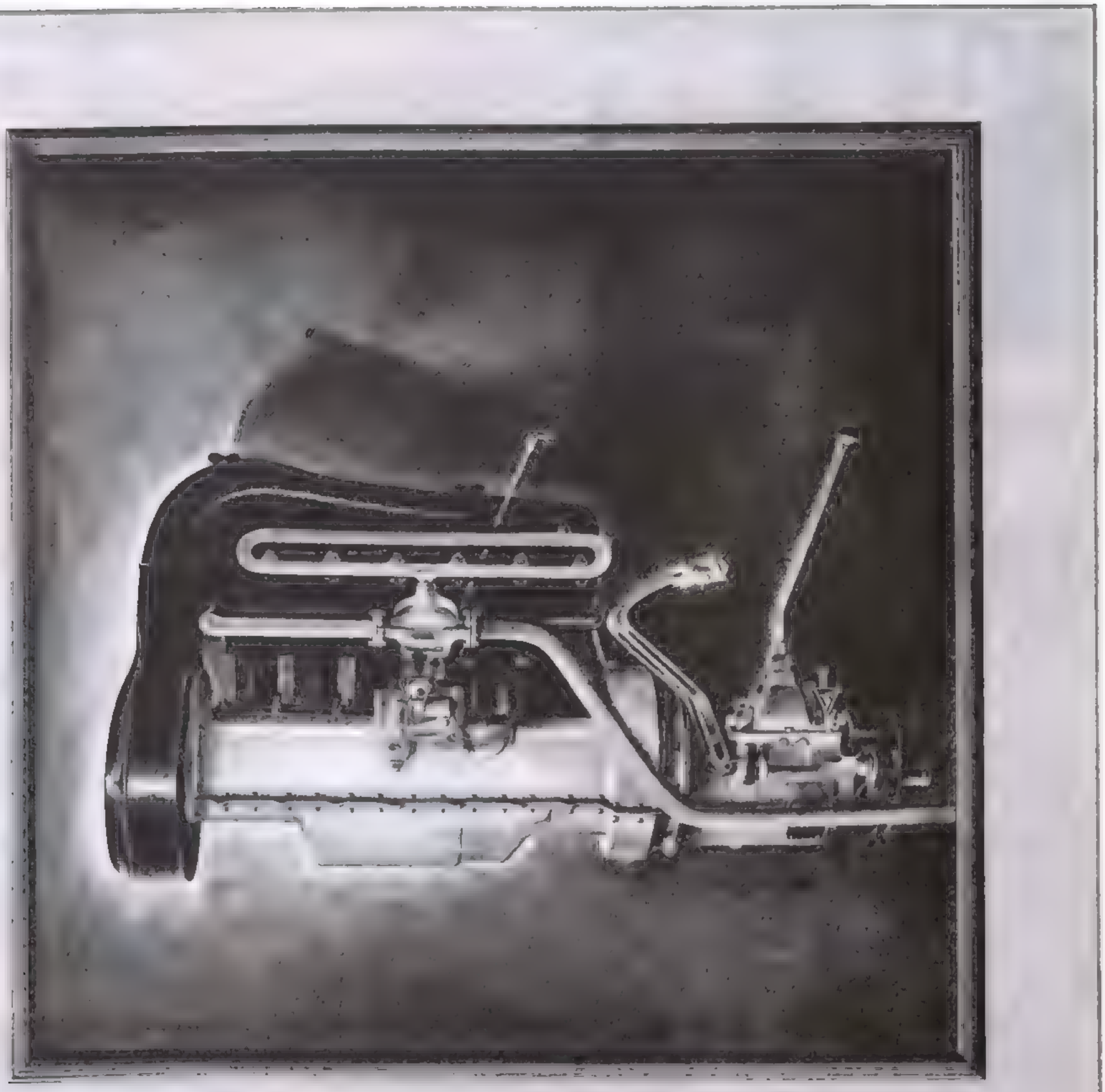
"I told you she m-m-made me want to cry," gasped the Lady Angel.

"Cry then!" said Mr. Macpherson, but his face went a deep red.

"But look here," said the Lady Mary, defending her twin, "if ——"

"If! If! If!" cried Elena, turning round, and so stopping all progress. "If! If! If!" she raved. "As if everything in the world wouldn't be different if —— You're all fools. I was a fool too. It was just—a spell. It was just that for a moment or two we all went back"—her voice fell—"to where we want to go back. We went back!" she wailed. "We went back to the nursery!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 4)

city's first-class theaters. Fifty years ago New York was merely the largest of American cities, had few transients and supported its own theaters. Fourteenth Street was a boundary line as definite as the Hudson. Those who lived below it rarely crossed over. Above was another city that appeared to mock their clothes, their speech and their manners. Something of the same feeling exists below Fourteenth Street still, but now those teeming square miles are largely a foreign quarter, little affecting or affected by the rest of the city.

The growth of the transients pulled the theaters northward and away from the masses, until now the Broadway that typifies New York to the rest of America is more familiar to Denver and Birmingham than to several million who live only five cents away.

On a specimen night in 1876 a theatergoer might have chosen between Fanny Davenport, Charles Coghlan and Georgie Drew in the School for Scandal at Daly's Fifth Avenue; Edwin Booth as Richard II at the Lyceum; Lawrence Barrett as Lear at Booth's; Clara Morris and James O'Neill, father of Eugene O'Neill, in Miss Multon, a forgotten drama, at the Union Square; Lotta as Musette at the Park; Dion Boucicault in the Shaughraun at Wallack's.

Or for another taste, there was cheap and violent melodrama to be had at the Grand Opera House, pride of Jim Fiak; Barnum's Circus at Gilmore's Gardens; variety at Tony Pastor's, with Fields and Hoey on the bill; variety at three or four other houses, including the Comique, where Harrigan and Hart were asking, "Are You There, Moriarty?"; burlesque of a low order at three, minstrelsy at two, a magician at Heller's. An orchestra played at the new aquarium in Broadway at Thirty-sixth Street, and Professor Cromwell gave magic-lantern slides of the Philadelphia Exposition, together with instructive comments, at the Masonic Temple.

Not a note of music in the first half of this list except Musette. Light opera—Giroflé-Girofla, Wang, Robin Hood, Erminie, and the *bouffes* of Gilbert and Sullivan—had not yet wedded with burlesque to parent musical comedy. Nor had H. R. Jacobs yet originated his ten-twenty-thirty houses, and the Stair & Havlin circuit brought cheap and moderately good drama to the multitudes.

But no New Yorker needed to be told that this did not exhaust the evening's possibilities. Scattered about the city somewhat as the cheaper movie houses of our day, usually in converted storerooms, were half a hundred dime museums. From noon until midnight shillabers and barkers pleaded with all who passed in custody of ten cents to step in, be edified, electrified, instructed and amused; and perhaps as many heeded day by day as entered the doors of all the more pretentious theaters combined.

Dime Museum Attractions

The museums varied little. The fronts were plastered with great crude-colored canvases, highly romantic conceptions of the wonders to be seen within. The entrances were crowded with lesser marvels to arrest the eye and stir the appetite. Stuffed mermaids; stuffed flying fish; the embalmed form of the very rat tamed and trained in his prison cell by Guiteau, the assassin of Garfield; the half-woman illusion, the war club that killed Captain Cook; a complete suit of clothing cunningly contrived of blown glass; electric battery shockers, then new; blood testers, fortune tellers, phrenologists, and the horse with the snake in his eye. Inside, a fat woman, a bearded lady, a giant, a dwarf, a living skeleton, a dog-faced boy, an India-rubber man and a snake charmer. The formula has passed down almost unchanged in the circus side show, where only Zuleika the Oriental Dancer, a novelty of the Chicago World's Fair, is new. Having stared and been stared at, bought a photograph of the bearded lady from that lady's own hands and earned a growl from the dog-faced boy, the spectator's attention was invited to the splendors that for a merely nominal sum, an additional nickel, would be unfolded in the theater, in the back room or on the second floor. At the signal of the ballyhoo, a Punch and Judy would start its shrill clamor inside the second barrier, the shillabers would crowd about the ticket seller, tendering imaginary nickels, the barkers would shout and the crowd would be stampeded into parting with an extra five cents.

These splendors proved to be a variety show, a haphazard mixture of amateur and smallest-time acts.

A sorry cradle for talent, it might be thought, but from the stages of the dime museums came Harry and John Kernell, Kelly the Rolling-Mill Man, Jimmy and Bonny Thornton, Maggie Mitchell, Maggie Thorne, James T. Powers, Sam Bernard, Peter F. Dailey, Joe Coyne, James F. Hoey—Young Mule—Francis Wilson, and a long line of others whose names have not yet lost their magic.

This was the theater of America to the first-generation immigrant from non-English-speaking lands. His unfamiliarity with the language kept him away from the more pretentious entertainments. Here he was on a par with all others, his eyes supplying whatever he missed of the lecturer's harangue. And with the more unsophisticated of the native born and the Irish, he provided the museums with a large and sure public.

This lowliest and most frugal of the stages was the obvious goal of two such calcium-blinded young urchins as Weber and Fields; obvious to Joe and Lew, not so patent to the managers of the museums, who laughed at their nine-year-old presumptions.

Among the other young passengers bound from the Bowery for the same destination were the Standard Four. The Standard Four never had been seen on any stage, and it was, just now, only three—the Rosen twin brothers and Joe Fields, who was no kith or kin of Lew's.

A Momentous Night

Lew, at the moment, was tending a street soda-water fountain for a man named Gump, half a glass for one cent, a full glass for two cents, and three cents for a glass with cream in it, cream being an East Grand Street trade name for milk. The first ten days Fields drank glass and glass for every order he served, and drank alone when business was dull. Thereafter he became a teetotaler, one who shudders yet when he passes a soda fountain. Joe was at work in a cigarette factory.

While Lew, all unknowing, went on dispensing penny sodas, Weber got himself elected the fourth of the Standard. Joe Fields knew one tricky dance step which he taught Weber. When Fields awoke three days later he abandoned Mr. Gump's strawberry and vanilla sirups and promised the thirty-five cents of wages due him to Joe Fields if he would teach him the same step.

The Standard Four promptly threw Weber out and named Lew Fields in his stead. Weber and Joe Fields fought; and though Weber won a moral victory, he didn't get back into the Standard's fold. But Lew went the same way within a week. A boy known as Master Williams, who had made two or three professional appearances, offered to join the Standard, and the team of Weber and Fields was reunited, free agents both, and destined, it happened, to reach the stage before the others.

Among the various youths who called at the Weber home in homage to the older daughters was one who was high in the Elks Serenaders Social Club, whose balls and entertainments in the Turn Hall in East Fourth Street were social events in the district. Feminine pressure led the young man to introduce Joe and Lew to the chairman of the entertainment committee as a promising young black-face acrobatic song-and-dance team, and brought their first engagement. Their pay was two complimentary tickets.

At six o'clock of the momentous night Mamma Schanfield, Mamma Weber, Lew and Joe appeared at the Turn Hall, an hour in advance of the first stage hand. Mrs. Schanfield and Mrs. Weber chose the two front-row seats nearest the stage door and settled down in pleased anticipation. The latter carried an old-fashioned bouquet with a tin-foil handle and a white-paper-scalloped border.

Their sons went backstage to prepare. Knowing nothing of make-up, they had begged two lumps of charcoal from a peddler. They crushed the charcoal and tried to smear it on their faces. It left only a faint

(Continued on Page 70)

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THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT BELONGS

(Continued from Page 68)

soot. Water was added, producing a tear-and-coal-dust effect. An hour's untiring effort left them looking unquestionably dirty, but unmistakably Aryan. There were other hours until they were to go on. Nervous thirst set in and they drank all the water in the fire buckets.

At last a shout of "You kids are next!" and they were shoved onstage. They had agreed beforehand to make their entrance backward that they might be the less confused by the lights and the audience. This they remembered; but without waiting for their music cue, they burst into song badly off key. They danced where they should have sung, sung where they should have danced. The orchestra attempted to overtake them, but never quite caught up. At one point the act called for acrobatics in time with the music, Joe to hold his fingers locked in the familiar alley-up gesture, Fields to vault lightly into the hands and be somersaulted in the air. They missed the count, Fields failed to turn completely over and landed on his head with a force that stirred a cloud of dust from the stage planks. Dazed, he bounced up again and danced frantically, but to no purpose.

The curtain fell suddenly and the boys were yanked off demanding explanations. A stage hand with compassion, a sense of humor and a poker face told them that the curtain man, in his breathless interest in their act, had let the ropes slip through his hands.

"It's too late to do anything about it now," he added; "but you kids have a great act. Come around and see me sometime and I'll introduce you to Tony Pastor." The reader of 1924 may not know—but the boys did—that Tony Pastor was then the great man of the variety stage.

They washed the charcoal smears from their faces and joined their mothers.

"Why," Mrs. Weber wanted to know, "did the curtain come down so quick? I didn't get time to throw the bouquet to you."

She heard the stage hand's soothing version and glowed.

The theatricals over, the chairs were cleared away and dancing began. Mothers and sons promenaded the floor, pridefully acknowledging all salutes. Joe and Lew held the bouquet in turn, amicably at first, then to be bitten for the first time by the serpent of professional jealousy.

"Give it to me!" shrilled Joe. "You've held it long enough. Didn't my mother bring it?"

"She brought it for me as much as for you," Lew protested.

How Joe Resigned

Their partnership might have withered and died with the bouquet had not the jocular stage hand, no longer in overalls, danced their way in the throes of a schottish. They halted him.

"Say," they demanded, "what's the best time to find Tony Pastor?"

"Let me see"—he pretended to ponder—"I should say about seven o'clock in the morning." And he resumed his schottish with a heavy wink for his partner.

"I'll be at your house at 6:30 tomorrow morning," Lew decided on the instant, and led his mother homeward.

Tony Pastor's New Theater stood at 587 Broadway, near Prince Street. At seven the next morning two boys posted themselves in front of the deserted theater and asked every white male that passed if he were Mr. Tony Pastor. Four hours later the interrogation still was going on, unmindful of rebuff or insult. The question was put for the thousand and second time.

"Yes," was the answer, and the answerer kept on into the lobby, where they overtook him.

"What can I do for you?" asked the great Tony.

"We're actors and we want to go to work," they shouted in unison, and began forthwith to turn flip-flaps the length of the lobby.

Antonio Pastor tossed them a chuckle.

"Come and see me again in four or five years," he said as he turned away.

Well, if Tony Pastor didn't know talent when it was thrust under his nose, there were other theaters. The rest of that day they tramped the streets between City Hall and Twenty-third, and at every theater and museum they showed their flip-flap repertoire and bespoke an opportunity. At nightfall they staggered back to East Broadway and fell asleep over their suppers.

The attack was resumed at dawn. In Chatham Square a new museum was being opened in quarters vacated by a secondhand clothing shop. The manager, Morris by name, was new to the business, and poorly armed to defend himself against the assault the two launched at him. He watched their cart wheels dubiously.

"I guess you boys will do," he admitted finally and with no enthusiasm. "But three dollars a week each is all I can pay."

If he hoped to escape them in that fashion he was an amateur hoper. When the new Chatham Square Museum opened Weber and Fields opened with it. They were nine years old. The Turn Hall stage hand's jest had turned sour and fermented. It would take more success than this to turn their heads. Weber's feet were so firmly on the ground that he kept an anchor to windward and stayed on his cigarette-factory job.

The First Amateur Beginnings of Weber and Fields. Joe Weber and Joe Fields of the "Standard Four" in 1876

"You do the act by yourself in the afternoon," he suggested to Fields, "and I'll slip around as soon as the factory quits work."

As their act called for an entrance, singing "Here we are, a jolly pair," Weber's absence promised to be a strain on the imagination of the audiences. Fields solved the dilemma ingeniously by adopting a stray kitten and leading it onstage by a long ribbon at the afternoon shows. In the bustle of opening the new house, the manager was several days in learning that he was not getting all his three dollars a week called for.

Weber was sent for.

"Are you working for me, or aren't you?" The manager was indignant.

"Well, if I was sure it was a steady job ——" Joe temporized.

"Steady for the little fellow, anyway, who's been doing the work, and who gets four-fifty this week to your dollar and a half," was the reply; "and steady for you if you behave yourself."

With that assurance, Joe returned to the cigarette factory to resign. Nothing so drab and unimaginative as merely asking for his pay was in his mind. Going straight to his bench, he lit a cigarette with elaborate ostentation. Smoking, he knew, was expressly forbidden. A hushed silence at this effrontery, a silence broken by the foreman's roar. The rebel breathed a smoke ring in the foreman's direction and flicked a feather of ash with an insolent finger.

"Are you addressing me?" he inquired in the disdainful accent commonly used by the hero on the villain at the Bowery.

He was not mistaken. The foreman indubitably was addressing him. Joe waved the waspish words aside with a splendid gesture.

"Give your job," he declaimed, "to your mother-in-law's half sister. I resign. I now am an actor." He turned to Joey Sand, a schoolmate who worked at the next bench. "Boy," he ordered, "bring my wages down to the Chatham Square Museum."

He reached the door unassaulted before the astounded foreman could regather his wits.

Eight to nine shows a day, as many runs as a program picture gets in a continuous movie house, was the order of the day at the Chatham Square; and when the two were not onstage performing, they were offstage hammering away at new steps, new gags and new gymnastics. The morning was not far off when they were to report at the museum to find the doors closed and its brief career ended. It had served its purpose in the career of Messrs. Weber and Fields, though that comforting reflection may not have occurred to the bereaved manager. Rough-and-ready professionals of four weeks' continuous experience they were now, no longer backing onstage to escape the paralyzing eye of an audience.

Sauntering placidly along the Bowery, they came to No. 298, the abode of the Globe Museum, and recognized in the porter a former friend of the Chatham Square. Were any actors needed?

"Ask him," said the porter, jerking a thumb at a man leaning negligently against the lobby wall, one hand in the front of a chinchilla overcoat. It took more assurance than they could command at once to address a being in so royal a garment, and they fell to studying the lobby posters until their pulses should recover, one eye each on the chinchilla lest it vanish. It remained stationary even when they approached, leaning against each other for support.

The owner and occupant of the chinchilla, they were to learn, was George Middleton, afterwards of Kohl and Middleton, first proprietors of a string of museums in the West, later important factors in vaudeville. Years afterwards, Middleton confided in them that the eye-filling overcoat concealed a linen summer suit, the worse for wear, in which he had arrived from a circus the week before.

Middleton turned them over to the stage manager, Frank Hoffman, who still lives.

"Let's see what you can do," he commanded.

The two rushed home, gathered up their homemade costumes and dashed back to the Globe, there to find that they had forgotten their burnt cork. Another performer on the bill offered to lend them a supply of lampblack.

The boys thanked him feelingly, while the onlookers grinned. A veteran trouper, on the down grade, interfered.

"Give the kids a chance," he growled. "They're trying to get on, and we may be glad to get a job from them some day."

Fast Thinking

He offered them his burnt cork and explained that lampblack would not come off for days. They went through their act furiously and finished in a spray of perspiration.

"Uh-huh," Hoffman grunted. "I can't pay you much."

"How much?" they shouted, as if a rehearsed line.

"All I could pay you"—he paused and studied a finger nail—"is twenty-five dollars a week for the act."

Lew burst into tears. Joe thought quickly. Pretending to comfort his partner, he put an arm around him and said with heavy unction, "That's all right, Lew. We'll take it until Tony Pastor is ready for us."

One act, little varied, had served them week by week at the Chatham Square; but the Globe, they found, required a complete change every two weeks. Their second fortnight they put burnt cork aside and burst upon a Bowery audience in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits of velvet to ornament a dance-and-paper-tearing turn known to the trade as a neat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Weber would announce, "your attention is invited to our difficult achievement of performing three separate and distinct feats at one and the same time—dancing in unison, keeping time to the music and tearing these sheets of paper in in-trick-ate designs."

At the final crash of the tin-panny piano, pummeled by a bored youth with a cigarette drooping from the northeast corner of his mouth, and the concluding pat of their feet, the paper would be unfolded with a snap in its completed design. Old newspapers sufficed the first week. They cost nothing. The second week virgin-white letter sheets from a stationery shop across the street were scattered prodigally on the Globe's stage. The act was looking up in the world.

The sunshine of their success was interrupted by the shadow of their old enemy, Joe Fields, once of the Standard Four, at the stage door. With a partner named Furman, he asked for a try-out, went through a German comedy skit and was engaged—to the chagrin of Joe and Lew. The house was packed with relatives and friends of Fields and Furman at the Monday matinée when they opened, with results the reverse of the intended. The familiar faces frightened instead of reassuring them; they lost their heads, as Weber and Fields had at their Turn Hall début, and flopped badly. The curtain was dropped on them and the act canceled.

Joe and Lew were telling the stage manager that they could "do a better Dutch act than that" before the other pair were well out the stage door.

"I never knew you kids had a Dutch number," Hoffman said in surprise.

"Sure!" they chorused.

"Could you go on with it tomorrow?"

"Sure!"

"Trot it out then," Hoffman agreed.

(Continued on Page 75)

Your dumb engine wants to tell you something

YOUR dumb car wants to say to you, "Oil is more than oil—it is power."

Now comes a new invention—the remarkable apparatus shown in this picture, which lets an engine speak. Your engine will say: "The new apparatus proves that the ordinary oil you have been putting in me is a *power extinguisher*. Now I can tell you the oil I want. And I will have more power. Much more power on the hills with a heavy load. What these dials and charts on this testing machine show is not laboratory theory about oil, but what oil actually does while I'm at work."

Before this invention car owners had no way to determine exactly what oil does in a running engine, at different speeds, with different "loads." Everything is now revealed, even in the average engine with worn valves, weak spark, loose rings, etc.

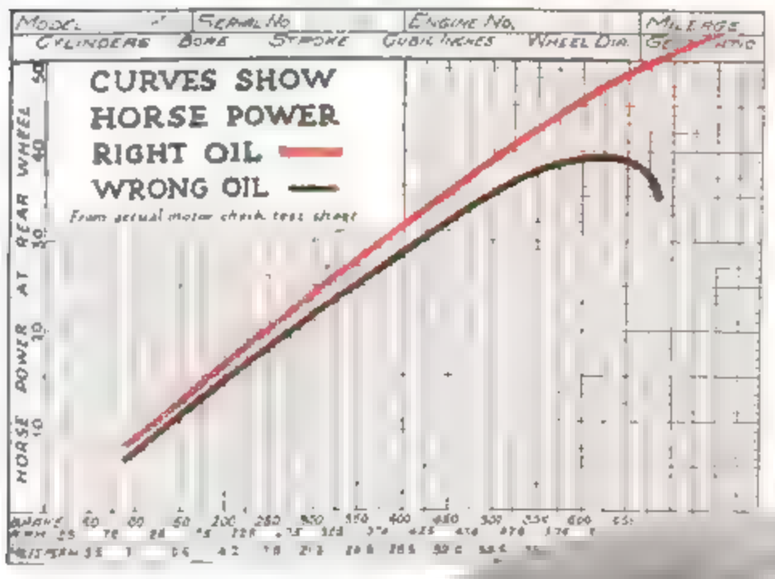
Science has supported the Havoline idea for twenty years, and now this practical machine, the Wasson Motor Check, with its quick, exact registering on impartial gauges, is actually measuring how much power an engine will develop with this 30c oil.

Ordinary oil is shown up as a *power extinguisher*, which handicaps your motor in the get-away, on the hills—just when you need all the power it's got.

Almost any engine shows 10% to 50% greater power when you change to a fine oil.

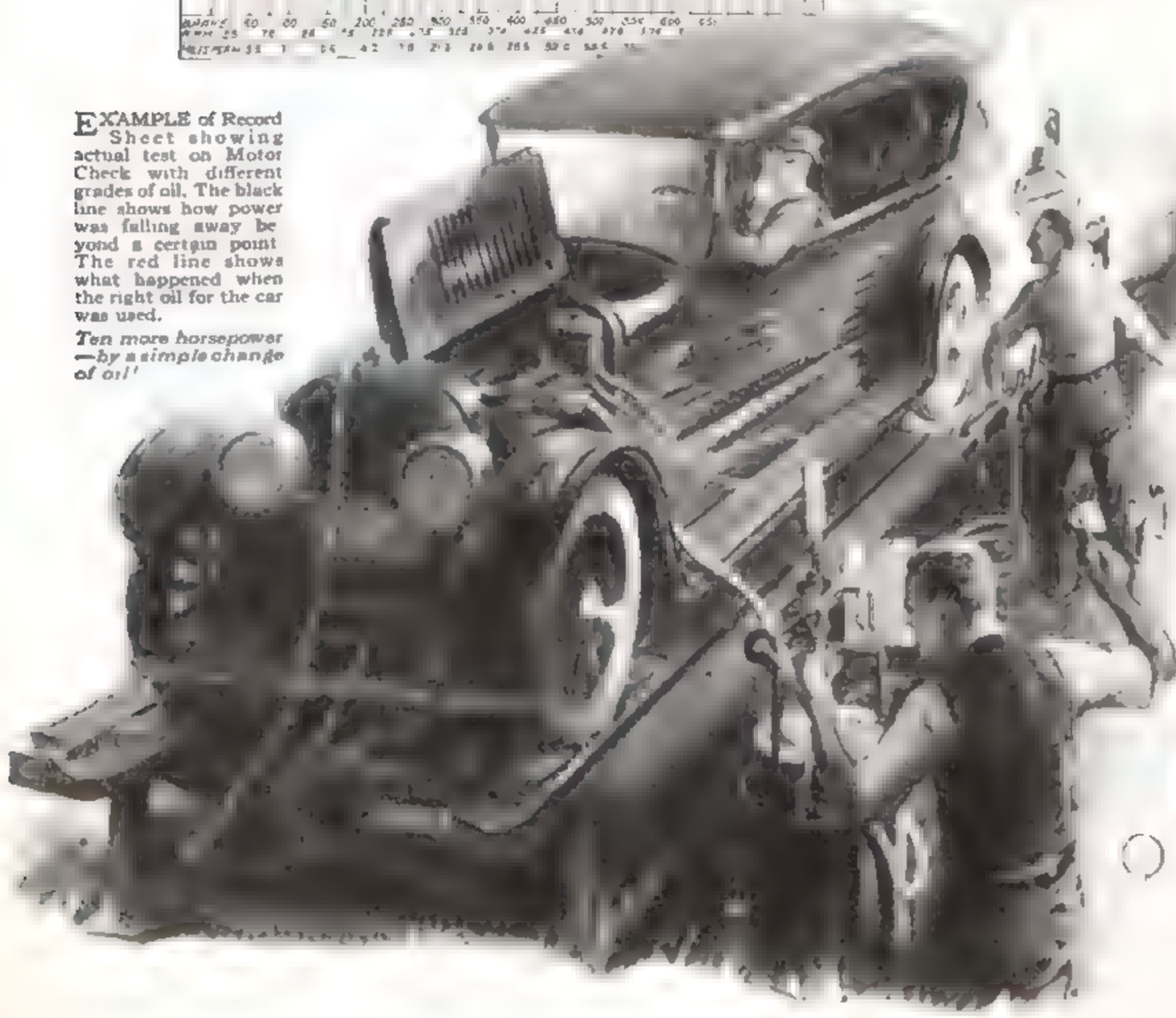
Try Havoline—and you will prove it for yourself

Graph showing how the right oil builds up power



EXAMPLE of Record Sheet showing actual test on Motor Check with different grades of oil. The black line shows how power was falling away beyond a certain point The red line shows what happened when the right oil for the car was used.

Ten more horsepower—by a simple change of oil!



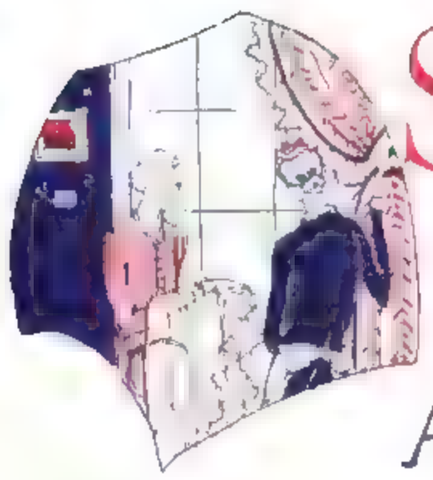
Prove it for yourself—in your own car. Find a place where Havoline is for sale; drain out the old diluted oil and fill up with Havoline.

You will change your whole point of view toward motor oil. You will think of oil in terms of power.

You will know that it's the last 5c in a quart of oil that counts.

INDIAN REFINING CO., Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill.

Havoline Sells for 30c a Quart (35c to 40c in Western States and Canada).



SUMMER CLEANING *Time*

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

Everyone is freshening up the inside of the house to match the bright outdoors

SUMMER time with its wide open windows, sunlight streaming in, seeking out all the corners—you just naturally have to freshen up all the rooms to match the bright outdoors.

What a real burden it used to be. It made your disposition as scratchy as it made your hands, but the miserable effect on your hands, alas, was much more lasting.

For days your hands were rough and red

There was just nothing so hard on them as that constant household scrubbing and cleaning with harsh kitchen soap.

For days and days after the house and all its appointments were immaculate, your hands bore the marks of house cleaning. All red and rough, your finger-tips so scratchy it made you "crawl" to touch a bit of silk or satin. It was hateful!

But then, that is an *old* story. It's not like that any more.

Like a fine toilet soap

Now you just lay in an extra supply of Lux and in the pure, gentle suds of this amazing soap, you freshen everything, from your soft woolen blankets to your cheerful kitchen linoleum.

You know, of course, before you begin that your hands won't suffer—that Lux has all the gentle, soothing qualities of a fine toilet soap. Just as it is safe for all fine fabrics—so it will not redden or roughen the most sensitive hands. It is as easy on them as fine toilet soap. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

BLANKETS—

keep them from shrinking

Blankets have been known to shrink a whole half-yard in a single, careless washing. When a blanket shrinks, of course it loses a great deal of its good warmth-giving qualities.

Lux won't shrink blankets. You can launder them and put them away knowing that when you tuck them in in the fall they'll have their original generous length.

The North Star Woolen Mill Company, makers of the finest blankets in America, say: "Our tests demonstrate that Lux is ideal for washing blankets."

Your clothes-line gay with colored bedspreads and bright cretonnes. Blankets, too, all soft and fluffy from their good Lux bath.

Curtains fresh and dainty

Filmy curtains that invite the warm summer sunshine! They, too, must have their special summer freshening. How easily and gently Lux cleanses them. Soak them a few minutes in clear cool water. Then dip them in Lux suds. Out they come—so clean it's a joy to hang them up.

Rids your hands of that in-the-dishpan look

One by one you lift your dishes from their shelves, take the most precious ones from their cabinets. They, too, must add their share to this summer festival of freshness.

How lovingly you dip the fragile cups and saucers, your best service plates, the clear, lovely crystal and cut glass, and your silver into the gentle Lux suds.

It's a pleasure to wash the charming things yourself—now that you don't have to worry about your hands any more. Lux is just as easy on your hands as your favorite toilet soap. It rids them for good of that in-the-dishpan look.

Had forgotten their exquisite color

One woman wrote: "My Persian rugs had never been washed. I was afraid ordinary soap would ruin them. Then I thought of Lux. I prepared a suds of Lux and lukewarm water and went over the rugs with it. They came out beautifully. I had forgotten how exquisite the colors were. Lux not only brightened my rugs—it kept my hands from having that ugly red look strong soap gives them."

Woodwork puts on its summer best

You couldn't bear to put fresh, snowy curtains against dingy window frames. That would never do. Fortunately you don't have to—for woodwork and tinted walls put on their summer best so quickly when you use Lux.

Just whisk up a good Lux suds in your bucket of water—it's better to use lukewarm suds—and wipe off the soil. Do a small section at a time—rinsing off the suds with water the same temperature. Then dry with a soft cloth. Your walls will look as if newly painted.

Best of all your hands won't suffer. Lux keeps them soft and satiny smooth.

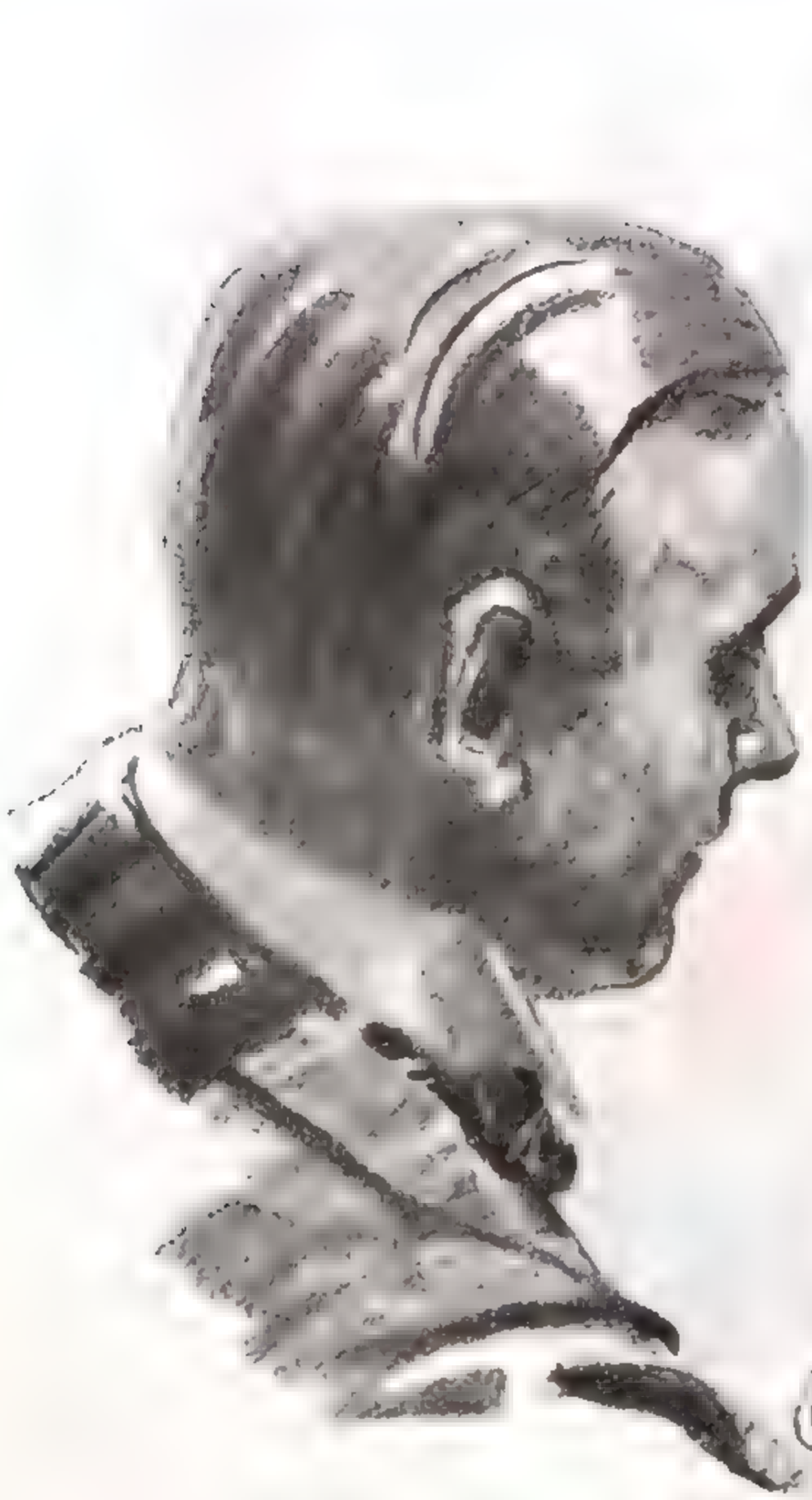
James McCutcheon & Co. say: "There is nothing in Lux that could injure the finest textured linen."

The Orinoka Mills say: "We recommend Lux for washing our draperies."

LUX

For all fine laundering
For washing dishes

Lux won't roughen your hands—won't injure anything pure water alone will not harm



I've just filled my pipe, and I'll tell you it tastes mighty good

It not only is the finest grade of Kentucky Burley Tobacco, but is aged in wood, and that's what makes the great difference between VELVET and other pipe tobaccos.

You probably know what ageing in wood does for wine. It does even more for pipe tobacco. I can hardly describe it, but it takes out all rawness and gives you a cool smoke, with a quite pleasing taste and flavor. Ageing in wood costs a lot of money and takes time, but you can't get the same results in any other way.

Remember—VELVET, aged in wood.

mild—
fine flavor—
smokes cool

aged in wood

that's why

© 1924 Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 70)

The truth was that they had no German act, and never had thought of one until they watched Fields and Furman's failure from the wings.

"But we yessed them all in those days," Weber explains. "Had we been asked if we could do Antony and Cleopatra or Uncle Tom and Little Eva, our answer would have been the same. We strove to please. 'Yes' took no more breath than 'no' and had a lot more possibilities."

On this overnight order the youngsters threw together a patchwork of knockabout nonsense that grew eventually into the Weber & Fields of tradition. The reader will recall the tall, thin Fields and the short, dumpy Weber of the turn in its final development. Actually, they were much of a size in 1877, Weber a shade the taller.

An old suit of his father's, padded out with pillows from the family beds, and built-up shoes for Fields, formed the groundwork of the illusion. It was completed by Harry Seamon, now of Hurtig and Seamon, burlesque producers, then the son of a neighboring house painter. Seamon borrowed all his father's working equipment except his ladders and applied a make-up that threatened never to come off. The German accent came easily to boys from homes in which Yiddish, a corruption of German, was spoken. It was crude and juvenile, but the none too critical Globe audiences laughed. The management asked nothing more.

Toward the end of their sixth week at the Globe George Middleton asked them if they cared to go on the road. He could book them in Paterson, New Jersey, at six dollars a week and expenses. The word went around in East Broadway that two of their own were going "out West." A papier-mâché trunk, straps painted on it as trees are painted on a back drop, was bought that afternoon and packed with all the spare clothing of the two households. This did not crowd the trunk. In two kitchens special dishes baked and roasted. For three days the rest of the Weber and the Schanfield families ate when and what they might and wore such clothing as was left to them.

A Thrilling Tour

The day came. The train was due to depart at 11:30 A.M. At eight o'clock they were at the station in Hoboken, sitting on their papier-mâché trunk, holding two huge parcels of food and surrounded by excited relatives. Tears and cheers as the wheels turned. In the day coach two boys whose hearts pounded. Others might trust their trunks with the baggage man. Theirs stayed in the aisle alongside, the protests of the train crew to the contrary.

They flattened their noses against the windows to peer at the Jersey meadows and the Orange hills in the distance. The Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, given a dash of imagination. Had Sioux and Comanches ridden Indian file through the rank grass, and herds of migrating buffalo blocked the Erie tracks, there were two passengers who would have believed their eyes. Just how far west Paterson lay they had not thought to ask.

In the ecstasy of that morning's dawn they had been too nervous more than to peck at their breakfasts. Now the knowledge of food in the luggage rack overhead intruded. The packages were opened. In the midst of their first drumstick a brakeman poked his head in the door and shouted, "Paterson! Paterson! This station is Paterson!"

Was this some other Paterson, or was the brakeman a practical joker? Neither, apparently, for someone was saying, "Come on, you kids; here we are." Bundling the food together in one motion, each grabbed an end of the trunk and followed the other performers down the aisle, through the station, and afoot to the Passaic House, a typical one-night-stand hotel.

The name and look of that third-rate hostelry is as vivid in their minds today as it was forty-five years ago. It was their first time away from home, their first hotel, their first train ride. A red-hot, pot-bellied, air-tight iron stove glowed in the center of the plank-floored room that was the lobby, ringed with wooden chairs, each convoyed by a chewing-tobacco box filled with dark-stained sand, serving as a cuspidor.

After the last show of the night, the performers, freaks and all, gathered in the hotel barroom. Neither boy had any money. They never did; their pockets were as empty when they worked as when they loafed. Little or much, their wages went into the family exchequers with no deductions. Fields was partial to candy. Weber already was chewing and smoking. He still argues that the habit had nothing to do with his five-feet-four, pointing to a six-foot brother who did the same at a like age.

"And how much taller would the big brother have been if he hadn't?" Fields is in the habit of asking.

Fields had no candy and no prospect of getting any. Weber had one cigarette, soon smoked, but better prospects. There was no closed season on snipe shooting on the Bowery. Among the pipe and cigar smokers at the bar was a lone cigarette devotee, one of the nervous type who flip the weed aside after inhaling three or four drafts. Standing close beside him, Weber saw the man turn to discard his cigarette. Instead of dropping it where the boy could salvage it, the smoker abstractedly opened the stove door and tossed it on the fire.

The Old Bowery Theater, Now the Thalia, and Still in Use. Above — Harrigan and Hart

At this dismaying juncture the night clerk sang out that a boy was wanted to carry a message. Lew beat Joe to the desk and was back in five minutes with a penny, one of those fat copper-nickel-alloy one-cent pieces looking something like a dime, with which the mint experimented for a while after the Civil War. A penny would buy two cigarettes, but Fields had earned it, and he voted for candy. Moreover, he had the penny. Two doors away was a notion shop with a case of cheap sweets. A girl in short dresses, her hair down her back, was in charge at the moment. The child had attended the museum earlier in the day with her mother, and flustered at recognizing in her customers two such romantic objects, she gave Fields nine cents change for his white penny. Fifty-fifty was the unwavering rule of the partnership, but nine cents was an uneven sum. Lew gave Joe four cents and kept the Shubert end himself.

The Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, then in its inception, was billed for Paterson on Saturday, and the advance man had arranged for part of the troupe to be housed at the Passaic House on Friday night. To accommodate them it would be necessary to persuade the museum performers to find other beds for one night. Some ingenuity was needed. The plot used on the boys was immediately effective.

"I've been worrying all day what to do with you lads on Friday night," the clerk

told them on Wednesday. "The house is going to be full of Indians, and Indians, they tell me, are specially partial to boys' scalps. I hope nothing happens. Of course I could send you over to a friend of mine who's got an extra bed."

They begged him to speak to his friend at once. On Friday night the clerk in person escorted them to their temporary lodgings and introduced them to the owner as Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields, to the gratification of the two misters. The owner led them by light of a tallow candle to a garret, pointed out the bed and left them in utter darkness.

It was a blustery, wintry night, with snow and sleet falling. The window sashes rattled in the warped frames, the sleet clicked on the panes and the weary timbers of the old house groaned and sighed. The two boys clutched at each other under the covers, their hearts knocking on their ribs and their ears straining for each new noise. It may have been half an hour that they held out—no longer. Fleeing from the garret, down the rickety steps, and out into the shivering night, carrying most of their clothing, they burst into the Passaic House as if pursued by the devil himself. There were worse fates in their imaginations than Indian tortures.

On the lobby floor, circled about the stove, most of the museum troupers slept, and the night clerk rustled two additional blankets. The boys missed the gaunt and familiar outlines of Doctor Brandy, the living skeleton, from among the sleepers. The doctor, it happened, was reclining comfortably on a shelf of the linen closet. He had roused at their coming in, and heard their trembling tale. Waiting until the boys had settled in their blankets, he demanded in a voice from far down in his chest, "Where are those two papooses?"

The two froze in their blankets.

"Indians!" Lew whispered hoarsely.

"I smell the blood of two palefaces," the voice insisted. "You can't fool me, old Chief Horsetail!"

At the convulsive movements under the blankets, the living skeleton, unable to contain himself longer, broke into a shrill cackle that, quite beyond his intention, sounded like nothing ever heard before on land or sea, and froze the very marrow of their bones. But in the enjoyment of his own joke the doctor rolled off his shelf and exposed the hoax.

The traveled ten-year-olds returned to New York to a family welcome worthy of a Livingstone back from the sources of the Nile, and found an engagement at a museum headlining Jo-Jo the Dog-faced Boy. Jo-Jo, forerunner of seven and seven hundred other dog-faced boys, was a fresh importation from Europe. History does not record who or what the original Jo-Jo really was, nor by whom invented; but he was a happy inspiration second only to Barnum's Tom Thumb, White Elephant and Siamese Twins.

New York showed such an interest in this phenomenon that the museum managed to crowd twenty-three shows into each day. Audiences found themselves back on the sidewalk before their dimes had lost the warmth of the fingers that tendered them, and Joe and Lew and their fellows backstage dared not step into the alley for a smoke for fear of missing their next cue.

Jo-Jo's Jinx

In the midst of this success Jo-Jo was called back to Europe to fulfill contracts. Weber and Fields were unprepared to find him on the bill with them again in Jersey City two weeks later. It was the true, the only Jo-Jo, they agreed after close scrutiny. He came onstage with the same lecturer as before, his head rocking, eyes rolling and jowls slathering, while the lecturer described how he had been captured at great expense of life, limb and money in the wilds of Something-or-Other. The lecture concluded, Jo-Jo would bark savagely or bay mournfully, as the spirit moved him.

But there was one skeptic backstage—Bob Knowles, of a team called Martin and Knowles. They, too, had played with Jo-Jo two weeks previously; and Knowles had noticed at the time that an animal-call imitator, also on the bill, never took his eyes off Jo-Jo. Knowles drew his own conclusions. Now, at Jo-Jo's every appearance he would station himself in the nearest wing and comment in a voice too low to reach the audience, but perfectly audible to the dog-faced one.

"I know you, you bleeding English animal imitator," he would begin. "I'd know that bark of yours in a cemetery in Cape Town in the dark of the moon. Calling yourself a dog-faced boy, are you and taking honest folks' money? Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you lime-juice humbug you? You're no more a dog-faced boy, you ugly fraud, than I'm the town hall of Jersey City. Where did you get that mop of hair, anyway? Come on now and tell the truth for once in your swindling life. How do you think your old mother would like to see her son frothing at the mouth and pawing himself off as a cross between an ape and a laughing hyena for a few dirty dimes? Snarl for the nice ladies and gentlemen, you whelp!"

The game went on all week. The skeptic lay awake at night devising new insults and sly sallies intended to provoke Jo-Jo either to laugh or fight, but the hairy hide of the dog-faced boy turned indignity as a duck's back sheds water. Jo-Jo spoke only in barks and growls, nor turned his head toward the wings. Knowles began to be regarded backstage as slightly touched, a man with an obsession.

When he had growled his last acknowledgment of Jersey City's approval on Saturday night, Jo-Jo jerked off his wig and was revealed as the animal imitator Knowles had said he was all along.

"You nearly got a snicker out of me Thursday night, Bob, when you called me Ba-Ba the Mutton-faced Lizard," he acknowledged, "and I choked when you pulled that one about the sausage."

Arm in arm, Knowles and the dog-faced one vanished between two swinging doors across the street.

For six years Masters Weber and Fields went the rounds of the New York museums, with an occasional date out of town and an infrequent engagement on the better-paying variety stages. They did not average twenty weeks' work a season, and odd jobs were needful at times to weather the long gaps between engagements.

To Youth

—a few simple shaving facts

HERE'S a way to profit by the experience of your elders—to save yourself from years of tests and trials. Others have made them for you —millions confirm these facts

A super-keen blade is vital for a perfect shave. *For each shave.* An ordinary, non-stropped blade may give a good *first* shave but dulls with each successive shave until it must be thrown away.

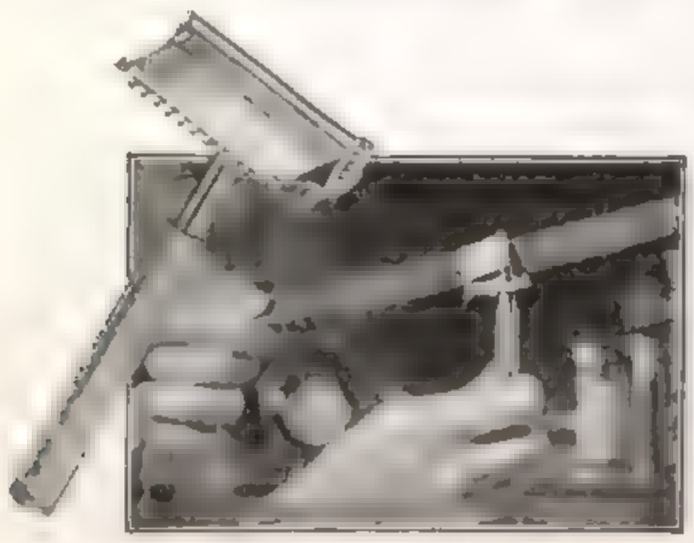
There is only *one* blade that can be automatically restored to new-like keenness. It is an exclusive feature of the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

A few strokes with this inbuilt automatic stropping device insure each blade a barber's edge. No other razor, no other blade can give you such a result. Our patents are exclusive.

A Valet AutoStrop Razor blade gives two or three times the number of shaves—*each perfect*—compared to a non-stropped blade. That's efficiency, you'll agree. If you haven't already adopted the Valet AutoStrop Razor, don't delay longer. It will give you a lifetime of satisfaction—each shave a perfect shave.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG U S PAT OFF



The RAZOR *That Sharpens Itself*

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

The booking agent, now the middleman between actor and manager, like prohibition and the flapper, had not been invented. Out-of-town engagements were written for, usually on stationery borrowed from the writing room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel The boys had a regular letter-writing schedule. Uncle Billy Harris, proprietor of the Howard Athenæum in Boston, and father of Henry B. Harris, who was lost on the Titanic, was on their list. Uncle Billy's invariable answer was a post card reading, "Sorry. Nothing open." To vary the monotony, they sent Uncle Billy a post card one day. It read:

"Sorry. Can't accept engagement. Booked solid. Masters Weber and Fields."

Wherever work offered they accepted. Harry Hill ran a resort at the corner of Houston and Crosby streets of which men talked in barber shops and smoking rooms the country over. It really was a saloon with amusements—the cabaret in its earliest form. Anyone who bought a drink was welcome, and the keys had been thrown away years before. After even the Bowery had gone to bed, Hill's place remained open to catch the farmers and drovers coming in from Jersey and Long Island before dawn. Hill had trained John L. Sullivan for one of his bare-fisted battles and had a pugilistic stable across the East River in Astoria.

This was no atmosphere, admittedly, for two adolescent boys; but too nice a discrimination was no part of getting ahead in the popular theater. Theirs not to reason why, but to perform their three specialties a night and mind of their own business. After all, the street-car company did not demand a certificate of character from its passengers, nor the city refuse to pipe water into a questionable address.

Their program at Hill's consisted of the Irish song-and-dance number, a wrestling burlesque and a boxing burlesque. The business of the latter necessitated Weber's taking considerable punishment.

"Why don't you stop some of those blows?" a voice inquired one night. Weber turned his head.

"None of them's passed me so far," he rejoined.

The late Harry Kernell thought the answer so apt that he used it as a gag for years after.

The Big Fight at Duffy's

The free-for-alls at Coney Island, where they found intermittent work in the summer, were patterned after Hill's place. Coney Island was largely sand, a few sketchy bathhouses, saloons and concert halls. For two dollars a day and five beer checks each, Weber and Fields worked from ten A.M. until midnight at Duffy's and other Coney resorts. The beer checks were sold to waiters at the standard price of fifteen cents for five, bringing the team's weekly income up to $30 10.

Duffy owned three race horses, which he ran on Long Island tracks. When one won, the saloon closed early, but a losing race meant staying open until midnight or later that he might get back part of his money from the bookmakers and track followers. Coney being a slow and costly train or boat ride from Manhattan, the boys lived at the shore. To bed after midnight, they would rise with the dawn to watch the horses being exercised on the Brighton Beach track. Inevitably, they fell victims to a stable-boy tout who promised a killing. Holding out their entire weekly wage, which was supposed to be sent home with deductions only for board and lodging, they gave the tout thirty dollars to lay on the good thing. The horse lost, of course, but it developed that the stable boy had not even bothered to bet the money. Joe and Lew took their troubles to Duffy.

"Do you think you could lick this boy?" Duffy suggested. Joe thought it likely that he could whip John L. Sullivan for thirty dollars. "I'll get the kid over here," Duffy planned. "When he comes in you jump him, and if you lick him I'll see that you get your thirty dollars." A grudge fight would be a tasty appetizer to the usual evening program of an amusement saloon. With any ferocity at all, it would be worth all of Duffy's thirty dollars, and more than likely the spectators would pay it themselves if the hat were passed. Weber supplied the ferocity. The battle was hot and bloody. Weber won, the barroom audience, as expected, made up the thirty-dollar purse and the Weber and Schanfield families went in ignorance of the bad bet.

Next door to Duffy's a man named Trebor opened a rival saloon and made overtures to Duffy's talent. When Weber and Fields told him Duffy was paying them two dollars a day and five beer checks each, Trebor offered three dollars and seven beer checks. They accepted. Their act done at Duffy's, they would step out the back door and in Trebor's back door. Duffy had no idea they were playing next door—Trebor assumed that they had quit Duffy's.

In the midst of an imitation of Harrigan & Hart singing The Market on Saturday Night, and made up as two market women in clothes lent them by Mrs. Duffy, that lady's husband found them performing for his enemy. Someone had told Duffy, and he came down the aisle swinging a rawhide. The song never was finished. Joe and Lew made for the surf; wading out until each comber submerged them, and breathing between waves. Duffy turned back and tried to use the whip on Trebor. The contest was undecisive, but Weber and Fields were seen exclusively thereafter at Duffy's.

Judge Gerry Investigates

Duffy's place was built on stilts over the beach, and in their off moments the boys played in the sand underneath. The floor behind the bar was slatted as a drain for water and beer slops. As the two were throwing up the ramparts of a sand fort one night they caught the flash of a silver coin dropping through the slats. As they watched, another coin fell. A little heap of halves, quarters and dimes lay in the sand, and grew slowly. Looking up through the slats, they saw the cashier directly overhead. Before closing time there was five dollars in the pile. The sum was not guesswork. The boys had counted it—and pocketed it. From a hiding place later they saw the cashier scratching perplexedly in the sand. Talking it over in bed that night, they decided to tell Duffy on the morrow.

"Keep it for being honest," Duffy growled. "I'll take five dollars out of that cashier's hide, anyway."

There were laws in New York governing the appearance of children under sixteen on the stage. The state left their enforcement very largely to the semiofficial activities of Elbridge T. Gerry and his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Sooner or later, Masters Weber and Fields were certain to run afoul of the S. P. C. C. It came in their eleventh year.

Summoned before Judge Gerry, the senior Weber appeared with a Hebrew volume in which he said he had recorded the birth dates of all his children. He began reading from the right-hand corner of the page in Hebrew fashion, and came to a line which, he avowed, proved his Joseph to be sixteen years old last passover. Gerry adjusted his spectacles and scanned the unintelligible passage, and having a sense of humor, he dismissed Weber.

But Fields' mother was without guile. Confused and frightened in the magisterial presence, she admitted that her Lew was but eleven. Lew was officially denied the freedom of the New York stage; and, without his partner, Joe was estopped as effectually as if Elbridge T. Gerry had read Hebrew as readily as English.

When a New Yorker collides with the law he turns first to political influence. This phenomenon, it is understood, has been observed in forty-seven other states. Lew's father had a cousin who was a lawyer; and lawyers, as everyone knew, all were mixed up in politics. On being consulted, the lawyer cousin thought that, for a five-dollar fee, he could get a special dispensation from Mayor Grace. So the Webers and the Schanfields were mustered before his honor. That bluff old steamship magnate was moved at the spectacle of two beggared families denied the support of these sturdy sons, and signed a limited permit entitling Lew and Joe to sing one song three times a day at Worth's Museum on the Bowery at Hester Street.

When the lawyer cousin called for his five dollars the senior Fields protested that his son was earning only five dollars a week on the limited permit given him, that only an unlimited license was worth five dollars, and offered to compromise on two dollars paid in two weekly installments. The lawyer talked about suing.

"Would you, then, have his honor the mayor know how you lied?" Fields, Sr., asked. There was no suit.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Isman and Mr. Stout. The next will appear in an early issue

The HIDDEN ENEMY

THERE is a heartbreak in the wreck of a fine old home. That a thing so intimate and personal, so vital a part of family life, should be allowed to disintegrate and decay is more than regrettable it carries the sting of pain.

Something more malicious than age warped and blackened the gracious, slender columns, ruined the delicate fan-lights, broke the fine flutings and moldings of the woodwork. What is it, this active agent of destruction, that spares neither a man's house nor the man himself? . . . It is neglect.

And yet people fight neglect to-day as never before. Men are at work everywhere to check this hidden enemy that destroys health as well as homes, beauty as well as tradition. And among the foremost of these fighters for conservation are the Dentists, who work unceasingly against the ravages of neglect for the greatest prize of all—health.

The value and amount of protective work done by dentists is incalculable. The Life Extension Institute of New York, an institute which examines thousands of patients each month, finds infection of the teeth and mouth to be among its most important problems. Its reports show that in a series of 1800 X-ray pictures of teeth, 62 per cent of the individuals examined had root infections, and that such root infections are capable of causing organic difficulties, arterial degeneration and other ill effects.

With these significant findings to warn you, let your dentist help you to avoid the penalties of neglect and prevent the ravages of carelessness. Let him help you to preserve your health. Make use of his knowledge and experience. Allow him to use his long training in advanced and scientific methods to promote the physical and mental well-being which is your rightful inheritance.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858

One true ally of the dental profession in its unceasing effort to protect and preserve health is SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM, *made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Between visits to your dentist, at your home, in your office, keep your teeth and mouth clean with this scientific preparation. The use of Squibb's Dental Cream promotes good health by preventing Acid Decay and by resisting infection at the vital point where teeth and gums meet . . . The Danger Line*

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THE THIRD CASKET

(Continued from Page 9)

"Listen, Rip," said Lola on a sudden impulse. "After you finish up at the office this afternoon you meet me and we'll fix up something together."

He met her, as she suggested, at five o'clock, but the melancholy had deepened in his dark eyes.

"They wouldn't let me in," he said. "I met your father in there, and he told me I had to find some way to amuse myself or I'd be just a bored old man like him."

"Never mind. We'll go to a show," she said consolingly; "and after that we'll run up on some roof and dance."

It was the first of a week of evenings they spent together. Sometimes they went to the theater, sometimes to a cabaret; once they spent most of an afternoon strolling in Central Park. But she saw that from having been the most light-hearted and gay of the three young men, he was now the most moody and depressed. Everything whispered to him of the work he was missing

Even when they danced at teatime, the click of bracelets on a hundred women's arms only reminded him of the busy office sound on Monday morning. He seemed incapable of inaction.

"This is mighty sweet of you," he said to her one afternoon, "and if it was after business hours I can't tell you how I'd enjoy it. But my mind is on all the things I ought to be doing. I'm—I'm right sad."

He saw then that he had hurt her, that by his frankness he had rejected all she was trying to do for him. But he was incapable of feeling differently.

"Lola, I'm mighty sorry," he said softly, "and maybe some day it'll be after hours again, and I can come to you ——"

"I won't be interested," she said coldly. "And I see I was foolish ever to be interested at all."

He was standing beside her car when this conversation took place, and before he could reply she had thrown it into gear and started away.

He stood there looking after her sadly, thinking that perhaps he would never see her any more and that she would remember him always as ungrateful and unkind. But there was nothing he could have said. Something dynamic in him was incapable of any except a well-earned rest.

"If it was only after hours," he muttered to himself as he walked slowly away. "If it was only after hours."

III

AT TEN O'CLOCK on the morning of August first a tall, bronzed young man presented himself at the office of Cyrus Girard, Inc., and sent in his card to the president. Less than five minutes later another young man arrived, less blatantly healthy, perhaps, but with the light of triumphant achievement blazing in his eyes. Word came out through the palpitating inner door that they were both to wait.

"Well, Parrish," said Van Buren condescendingly, "how did you like Niagara Falls?"

"I couldn't tell you," answered Parrish haughtily. "You can determine that on your honeymoon."

"My honeymoon!" Van Buren started. "How—what made you think I was contemplating a honeymoon?"

"I merely meant that when you do contemplate it you will probably choose Niagara Falls."

They sat for a few minutes in stony silence.

"I suppose," remarked Parrish coolly, "that you've been making a serious study of the deserving poor."

"On the contrary, I have done nothing of the kind." Van Buren looked at his watch. "I'm afraid that our competitor with the rakish name is going to be late. The time set was 10:30; it now lacks three minutes of the half hour."

The private door opened, and at a command from the frantic secretary they both arose eagerly and went inside. Cyrus Girard was standing behind his desk waiting for them, watch in hand.

"Hello!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Where's Jones?"

Parrish and Van Buren exchanged a smile. If Jones were snagged somewhere so much the better.

"I beg your pardon, sir," spoke up the secretary, who had been lingering near the door; "Mr. Jones is in Chicago."

"What's he doing there?" demanded Cyrus Girard in astonishment.

"He went out to handle the matter of those silver shipments. There wasn't anyone else who knew much about it, and Mr. Galt thought ——"

"Never mind what Mr. Galt thought," broke in Girard impatiently. "Mr. Jones is no longer employed by this concern. When he gets back from Chicago pay him off and let him go." He nodded curtly. "That's all."

The secretary bowed and went out. Girard turned to Parrish and Van Buren with an angry light in his eyes.

"Well, that finishes him," he said determinedly. "Any young man who won't even attempt to obey my orders doesn't deserve a good chance." He sat down and began drumming with his fingers on the arm of his chair.

"All right, Parrish, let's hear what you've been doing with your leisure hours."

Parrish smiled ingratiatingly.

"Mr. Girard," he began, "I've had a bully time. I've been traveling."

"Traveling where? The Adirondacks? Canada?"

"No, sir. I've been to Europe."

Cyrus Girard sat up.

"I spent five days going over and five days coming back. That left me two days in London and a run over to Paris by aëroplane to spend the night. I saw Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London and the Louvre, and spent an afternoon at Versailles. On the boat I kept in wonderful condition—swam, played deck tennis, walked five miles every day, met some interesting people and found time to read. I came back after the greatest two weeks of my life, feeling fine and knowing more about my own country since I had something to compare it with. That, sir, is how I spent my leisure time and that's how I intend to spend my leisure time after I'm retired."

Girard leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

"Well, Parrish, that isn't half bad," he said. "I don't know but what the idea appeals to me—take a run over there for the sea voyage and a glimpse of the London Stock Ex—— I mean the Tower of London. Yes, sir, you've put an idea in my head." He turned to the other young man, who during this recital had been shifting uneasily in his chair. "Now, Van Buren, let's hear how you took your ease."

"I thought over the travel idea," burst out Van Buren excitedly, "and I decided against it. A man of sixty doesn't want to spend his time running back and forth between the capitals of Europe. It might fill up a year or so, but that's all. No, sir, the main thing is to have some strong interest—and especially one that'll be for the public good, because when a man gets along in years he wants to feel that he's leaving the world better for having lived in it. So I worked out a plan—it's for a historical and archæological endowment center, a thing that'd change the whole face of public education, a thing that any man would be interested in giving his time and money to. I've spent my whole two weeks working out the plan in detail, and let me tell you it'd be nothing but play work—just suited to the last years of an active man's life. It's been fascinating, Mr. Girard. I've learned more from doing it than I ever knew before—and I don't think I ever had a happier two weeks in my life."

When he had finished, Cyrus Girard nodded his head up and down many times in an approving and yet somehow dissatisfied way.

"Found an institute, eh?" he muttered aloud. "Well, I've always thought that maybe I'd do that some day—but I never figured on running it myself. My talents aren't much in that line. Still, it's certainly worth thinking over."

He got restlessly to his feet and began walking up and down the carpet, the dissatisfied expression deepening on his face. Several times he took out his watch and looked at it as if hoping that perhaps Jones had not gone to Chicago after all, but would appear in a few moments with a plan nearer his heart.

"What's the matter with me?" he said to himself unhappily. "When I say a thing I'm used to going through with it. I must be getting old."

Try as he might, however, he found himself unable to decide. Several times he stopped in his walk and fixed his glance first on one and then on the other of the two young men, trying to pick out some attractive characteristic to which he could cling and make his choice. But after several of these glances their faces seemed to blur together and he couldn't tell one from the other. They were twins who had told him the same story—of carrying the stock exchange by aeroplane to London and making it into a moving-picture show.

"I'm sorry, boys," he said haltingly. "I promised I'd decide this morning, and I will, but it means a whole lot to me and you'll have to give me a little time."

They both nodded, fixing their glances on the carpet to avoid encountering his distraught eyes.

Suddenly he stopped by the table and picking up the telephone called the general manager's office.

"Say, Galt," he shouted into the mouthpiece, "you sure you sent Jones to Chicago?"

"Positive," said a voice on the other end. "He came in here couple of days ago and said he was half crazy for something to do. I told him it was against orders, but he said he was out of the competition anyhow—and we needed somebody who was competent to handle that silver. So I ——"

"Well, you shouldn't have done it, see? I wanted to talk to him about something, and you shouldn't have done it."

Clack! He hung up the receiver and resumed his endless pacing up and down the floor. Confound Jones, he thought. Most ungrateful thing he ever heard of after he'd gone to all this trouble for his father's sake. Outrageous! His mind went off on a tangent and he began to wonder whether Jones would handle that business out in Chicago. It was a complicated situation but then, Jones was a trustworthy fellow. They were all trustworthy fellows. That was the whole trouble.

Again he picked up the telephone. He would call Lola; he felt vaguely that if she wanted to she could help him. The personal element had eluded him here; her opinion would be better than his own

"I have to ask your pardon, boys," he said unhappily; "I didn't mean there to be all this fuss and delay. But it almost breaks my heart when I think of handing this shop over to anybody at all, and when I try to decide, it all gets dark in my mind." He hesitated. "Have either one of you asked my daughter to marry him?"

"I did," said Parrish; "three weeks ago."

"So did I," confessed Van Buren; "and I still have hopes that she'll change her mind."

Girard wondered if Jones had asked her also. Probably not; he never did anything he was expected to do. He even had the wrong name.

The phone in his hand rang shrilly and with an automatic gesture he picked up the receiver.

"Chicago calling, Mr. Girard."

"I don't want to talk to anybody."

"It's personal. It's Mr. Jones."

"All right," he said, his eyes narrowing. "Put him on."

A series of clicks—then Jones' faintly Southern voice over the wire.

"Mr. Girard?"

"Yeah."

"I've been trying to get you since ten o'clock in order to apologize."

"I should think you would!" exploded Girard. "Maybe you know you're fired."

"I knew I would be," said Jones gloomily. "I guess I must be pretty dumb, Mr. Girard, but I'll tell you the truth—I can't have a good time when I quit work."

"Of course you can't!" snapped Girard. "Nobody can ——" He corrected himself. "What I mean is, it isn't an easy matter."

There was a pause at the other end of the line.

"That's exactly the way I feel," came Jones' voice regretfully. "I guess we understand each other, and there's no use my saying any more."

"What do you mean—we understand each other?" shouted Girard. "That's an impertinent remark, young man. We don't understand each other at all."

"That's what I meant," amended Jones; "I don't understand you and you don't understand me. I don't want to quit working, and you—you do."

"Me quit work!" cried Girard, his face reddening. "Say, what are you talking about? Did you say I wanted to quit work?" He shook the telephone up and down violently. "Don't talk back to me, young man! Don't tell me I want to quit! Why why, I'm not going to quit work at all! Do you hear that? I'm not going to quit work at all!"

The transmitter slipped from his grasp and bounced from the table to the floor. In a minute he was on his knees, groping for it wildly.

"Hello!" he cried. "Hello—hello! Say, get Chicago back! I wasn't through!"

The two young men were on their feet. He hung up the receiver and turned to them, his voice husky with emotion.

"I've been an idiot," he said brokenly. "Quit work at sixty! Why—I must have been an idiot! I'm a young man still—I've got twenty good years in front of me! I'd like to see anybody send me home to die!"

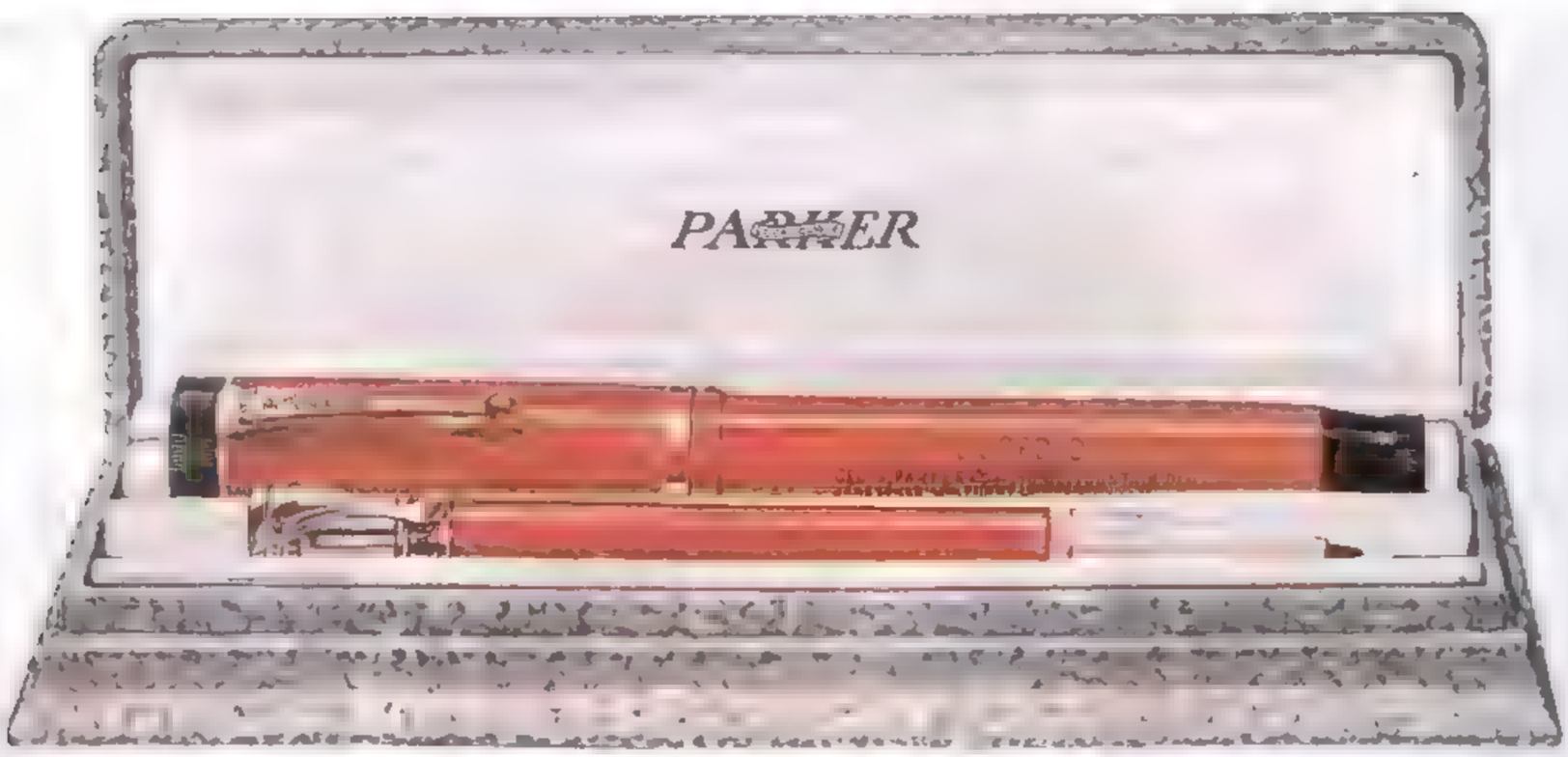
The phone rang again and he took up the receiver with fire blazing in his eyes.

"Is this Jones? No, I want Mr. Jones; Rip Jones. He's—he's my partner." There was a pause. "No, Chicago, that must be another party. I don't know any Mrs. Jones—I want Mr. ——"

He broke off and the expression on his face changed slowly. When he spoke again his husky voice had grown suddenly quiet.

"Why—why, Lola ——"

Indian Totem Pole at Kitwanga, on the Skeena River, British Columbia



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in satin-lined Gift Case De Luxe

Handsomer Than Gold—Mightier Than the Sword

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And you—for a twofold reason—you can win their undying affection by sending them this beautiful new Parker Duofold Duette:

First, because of the depth of sentiment they attach to this occasion;

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This classic Duofold Duette is the newest of Gifts—this Graduation is its first. And it is beautifully prepared for giving—the black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold or Lady Duofold Pen and the Duofold Pencil to match, nestling in a satin-lined Gift Case de luxe, for which no extra charge.

These mated Duofolds are built and finished with Jeweler's precision—the pen with the super-smooth Point that is guaranteed 25 years for mechanical perfection and wear—the pencil with Non-clog Propeller that turns the lead both OUT and IN. New lead is inserted at the writing point—no need to remove interior mechanism for filling.

Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils can be bought singly, or in Duette Sets—Black-tipped Lacquer-red, or plain Black—both Gold trimmed. With the Sets we include the handsome Gift Case free.

Few higher priced gifts can stir as happy a tumult in the hearts of the Graduates. For instance, when 17 college professors asked their students, "What pen will you buy next?" nearly twice the number that named any other answered, "Parker!" Again, when 34 newspapers put this identical question to 2024 people, more named the Parker than any other make.

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Please send me the Duofold models checked below with pen point checked. I will pay the postman on arrival and you agree to refund my money if I return the Duofolds within 10 days. The dealer named below did not have the models I wanted. (If both Pen and Pencil are ordered Gift Box will be included free.)

☐ Lady Duofold $5 ○ Fine Point
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Four Grades One Quality

TEXACO Motor Oils differ in body to meet the exacting requirements of every type of gasoline engine; but in *all four grades* light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy—there is but *one standard of quality: the highest.*

Ask for and get the grade of TEXACO Motor Oil designated for your car. It will keep your engine running with the smooth, ready action of the perfect power unit.

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One name for both oil and gasoline—TEXACO.

Run it with TEXACO Gasoline—Save it with TEXACO Motor Oil.

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A cave in the rocks, hollowed by the drip, drip, drip of water for ages, was man's first home—the damp stone ceiling, his first roof.

Countless centuries passed—centuries of progress in building better, safer, more-comfortable homes. Then came the absolute comfort and security of Genasco Latite Shingles, the storm-tight, fire-safe roofing.

The weather can't budge Genasco Latite Shingles. A patented "key" device—invisible on the completed roof—locks each shingle to those underneath. No curling—no bulging—no ripping off by wind.

Equally important—*they keep your home cooler in summer and warmer in winter.* That's because they're made of Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement, a nature-made insulating, as well as waterproofing, material.

Genasco Latite Shingles are beautiful in coloring—artistic in shape—economical in cost. And they can be laid right over your old, worn-out, weather-battered wooden shingles just as easily as over new boards. Write for illustrated booklets.

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Front View
Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key" that locks them firmly and flatly against the roof deck.
Back View
See This Key

Genasco Latite shingles

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

I think over thees verra, verra careful. I no laka to geeva to Domineek one half a my thous' and I no lak a to geeva to heem one half a my meelion, but eef I no can maka thees mon' weethout I hava hees greata seecret, eet ees better eef I agree, so I say "Alla right, tella me, an' I geeva whatta you say."

"Now leesten verra careful," he tella me. "Before you starta to fight, da referee hava to maka da introduce, an then you hava to shaka da han' weeth thees Jacka da Demps'. Verra well, so soon as you toucha hees han', draw backa da feest an' slam a heem on a da jaw weeth all a da mus' whatta you got," he say, "whila hees han's steel hangu down, an' before he knows whatta you are uppa to. Then you weel knocka heem cold, because," he say, "you hava een your feest a kick laka da mule, an when you landa on a da jaw of anybod', he weel a go down an' stay down," he say.

Thees leestens gooda to me, an' hava to laugh to myself when I theenk how easy eet will a be, so I say, "Alla right, I gotta you, Domineek. I weel flatten heem outa before he weel a know thatta the fight hava begeen."

Well, at a last the beega night hava coom an' I am een a da reeng weeth Jacka da Demps'. Da referee maka da introduce an' Meesta da Demps' walka up an' giva to me hees a han'. I toucha eet verra polite, an' then queek as a da lightaneeng I driva at hees cheen weeth all a da mus' whatta I got. Theesa blow should have enda da fight, but theesa Meesta da Demps' he do not fight fair. When my feest reach a da place where hees cheen hava been, eet is no there. Queek, lika da snake, he tweest hees head to one a side, so I mees heem. Then, whatta you theenk, before I can getta set once a more, he tappa me on my owna cheen. Eet does not look like da harda blow, only littla poke, abouta seexa eench, but eet feel lika I am a heet weeth a sledge a da ham' an' I know notheeng more unteel I am seeting in my chair weeth Domineek pouring moocha da water on a my head.

"Ees a da fight over?" I say.

"There was a no fight," says Domineek. "Meester da Demps' poka hees feenger atta you an' you lay down an' go a to sleep," he say.

"Thatta," I say to heem, "weel be abouta all from a you. I may notta be able to leek thees Jacka da Demps', but I can leek a you weetha one a da han' behinda my back," I say, "an' I weel be glada to prove eet," I say. So he verra glad to close a hees trap an' helpa me eento my clothes an' backa to my homa.

But alla da sama, I steel theenk I can leek thees Jacka da Demps' eef only he weel holda hees a head steel.

C. A. Moreno.

Waste!

A Talk on the Utilization of Wives and By-Products

GENTLEMEN: When I was asked to address the Safety-Razor-Blade-Sharpening-Device Distributors Convention, my first impulse was to refuse. I felt that you would be having such a jolly time that you would not want to hear one of my poor speeches. [Pause; cries of "No, no!" "Yes, yes!"] But when I had talked it over with that prince of good fellows, your Toastmaster, who has just introduced me with his laughable story about the Irishman's pig, I felt that it was my duty to address you upon a subject which is of prime importance to every member of the Safety-Razor-Blade-Sharpening-Device Distributors Association; nay, to every husband and householder in America today.

Let me tell you of a little experience which actually happened to me. About a year ago I chanced to wash my hands. [Laughter.] It was in the washroom of this very hotel. And as I washed my hands I happened to notice the porcelain-topped plunger between the hot and cold water faucets. On this plunger appeared in large black letters this one word: WASTE!

The word struck me with the force of a revelation. I walked out of the washroom as in a dream, oblivious of the official who attempted to brush me off. "Here," I said, "is the clew to the defects in our management of our businesses and homes: Waste! What avails it that the resources of Nature, whether hot or cold, are ours for the turning of a handle, if they be allowed to flow away forever down the drain pipe of Oblivion, by the mere pushing of the plunger, Waste!"

It has been well said that a European family could live for a week on what an American family throws away in a day. Some friends of mine will often throw away desserts without even touching them, or at most only taking a bite or two. Now if a family of hardy Bulgarian peasants had those desserts would they throw them away? No, they would live on them for a week, or would use them for fuel or fertilizer or some other useful purpose.

Who has not traveled through Europe and observed the Europeans picking up twigs by the roadside, cigarette ends from the gutters, and cabbages from passing cabbage carts? Who has not contemplated the women pitching hay and cutting and stacking wheat? Nothing is wasted; not even the women.

But we have lost our old habits of thrift and economy. Today our housewives go to the store and buy soap for eight or nine or even ten cents a cake. Do they not know that by saving wood ashes and bacon grease they could make their own soap, with only a few hours labor, at a cost of seven cents a cake? Not such very good soap, perhaps, but plenty good enough.

I never throw away an old shaving-cream tube without a pang. I have long thought that these valuable tubes could be used for something. I have now worked out a contrivance, to retail at about ten dollars, which will clean out the interiors and refill them. The tubes can then be tastefully decorated and used at formal dinners as individual mayonnaise squirts.

Old derby hats should not be thrown away; they can be set up in the garden and used as bird houses. Pipe cleaners can be scraped and used by the womenfolks as hairpins. When your wife cooks vegetables do not let her pour off the water, full of iron and valuable minerals, down the drain pipe; make her drink it. When you take an old house dog to be chloroformed, do not let the veterinary keep him; make him into mittens for the children. Do not let your wife waste paper by using fresh sheets for her correspondence. Bring home old business letters from the office and let her write on the backs. Better still, do not let her write any letters.

Make Thrift a game! Let every member of the family reckon up at dinner how much he has saved in little ways during the day. Offer a prize for the one who saves the most during the year. Any inexpensive little thing would do, as a carpet beater or an ash sifter.

If that European family I just spoke of could live on what the average American family throws away, my family could live on what that European family would throw away.

And so, gentlemen, to sum up, let us return to the good old principles of thrift; so shall streams of Prosperity flow forth from the spigots of Plenty; and if, firm and steadfast, we pull not out the plug of Waste, then shall the abundant waters overflow upon us and upon all about us, and even, like an unsought dew from heaven, upon those beneath us!

—Morris Bishop.

"What's the Idea o' Sittin' in There?" Juvenile Voice: "Ain't a Guy Got a Right to be Alone by Hisself Once in a While?"

Homesick

I'VE lived abroad for quite a while,
Some thirty years or more;
I know the lotus-blooming Nile,
I've strolled by Tiber's shore.
I'm weary of the weird old Sphinx,
And Tutenkhamun's tomb;
I want to see some bobolinks,
And goldenrods in bloom

Some love the soft, melodious tongue
When the Italians speak;
By others are the praises sung
Of Spanish, French or Greek;
But I've an ache that's like a tooth,
A steady, growing pang
To hear the language of my youth
In good old nasal twang!

The bees still make on Grecian hills
The honey Venus ate,
And Hybla's busy swarm distills
A brew more delicate;
I envy not the ancient horde
Who gorged these classic eats -
Give me some maple sirup poured
Upon a stack of wheats!

The seven hills of ancient Rome
Appeal to me in vain;
I long to see my mother's home
Among the hills of Maine;
I'm tired of all this foreign bliss;
I'll trade the Grecian sky
And throw in the Acropolis
For a piece of punkin pie!

So I'll take ship and fare due west
Along Columbus' track,
Unto the land I love the best,
And never more come back.
I've seen, these many restless nights,
They beckon me by day,
The elfin, dancing harbor lights
Of New York, U. S. A.!

George Horton.

Essies of Johnny Wise, Jr.

Girls

GIRLS, or the oposite secks, as they are called, are hard to rite about, as they are never still long enough to rite about. Girls are more gentle than boys and you cannot fite them, only to say thare dress doesn't fit or to mock the way they walk. They will fite back by telling something on you that you never dreemed anyone knowed, and then the next time you meet them you are very polight. Girls are of the femail speechies and are the nashun's future mothers, ants and neeces, but think of thareselves mostly as future movy queans and preemadonnas. The best girls stay at hoam and help thare mothers and doan't powder and paint all the time, and they grow up to be respeckted old mades, wich is thare just reward.

Piruts

In the old days bold, feerce piruts romed the bounding mane and ware much feered by other folks who wanted to use the oshun. Among the most promanent ones were Lafit, Morgan and Kidd, who all oaned good routes. The pirut's flag was a skull and crossboans on black, wich is still being used on cockroach medisin bottles, so I guess some of the piruts started doing that when thare busness got on the blink. Piruts sumtimes carred off beautifull madens, wich was very foolish, as they ware a neusince and increesed expentces. We should hate piruts for thare croolty and not wish to be like them, but some things are impossible. It is not rong though to digg up a pirut's treasurer, wich I once did, only it was just Peck Stimmel's ol gray cat that he had burried in a tin box.

War

War is a terble thing and should seize as soon as possible. I hoap thare will be only one moar greate war and that it doan't come until I have grode up and become a genneral. Then I hope thare will be no moar wars. War is an outburst of hait betwean nashuns, and the shreeking shells and poison gass is a grand site. Wars ware first fought with speers and battering rams, but these animuls are now extinckt. Genneral Sherrmun said war is a hot proppasishun. Ma sentsured this. The keyser of Germine caused the greatest war and lost a good job, but afterwards rote a book wich he sold to Amerikins who hait him and he is now beyond want. Thare have been several other grate wars, but they are now oblivious as thare was no moving pickture mashines then, only the Amerrikan Revolushin, which has been preserved in picktures of Valley Foarge and Washington crossing the Dellawair. I must close as ma is coming and says the kind of war she is interested in just now is how I wore that big hole in the seat of my pants, wich is a sort of joak for everybuddy exsept me.

Goodloe H. Thomas.

A Jantzen keeps you warm

Splash! Dip! Swim! Here's health and fun!

And who's afraid of beach shivers when clad in a Jantzen—the comfortable, perfect-fitting suit that dries quickly and keeps its shape? In the water its Jantzen-stitch, that gives with the body, encourages you to put full energy into your strokes. On the beach, with tingling wind a-swooping down, its all-wool snugness keeps you warm.

Through tiny tunnels of the Jantzen-stitch, drops of water cascade out, leaving the body dry. Let the wind nip. You're protected! Jantzens are worn and endorsed by national and Olympic champions.

Your dealer has Jantzens for men, women and children in fashionable new 1924 colors. Ask him about the exclusive patented bow-trunk and non-rip crotch.

Select your suit early and make this a Jantzen summer. Style book and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric sent free upon request. Ask dealer for red diving girl windshield sticker, or send 4c for two.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

Jantzen
The Nation's Swimming Suit
THE SUIT THAT CHANGED BATHING TO SWIMMING

IT'S DIFFERENT NOW

(Continued from Page 13)

storm in it that makes your muscles ache. This Conrad, he's a man."

Yes, Holt Way knew what he was after, even if he couldn't say it. He usually got it too—until he came bang up against Ed King.

It was about moving pictures. Sounds innocent, doesn't it? Holt wanted to put in a movie show, it seems, just to have something to do evenings after the mill blew off. And Middlevale could have used a movie show. It was one dull place, I won't deny.

But Ed King put his foot flat down on the idea, and when Ed King put his foot down it stayed put. There had never been anything in Palka County but the King Lumber Company, and Ed King was it. He was the law. There was a sheriff, yes, and he was on Ed King's pay roll as quarter boss. It was his job to keep the negro quarters reasonably quiet; he would have felt bashful interfering with a white man. Ed King did that when necessary—with his ax handle.

You couldn't think of Ed King without his ax handle. Always the same old piece of hickory, worn slick at the top and battered at the bottom. It was his scepter and his walking stick and the only weapon he ever carried. It was plenty. He was a sun-dried, slack-boned old fellow, rather feeble to look at; but he could fly into a sort of womanish fury that had them all afraid of him—even Bud Puckett, his one-eyed woods boss, who came here from Morgan County because the last man he killed had too many kinfolks.

The only man who ever talked back to Ed King was young Holt Way; and he did it, as I was saying, once too often.

Holt had his heart set on this movie idea. But Ed King had heard they were dangerous; fire, you know. Fire is something to worry about in a sun-dried wooden town with a wooden mill and three million feet of sun-dried cypress.

Holt asked me to find out what the regular movies did about fire, and I did, and next trip I told him, not thinking a thing about it. You never know what's going to come of anything, do you?

He got right up—this was one night in the boarding house—and went over to Ed King's. It was four years before I knew just how it happened; it wasn't twenty minutes before he came back, staggering, with one arm broken and blood running down his face.

"Mac," he gasped, "haul me to a doctor, will you?"

And that was all he said. I hauled him to Tooke City, and he never opened his mouth even to groan when the car bounced. From the shape he was in, he couldn't have made any effort to defend himself against that ax handle, or to get away from it, either, though he was twice as strong as that old fool and four times as fast.

Why? I didn't feel like asking him. I saw his eyes.

Afterward I heard of him prize-fighting in Atlanta or Louisville or somewhere up there, but I never caught up with him. Then we got into the war and he went across to run a sawmill in France, and after that I lost track of him. Ed King never spoke of him again; just went poling around—this grim, slack-boned old fellow—with his ax handle, running the King Lumber Company and Palka County in his own grim royal way.

Then Ed King died. He had a wife somewhere, it seems, because I heard that she had sold the mill to this Hugh Palmer. And something had brought Holt Way to Middlevale again. A memory of home, perhaps. Not much of a memory, you'll say; but it was the only one he had.

III

IT WAS hard to know what to say to him, seeing him, remembering the last time I had seen him. So we stood and watched Beth Palmer go straight down the railroad to the negro quarters.

Outside our window the steam from the shotgun feed exhaust jetted through the roof, jetted and drifted, veiling and unveiling the straggling camp with that dazed look I was telling you about—half-dressed in paint and window screen, the storage yard all broken into ragged blocks. And of course I blundered into the very thing I meant to keep away from.

"There's been a change around the old place, huh?"

"Yeah," said Holt Way grimly. "How long do you give him?"

"Houseman?"

"Palmer—to go broke."

"Unless he's got money," I said, "he's broke now."

"Yeah," said Holt Way, watching Beth Palmer go into a shanty at the far end of the quarters. "And he's got it comin' to him. All he knows about lumber, his pa left him a clo'espin factory up in Michigan. And now look!"

"What ever got him into the cypress business?"

"His health," said Holt dryly. "He couldn't stand the cold up North. Old lady King was willin' to sell cheap, but at that he had to mortgage the mill and bond the timber till it cracks."

"You know," I said, "I never knew Ed King was married."

"Yeah," said Holt, and nothing more. He didn't want to talk about Ed King even now.

"You say Palmer's health is bad?"

He grinned with one side of his mouth; not with his eyes.

"He's a poor skinny little runt about six ax handles high, not an ounce over two hundred pounds."

"Oh," I said, "that kind? Sorry for himself?"

"That kind," said Holt. "Proud of himself too. Starts high-tonin' you the minute you come around him."

"His sister's a regular fellow," I said, "even if she does think the quarters is a menagerie."

"No," he said, defending her; "she's visitin' some bucks that got razored up the other night. A free-for-all down at Bud Puckett's crap game, and plenty of liquor. One of 'em in bad shape."

"Bud Puckett running a crap game now?"

"A crap game," he grunted, "with a little loggin' on the side—mighty little." He looked at me with that grim, ironic, one-sided grin. "Yeah, he's found out it ain't healthy to get wet, so he comes in every night now. That place he runs down in the quarters ain't so dry at that, from all I hear."

"How does Palmer feel about that?"

"I reckon he thinks Bud goes right to bed with his rheumatism. Palmer, he feels right sorry for Bud."

"Whose rheumatism?" I snorted. "Bud Puckett? That bird has been web-footed for twenty years!"

"Yeah. But him and Palmer, they decided it ain't healthy to sleep in the swamp, so now there ain't no—there isn't any logging done till the train gets there."

That would cut four hours off the long crew's working day. And that wasn't all. Palmer had fired Hardee, the quarter boss. Hardee had seemed as much a fixture as Ed King. He was the sheriff of Palka County—had been ever since I knew him; but Palmer fired him from his job as quarter boss.

He called Hardee on the carpet, it seems, about liquor in the quarters. Hardee tried to tell him that you couldn't keep them from getting some liquor; it was too easy to plant a still anywhere in the swamp. But Palmer couldn't see it. Rules were rules, and Hardee's job was to enforce them strictly.

"Son," said Clem Hardee, "you ain't talkin' to me!"

"I am not your son," said Palmer, polite and cool, "and I am talking to you. Moreover, I mean exactly what I say."

You see? They might as well have been talking different languages. Hardee thought Palmer was high-toning him, and that's one thing no Palka County cracker will stand. He told Palmer flatly where he could go, and Palmer fired him. What else could he do?

"So now," said Holt, telling me, "they get all the liquor they want. . . . I wish that girl would come out of there."

But everything looked quiet around the shack where she had gone in. I wondered why he was so much concerned.

The log train pulled in. I grinned to see the log crew swarming on it—coming in, wasting two hours at each end of the day. The rawboned figure of Bud Puckett swung down from the engine and then a tall stoop-shouldered fellow in a belted coat and high laced boots, like a picture of a woodsman in a book.

"That him?"

"That's him," said Holt. "I see he didn't get Bud stirred up none—any. Be out of logs by quarter time tomorrow."

But he had gauged the logs without attention. He was watching that shanty. The clean-muscled look of him reminded me, and I asked him how he had liked prize fighting.

"Oh, all right." But after a moment he looked at me and added, "There ain't nothin' in it."

"Except for the headliners?"

"Oh," he said, "I was doin' all right. I was gettin' good money. But, you know, there ain't—isn't anything in it." And he looked at me. He knew what he meant, but couldn't get it out; he never could, unless it was something familiar and definite like sawmilling. "You fight," he said, "and that's all right. You deal 'em and catch 'em, and if you're good enough you win; and for a minute you feel all set up. Then you cool off. Then you feel kind of ashamed. All you've done is whip some guy that ain't as good as you are, and all you get is a chance to fight another one."

"A better one," I argued. "That's what people pay their money for—to see which is the better man, to see how good you are."

"That's it," he said, nodding as if I had put it neatly. "That's it. There ain't—there's nothing in it."

Afterward I knew what he meant; not then. At the time I mostly noticed the way he kept correcting himself, and I didn't like it. It seemed too small a thing for him—this easy-voiced, easy-moving, powerful young fellow with those hot brown eyes of his—to be worrying about the way he talked.

He said he would check up his stock of saws for me and I went down to introduce myself to Palmer. I found him at the planing mill. For all his size, he looked surprisingly like his sister: blue-eyed and blond, with the same short nose and stubborn chin—only his chin didn't make you feel like laughing. It was too massive, and the set of his lips matched it. He certainly didn't look like an invalid; only tired.

He was very courteous. He had a deep, pleasant voice, and in spite of what I knew I liked him—at first, that is.

While we were standing there passing the time of day, Holt Way hurried down the storage yard, still buttoning his shirt.

Palmer lifted his brows and called out, "What's the row?"

"That's what I'm goin' to see," said Holt, and went.

"Your sister's down there," I said. "Let's drift along."

Palmer started so fast I almost had to run. There was quite a crowd of negroes in front of that shanty. It opened out to let Holt in and closed again behind him; but I was tall enough to see, and Palmer was taller. We heard a woman crying—wailing; making a song of it; you know how negroes do—the rest of them grunting or crooning in a sort of musical undertone, getting all worked up with grief. A fat old auntie shouted, "De Law-wd giveth and de Law-wd taketh a-way! Bressed be de name of de Lawd!" And they answered her like a glee club, "A-men!"

"Somebody's dead," I said.

"A man my woods foreman had to knife in self-defense."

We saw Beth Palmer crying too; very white she looked among those black and brown and yellow faces. She caught at Holt Way, clung to him, telling him; and he took her in his arms to comfort her. I remember yet the look of her bright hair against his shoulder. Gently he brought her out to us, murmuring to her, patting her shoulder, soothing her.

"Steady, honey. Don't take on that way."

She saw us and cried to her brother, "Hugh, he's dead! He died while I was talking to him!"

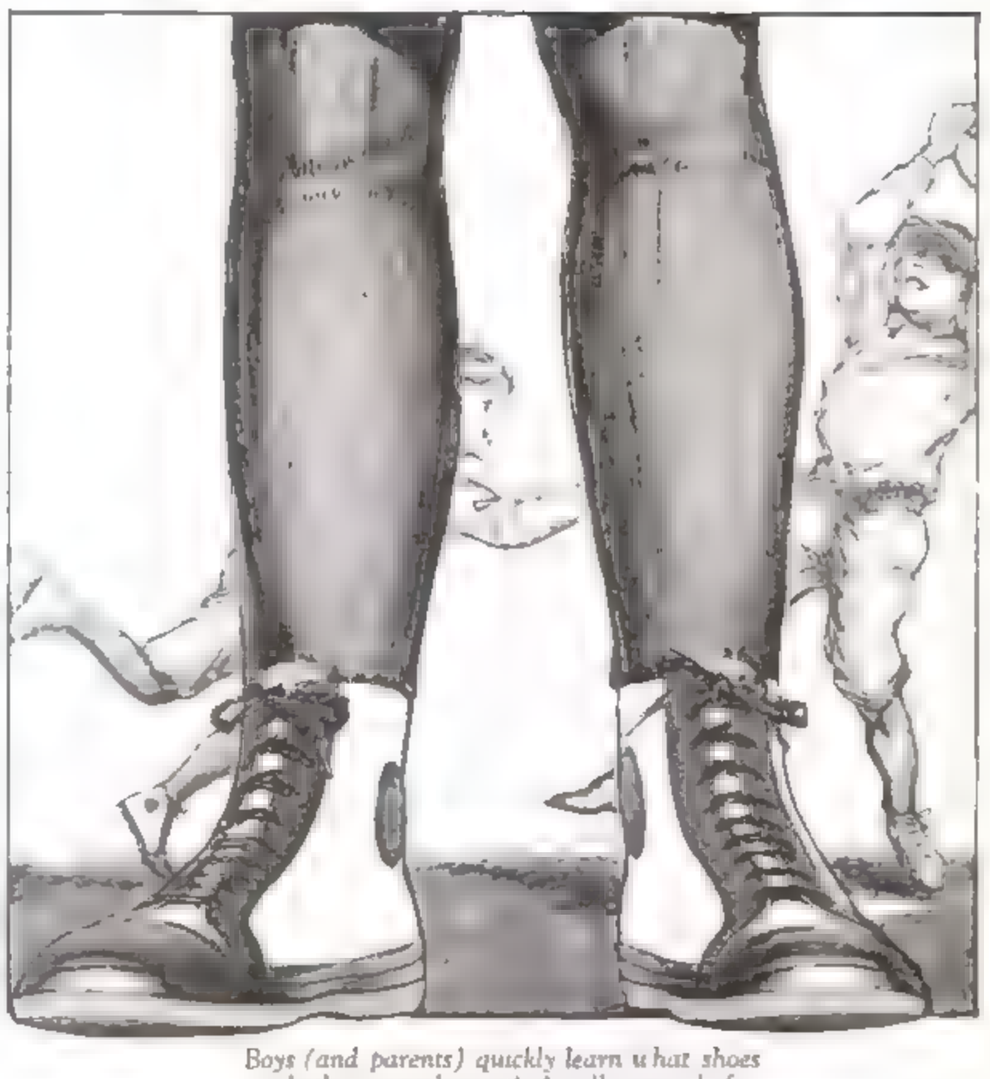
"I know," said Holt, soothing her. "It's tough to see a man die, even a nigger. But there ain't nothin' you can do about it. They'll take care of him. Please, girl, don't cry. You ——"

"The poor hurt thing, just looking at me, and then he simply wasn't there. His poor eyes still open, but he wasn't there. I never saw the life go out of eyes ——"

"Stop it!" said Holt Way, so that she choked off a sob in the middle. "Palmer, take her home."

(Continued on Page 86)

Worn by the leading tennis players in the country, Keds stand some of the hardest wear canvas rubber-soled shoes can get. The model shown above is the new Crepe Sole Oxford



Boys (and parents) quickly learn what shoes are built to wear longest! A million sturdy feet like these wear Keds today. The model shown above is one of the famous athletic-trim styles.

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LEADING athletes who demand the utmost of sports shoes—ground-grip, lightness, comfort, spring—

Millions of American boys who need a shoe not only ideal for sports—but built to stand the constant rough wear of vacation use—

Theirs are the feet that give sports shoes the hardest test. And theirs are the feet that have made the Keds reputation for longest wear.

Worn by the leading athletes and sportsmen everywhere—used by winners of 11 National Tennis Championships and 2 World Championships last year—Keds are the leading shoes for sports purposes today.

But they are more than that. Their unusual durability, their wonderful long-wearing quality, has made them the ideal summer footwear for the active feet of growing boys and girls throughout the country. They are especially built to stand the continual grinding wear—the games, hikes and camping trips of vacation time.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from $1.25 to $4.50. No matter what price or style of canvas rubber-soled shoes you want, *it will pay you to insist on Keds.*

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Every pair of Keds is built to give longer wear and better service. *And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it.*

If you want the standard shoes for sports of every kind—if you want shoes for a boy who seems to "go through" everything—if you want the longest-wearing quality your money can buy—look for the name Keds!

Information on games, woodcraft and dozens of other things boys are interested in, is in the 1924 Keds Hand-book for Boys; and vacation suggestions, sports, recipes, etc., are in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. R-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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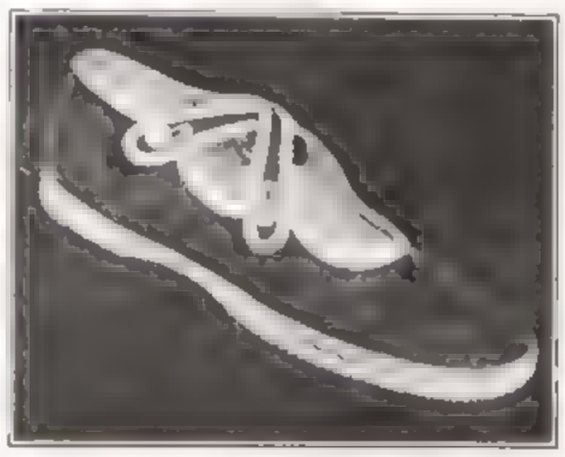

One of the many Keds models especially designed for children. Cool and comfortable, attractive in appearance and—like all Ked shoes—built to wear. Other Keds include attractive pumps and oxfords for street, home and all outdoor wear.

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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Continued from Page 84

Palmer had stopped in his tracks at sight of them. Well, they were something to look at, I won't deny. I saw a look in Holt Way's eyes—a look that I knew, yet couldn't put a name to.

"You oughtn't to let her run into things like this. The quarters ain't no place for a white woman by herself."

Palmer was smiling, a queer cold sort of smile. The tired lines cut deeper around his mouth and eyes. He spoke; I never heard anything colder or more deliberate in my life:

"Thank you, Way. You may go back to the filing room."

Beth Palmer's head went up. It came to me that there was nothing funny about her chin, small as it was.

"Hugh! You shall apologize for that!"

"Never mind, honey. . . . That's all right about the filin' room," Holt said quietly to Palmer. "Your saws are up. And you got a right to let your camp go all to pieces if you want to. It's yours. You bought it. But I'm tellin' you to use some sense about your sister."

"Indeed!" said Palmer. "Beth, go on home."

"Mac," said Holt, "you take her."

"I won't go! You shan't quarrel! Hugh! I knew you'd be like this; that's why I ——"

Somehow Holt's eyes propelled us all away from there. Oh, I trailed along. I couldn't stand there with those wailing darkies, could I, or crash off like an embarrassed fool into the storage yard? I had a vague notion, too, that somebody ought to look after Beth Palmer. You could feel trouble crackle between those two. Palmer, blond and big-boned and massive-jawed, polite in a queer cold way that took the skin off; Holt, dark and close-knit and easy on his feet, his brown eyes hot with wicked yellow fires.

"That's why I wouldn't let him tell you! I didn't want you to be worried while you had so much to worry you. I knew ——"

"On the principle," said Palmer, "that what I didn't know wouldn't hurt me? You have a strange conception of my feeling."

"Steady," said Holt Way quietly. "We all talk English here. Don't beat around the bush. How are you hurt?"

"Hurt," said Palmer with that queer icy smile, "is perhaps too strong a word. These things are rarely serious. Usually the man is a member of the more picturesque professions—a chauffeur, a prize fighter ——"

"Hugh!" cried the girl, but Holt Way stopped her.

"Wait, honey. Let him get it off his chest."

Very likely it sounded like a dare, and Palmer took it.

"You are a magnificent animal. I can see how a woman would be attracted to you. But you are illiterate; you are ignorant; you don't know who your father was, or if you had one. You ——"

"Sure you meant to say it just that way, Palmer?"

"For shame, Hugh! Please, Holt!"

"Do you?" said Palmer steadily, sticking to what he'd said.

"Take her away, Mac!" said Holt under his breath, and handed the girl almost bodily to me.

She flew at them; it was her own brother's arm that threw her back. I had to take her away by main strength. I knew what would happen, and it was over before we could get round the office.

Poor Palmer never had a chance. It must have felt to him like fighting a shadow full of dynamite. He was half a head taller than Holt Way, a good deal heavier; but he was slow. It looked furious while it lasted, but I doubt if Palmer landed even once. He went down and came up swinging; his jaw was durable. Holt swayed back just enough, stepped in and whipped up right and left to Palmer's chin. Palmer tried to guard his face and Holt ripped like a trip hammer into his middle. It was all over.

The girl broke loose and ran. Palmer sat up, head hanging. The girl cried out and tried to help him, but he pushed her away and got up like a drunk man, swaying.

Holt said, "Mac, for God's sake take her away!" and turned his back and strode off to the boarding house. And Palmer stood there, his heavy jaw sagging but his lips tight shut, a thin trickle of red at one corner of his mouth.

He didn't make a sound. He waved me off when I tried to help him; swayed forward and went stumbling round the office and down the plank walk to his house.

Men were still running from the mill. Like an echo I remembered voices shouting "Fight! Fight! Whoopee! Fight!"

It was all over, but they kept coming. The many-toned sounds of singing saws had melted into the voiceless hum of machinery running idle; the long-drawn mellow note of planers died away.

"Back on the job, men! Get back to your work!"

That was Mr. Houseman, with frantic gestures like a man herding chickens, waving his arms, pushing at shoulders. They grinned. There was grim satisfaction in it. Palmer had got what was coming to him—high-toning around!

"Any man not at his place in five minutes is discharged!"

"That's me!" said Ike Fullen. "You know more about a shingle mill than I do, anyhow. Go help yourself!"

"Go get your time! You're fired!"

"No!" said Ike in pained surprise. "You mean I'm on my own time now? Well, well!" He grinned, shaking a hand close by his ear, listening as to music. "What's this I hear? Bones, talk to me! Boys, fo' dollars is all I got, and fo' dollars says I know what these bones is got on 'em. Fo' dollars, men! Who says I don't?"

"Two of it here!" "And one!" "Fo' bits!" "Fo' mo'! You're faded! Roll them dominoes!"

The dice went clattering on the porch.

"Snake eyes, stay home! Box cars, don't bother me! Wham! And she reads a natural. Eight dollars beggin', and who fades me now?"

"You're fired! You're fired! Go get your time!"

"Two of it here," said the bookkeeper, standing in the door. "One left? I'll take it. Now you're faded; shoot!"

"Wham!" said Ike. "And snake eyes! Oh, my gosh! I felt it comin' on. Somebody loan me a quarter. Shoot it all!"

After a while the engineer walked over to the mill and blew the whistle just from force of habit. But there was nobody to quit work. Mr. Houseman had fired them all, individually and collectively. Sure; what else could he do?

IV

IT WAS all right for Ike; he was a single man. But some of those fellows had worked for Ed King when he put in his first little ground-hog mill in Palka County. They had raised families here. The women were not like some mill men's wives, hardened to skipping around from job to job. That was why the men had stayed with Palmer, even feeling the way they did. At first they were like kids let out of school they hated; but that night a blank and ugly note crept into the hilarity.

"Mac," said Holt Way, "it's wrong. It's wrong when a man can work like Ed King did to make a place, and a Yankee with nothin' but money can buy it and run it all to hell."

We sat by ourselves at the dark end of the boarding-house porch. Everybody else seemed to be on the move. Women drifted blankly in and out of the commissary; why should they buy provisions for tomorrow when tomorrow they would be gone? Men drifted by, heading for the quarters, down to Bud Puckett's crap game; there was nowhere else to go. Bed? Nothing to get up for in the morning.

"This was a good town once. Not much to look at, no. But Ed King was a man. He was a lumberman. Once a year that mill shut down for overhaulin', and the rest of the time it made lumber. You never saw it short-handed. You never saw it out of logs. You never saw a man dissatisfied—unless Ed King was after him."

He fell into silence, and I thought he was thinking of the time Ed King got after him with that ax handle. But he went on to talk, groping for words the way he did, with long pauses in between. Somebody whooped, a burlesque of the whoop a man gives when he is lost in the woods, and others answered.

"Trouble with Palmer," Holt said slowly, "was big ideas. He was goin' to make a million bucks clear the swamps and drain 'em and sell the land for farms. Yeah, he was lookin' clear over all our heads. He never saw what was in front of him, and he fell down.

"A rich man's son. He never had to fight like Ed King did. Good education; college man and all; nerve, too, but no sense to go with it. Proud in the head. Had somethin' here and never knew it, and now it's gone."

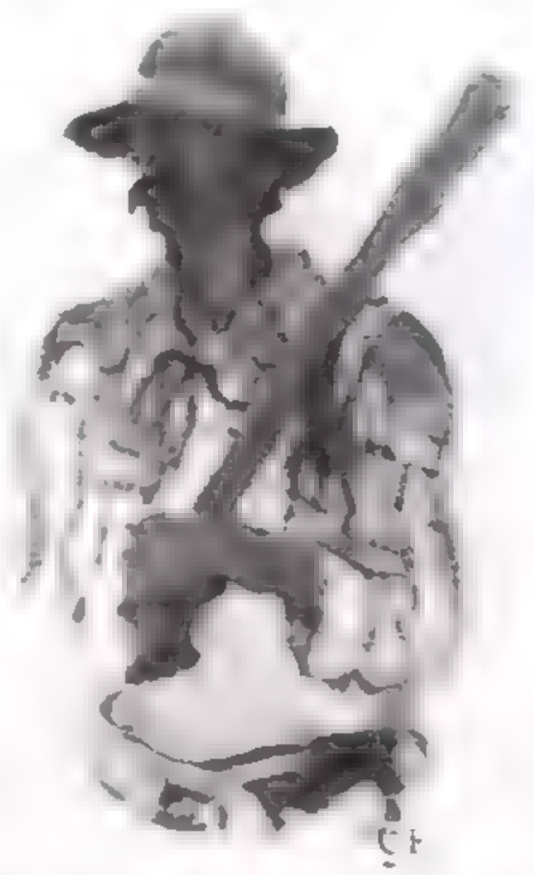
He struck a match and held it to his empty pipe. His eyes looked black; bunched muscles at the corners of his mouth threw shadows in his cheeks; his hand was shaking.

"His sister knew," he said. "Yeah, Beth, she knew. She liked the smell of fresh-cut lumber. She liked to come up in the filin' room and feel the mill alive under her. The power in it; the way it trembles and the way the saws ring, no two of 'em alike, up through the heavy noise of the machinery like a sym—— You know. A band."

"A symphony."

"Yeah. She knew. And all the places the lumber went to, and the folks that used it. That was it—to be doin' somethin' for somebody. You saw her—even a nigger."

He spoke always in the past tense. It was finished. Beth had to hate him for her brother's sake; he didn't blame her.



He Was a Sun-Dried, Slack-Boned Old Fellow, Rather Feeble to Look At

"We used to talk," he said wistfully. "She knew—more than you'd think a woman could."

He got abruptly up and went inside.

Now and then yells drifted up from the quarters. I wondered how the negroes felt about those white men raising Cain down there. The commissary closed. I was conscious of the silence; there was something wrong with it. You know how you keep listening for a sound you ought to hear? It makes something less than silence—worries you. It was the throbbing of the fire pump that I missed. There was nobody to keep up steam. It gives you a queer feeling to sit close to a mill and hear no pump at night—like when a man's heart stops and he is dead.

FIRE! That was the first thing that I thought of when a whistle woke me, screaming; but I bounced to the window and didn't see any sign of fire. Where was that whistle coming from, with the mill shut down?

People were trudging past, carrying bundles. A train, steam up and headlight burning, stood by the office, an engine and two box cars and the one shabby passenger coach Hugh Palmer owned. Hoo-oo! Hoo! No sense to it; just making noise. Going away now and going in style—hilariously. It made me sick somehow. I wished they would go on and stop that racket.

I tried to sleep. Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo-oo!

"Fire! Fire! Whoopee! Fire!"

This time I saw the glow of it, saw people running down the track. I guess we never get over the childish excitement of a fire; I could hardly get my clothes on. Running past Holt's door, I saw a crack of light and shouted to him to come on. He opened it. He was all dressed, and by the fog of tobacco I knew he hadn't been to bed.

"It's just Bud Puckett's place," he said.

"Yes," I chattered, "but if they don't get it out quick there won't be enough water to harness it. The pump is down. The whole camp'll go."

"It's already gone," he said harshly. "Her with it! Let it go!"

I ran on down the stairs and along the railroad; nearly everybody was there already. The second shanty had caught; heat drove us back across the railroad. I saw the dark skeleton of the first one before it crumbled into the glare. Little flowers of flame sailed up and up into the sky. One of them fell near me in the storage yard; instinctively I ran and stamped it out. Holt, coming listlessly along the railroad, saw me and grinned.

"Good boy, Mac. You're the only one that cares."

Well, Mr. Houseman cared. He raved, the coat tail of his pajamas flying wildly from his pants. Even the negroes watched him with stolid calm. They had carried out their few belongings, and now they simply waited for their shacks to burn. Theirs? No, Hugh Palmer's.

"Naw-suh. Not me."

Poor Mr. Houseman! His authority was gone. He had used up the only threat he knew.

A lumber pile began to burn, driving us out; we moved down the track and circled to the other side. Quite a group of men were there already, doing something.

"Step up, ladies and gents! It's free. It's all on me."

That was Bud Puckett, shouting. They had saved one of his barrels at least. On the ground by the barrel a blanket was spread, and in the light of the fire Bud's little game went on. Several little games in fact; but it was Bud who offered the real money.

"No limit, ladies and gents. Nobody barred. Five hundred, six hundred, all or any part; more if you ask for it. I'm hot! I'm poison! Look the bones over if you want; take 'em if you can git 'em. Watch yo' own stake. All down? She rolls!"

Maybe the dice were straight; I don't know. But that one-eyed hard-shell made pass after pass, until the stakes dropped off and nobody would cover his bets, before he lost and handed the dice along. Then he turned his attention to the barrel, urging everybody to step up and have one on him—on him, not with him. I guess he knew what was in that barrel.

He had a stack of money you couldn't have jammed into a hat.

"Step up, ladies and gents! Step up and shoot your wad and git away rich. You may never have another chance to shoot while a town is burnin' up. Let 'er go! Whoopee!"

"Bud," said Holt Way, "that don't seem hardly right."

"How come? What don't seem right?"

"Shootin' craps. Whoopin' and cuttin' up. I mean, while—while this is goin' on."

Bill Genevey, rattling the dice, thumped Holt's leg and yelled "Giddap! Git off! You're on the blanket." Holt didn't move.

"This ain't a picnic. It don't mean nothin' to us, maybe, but it's—it's hard luck for Palmer."

"What do you care?"

"I don't; not for Palmer. But ——" He stopped and cleared his throat; went on quietly, "It ain't nothin' to be funny about, boys. You know damn well we wouldn't act this way if Ed King was here. And it ain't funny."

How could he tell them what he meant? He tried. "Break up this game, boys. Stand up like men and—and watch."

"Have a drink," urged Bud. "Don't be so solemn. No? Well, git off that blanket."

"I'm askin' you. Break up this game."

Bud Puckett swept his arm to clear a space around him. He spoke through his teeth, and in his right hand appeared the weapon of the backwoods—a seven-inch jackknife that snapped and locked open with a flirt of his wrist.

"Git off that blanket!"

"Have it your way," said Holt, and stepped off the blanket; stooped and grabbed it with both hands and with one savage heave upset the men who stood on its edge; tore it and flung dice and money flying.

A dozen men were at him; Bud Puckett couldn't reach him for the mob; I saw Holt's back bow with the savage violence of the short-arm jolts with which he dropped them. In a way the advantage was his. He didn't care whom he hit.

Bud Puckett howled, "Lemme have him! I'll learn him, by ——"

Likely his knife pricked some of them; they gave him room fast enough. The crowd was all a-scramble, grabbing for money, pushing to see, open on Holt's side where the fire was hot.

(Continued on Page 91)

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Golf knickers, sport clothes, and boys' suits of Palm Beach Cloth are cool, good-looking, and durable.

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If the kitchen is cool, the hot days this summer won't worry her

The Florence Leveler

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The Big Burner

The gas-like flame in the large burners is close to the cooking and is easily regulated by the turn of a lever.

EVERY woman dreads to go into the kitchen when the weather gets hot—the old-fashioned stove often makes it almost unbearable.

But when she has a Florence Oil Range, the fire burns only while there is actual cooking going on. She does not light it till vegetables, meat, and dessert are all prepared; and she turns it out when they are cooked. The heat goes into the cooking, and the metal of the stove does not heat up like an old-fashioned range.

There is no coal or wood to carry. No soot and cinders to spoil your clothes or the kitchen's cleanliness. No fire to shake or ashes to be removed.

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The Florence Oven

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FLORENCE Oil Range

(Continued from Page 86)

Holt, backing away, shouted, "Mac, give me that gun!"

I didn't have one; never carried one. But it worked. Yes, and I defy any man not to fall into that trap if it's sprung quick enough. Bud's glance flicked toward me for the fraction of a second, and Holt had him by the wrist.

They were like cats, those two. Bud knew all the tricks of rough-and-tumble fighting—nothing barred. He caught one hand with the other to hold the knife and brace his wrist; butted Holt in the face, tried to stamp on his instep—you can cripple a man that way if you land squarely—tried to jam a knee into his groin, all in the space of a half second; threw himself back and rolled, hoping to come on top. They were up on their feet again before you knew they were down.

Nobody yelled. A fist fight is one thing, but seven inches of cold steel is something else. Sand muffled their feet; you couldn't hear a thing but the roar and crackle of the burning shacks. It looked like some fantastic, evil dance against the glare—locked for a minute, still; whirling into motion, surging, stamping, hands locked, waist high, between them. Neither of them dared loose a hand to strike.

Then Bud threw down his head to bite or butt, I don't know which. Holt's right hand snapped away and back, six inches maybe. It didn't look violent. It didn't look reasonable to see Bud slump to his knees and pitch forward on his face.

Holt whipped the knife into the fire and turned on us.

"Anybody else? Well, you bullies that thought a fire was funny, I'll give you a chance to laugh! Ed, you and Dave take three or four niggers and bring the hose and get water on that lumber. Don't waste a drop on these shacks; we only got what's in the tank. You, Ed Cross, and you, Dave Willetts! You hear me?"

They were staring at him, and he was something to stare at—panting, his black hair standing up, his face smeared with blood from his nose. He stepped toward them and they came to life.

"Hurry! Hurry!" wailed Mr. Houseman.

"Git to hell out of here!" said Holt Way. "Buck, you and Bill Coppock take some niggers and bring the skidder cable. Don't get excited and take an ax to it. Unbolt the clips. Joe, run tell Hendricks to uncouple and run that engine down here. And if he says it's hot, you tell him it's goin' to be hotter before we're through."

A true word, that. It was a furnace there between burning shacks and burning lumber; but Hendricks ran the engine through it, not once but four times. They hitched one end of the long steel cable to the engine and ran the other out between the shacks, and a hundred men grabbed on and heaved—mowed down the burning débris and flattened it and dragged it out of range.

The spirit of the fight was in them now. They yelled and swarmed at the stacks of lumber that had caught. The hose went flat, the tank was empty; but yelling men galloped from the log pond with buckets, barrels, tubs, anything that would hold water. They tore down the stacks and climbed on them and saved all but the outer parts. Water doesn't hurt cypress much, you know.

But fire hurts men. They were a scorched and blistered crew. You could hardly tell the white men from the negroes; only the negroes' teeth were whiter when they grinned.

Nobody noticed when the sun came up. I remember how funny Mr. Houseman looked when he came, neat and clean and brisk as ever, looking for Holt Way; there within ten feet of him and didn't know him.

"Here I am," said Holt, his hair and eyebrows singed, his clothes wet and torn, eyes red, face black with soot and mud.

"Mr. Palmer wishes to speak to you."

"If he can walk this far," said Holt wearily, "he can have his wish. I'll be right here."

"He isn't at all well. Won't you see him at the house?"

"Humph!" said Holt Way. "I reckon."

He found Palmer, it seems, propped up in bed on the screened porch. Palmer's white cleanliness must have seemed an added insult.

"You want to see me?"

"Come in," said Palmer in a breathless, wheezing voice. "Excuse me if I don't get up. Sit down."

"Got a cold, have you?" grunted Holt, not sitting down.

"Want to thank you," said Palmer. "Make you a proposition. Houseman says you can handle the men. He can't. Will you take job—as superintendent?"

"No," said Holt grimly; "I won't work for you."

"By the look of you, you have been working for me—pretty hard. I know what you did."

"Not for you," said Holt. "No, Palmer, not for you!"

Then it came on him all at once—weariness and rage and long repression, lifelong, almost, for lack of words to free the feeling in him; and his lips began to shake.

"For all of you, I would have let the town burn! But Ed King built it. It was all he knew. Oh, yes, you would have called him ignorant! He never went to school. He started without a nickel, and he built up this place that you've let run to hell. He was a fighter and he was a man. He never laid up on his back and let other men fight fire for him, no matter how he felt.

"The fire is out. I'm through. If you want your mill run, get up on your hind legs and run it!"

His voice had waked Beth Palmer from exhausted sleep. She came to the door in a kimono and saw him going out.

"Holt ——"

He couldn't speak. Dumbly he looked at her.

"You have the right to be angry with Hugh. But oh, Holt, we've had a—a terrible time! Helpless! The fire coming and—and I thought he was going to die. He had a frightful hemorrhage. His lung, you know. He oughtn't to have fought for anything. And he—he kept trying to get up. You don't know, Holt, you don't know. This night has been years long, and now you ——"

"Lung!" said Holt Way.

It hit him like a tree falling on him—the knowledge that he had hammered a sick man half to death. Palmer had certainly looked husky enough. He had thought Palmer was babying himself.

"Why didn't you tell me?" That was all he could say. "Why didn't you tell me what was the matter with you? Why didn't you?"

"People with bad lungs," said Palmer, "are rarely—proud of them. Forget it. Not your fault."

"But I wouldn't have hit you for a —— That fixes it!" said Holt somberly. "You win! I can't run out on you now. I'll stick. I ought to kill you for what you said, but I got to swallow it. I can't run out and leave you on your back."

"Kindly go to hell," said Palmer, weakly raging. "I didn't ask you for sympathy. Good-by!"

Beth Palmer laughed. Heartsick she must have been for both of them, and at the breaking point with weariness herself; but she found strength to laugh. She pulled Holt into a chair and washed his face for him, scolded them both and laughed at them—these two grown-up children—until she had them in a sheepish grin. And then she cried. You know how women do.

VI

HOLT came back to the boarding house and made a little speech, or as near a speech as I ever heard him make.

"We've been actin' like a bunch of mules," he said. "Trouble is, we ain't used to men like Palmer. We expect to be made to do what we're paid for, instead of just bein' told in a decent way. He treats us decent and we think he's easy."

"Feel different since you been promoted, huh?"

That was Bud Puckett, his jaw swollen and his one eye sullen and sardonic. In Holt's eyes the little yellow fires began to burn again, but he answered mildly.

"That's right, Bud. I ain't a mule. We been takin' Palmer's money without carin' what we gave him for it, and we just about broke him. It's different now. We got to lean up in the collar and pull him out of the hole."

"Do tell!" said Bud.

Holt looked at him. He didn't say "You're fired!" Just looked till Bud was all on edge, and then he spoke—with a sort of quiet that said more than his words.

"Yes, and you're the man that's goin' to do most of the pullin'. You can't run a sawmill without logs. Get your crew and climb on that log train and light out for the swamp. I want a load of logs in here by dark; I said logs, not saplin's, and I said a load. You've had a real nice time, Bud, the last few months. I'm tellin' you straight out—it's different now!"

What is the quality that men obey? Take old Ed King. Feeble he looked, and yet his will lived after him. A hard old man, yet he could hold men's loyalty, a different thing from paying for men's time. A hard old man; he had hard men to deal with.

Of course, it's different now! I was in Middlevale the other day, and it has changed. Hugh Palmer is getting on with his drainage ditches and his farms; the place begins to look more like its name, a peaceful town with farmers driving in. Holt Way was telling me about the new movie theater, and he told me something he didn't know he was telling me. Holt never had a father; well, Ed King never had a son. There was a wistful note in what Holt said about the movies.

"I bet the old man would feel different about it now," he said. "Yeah, I bet Beth could have talked him into it. She could have made him see what use it was; how movies can show you more things than any man lives long enough to see; like books; better than books, because some folks don't like to read.

"He had a hard life, the old man did. The woman he married—sawmilling wasn't good enough for her, but she was willing to take the money he got out of it. And all his life he worked with men that were a job to handle. That was what I couldn't understand. He told me he'd knock the tar out of me if I mentioned movies again, and he did. A long time I hated him for that."

He cocked a thoughtful eye at the twin plumes of steam that jetted—chuff! whee-ee-ee-eee chuff!—from the roof of the mill, feeding its stream of boards to the three million feet eternally drying in the storage yard.

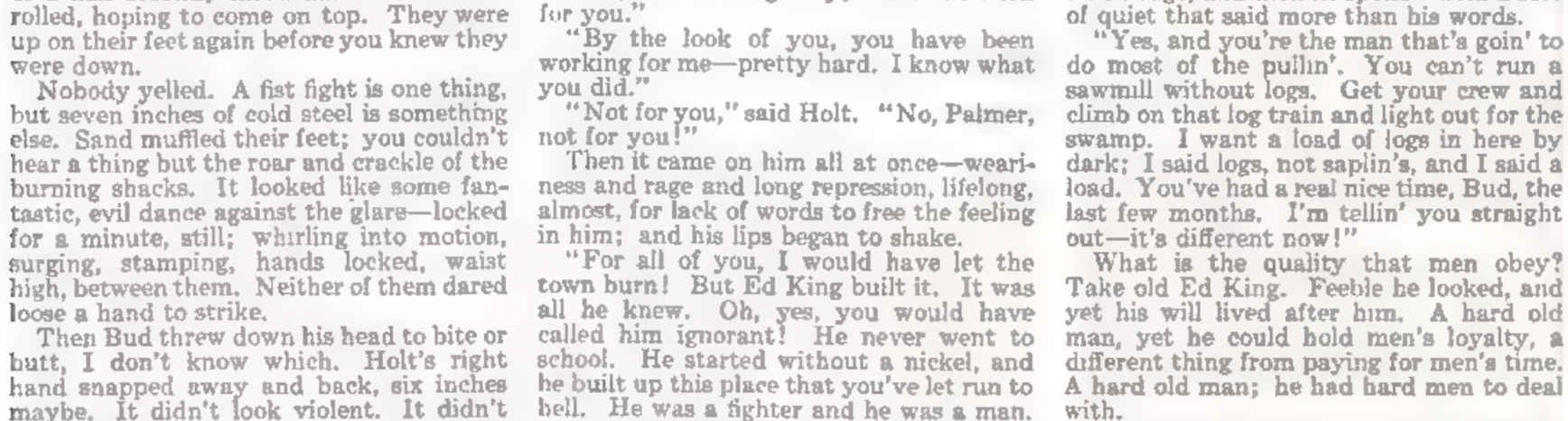
"This was a hard country in his time. You had to stay on top of men to handle them at all."

"You don't say!" I murmured. "But it's different now?"

"Well, now and then somebody gets bullheaded, but ——"

The noon whistle blew and we drifted to Holt's house. Palmer caught up with us, sunburned and hard, too busy to be careful about his manners; just grinned and waved his hand and hurried in to wash. Holt Way, Jr., staggered out and tackled his father by the leg. Beth sang out to us that it would be ready in a minute.

Holt absently picked up his son by the back of his rompers and held him, crowing and kicking, like a frog. Absently he glanced back down the street toward the mill, not smiling exactly, but serene and strong. And somehow, then, I knew what he had tried to tell me about fighting. Not for the sake of fighting; no, nor for money, nor for power in itself; something he knew yet couldn't put a name to. What is the phrase they use? "The king is dead." . . . How is it different now?



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A bulb for automotive use must withstand excessive vibration. It should be strong and sturdy: retain its candle power and possess long life.

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Each TUNG-SOL, whether it be a 21 c. p. headlamp, or a tiny bulb for the dash, is constructed with the same painstaking skill. That is why owners so highly regard TUNG-SOL. That is why the demand is constantly increasing. That is why dealers readily recommend TUNG-SOL to those who seek *better* automotive illumination.

TUNG-SOL

The Quality Bulb for Motor Cars

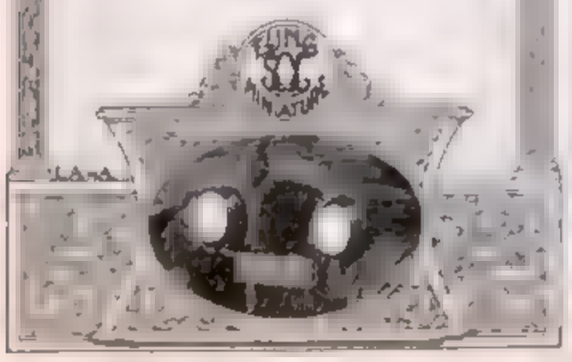
There is a TUNG-SOL for every automotive need—head-, side-, tail-, dash-lamps. And, the TUNG-SOL "Fixed-Focus" bulb with the filament *accurately* centered. When used with a reflector having a permanently "fixed" socket, the filament is exactly at focal center of the reflector.

Ask Your Dealer for TUNG-SOL Bulbs

"Let TUNG-SOL Light the Way"

MINIATURE INCANDESCENT LAMP CORPORATION
Newark, N. J.

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents



OUR AMERICAN INDIANS

(Continued from Page 27)

We have repeated evidence of attempts to despoil the Indian of his goods and chattels by conscienceless persons who still believe the Indian may be robbed with impunity.

In Minnesota, among the White Earth Chippewas, an old Indian, white haired and poorly clothed, was digging potatoes, when an Indian Office representative came along. The Indian tried to tell the white man something, but could not make himself understood until an interpreter was secured. The Indian official was then informed that the old man's wife had died about a year before. A white man, who knew the Indian, had come to him and insisted that the estate of the deceased wife would have to be probated and that he would give the matter the necessary attention for $800, but that it would not be necessary for the Indian to pay the actual cash—he could simply deed his eighty acres on the lake front. The old Indian asked the inspector if this were true. He was informed that the probate work could be done by the Interior Department at a cost of from fifteen to twenty-five dollars.

The Indian is not cheated by the whites alone, but by his educated brother also. Not long ago a shrewd mixed-blood Chippewa and an unrestricted Mille Lac Chippewa with his family drove up to the store of a trader who was also a notary public. The mixed-blood asked the trader to execute a deed from the Mille Lac Indian for land he had inherited at White Earth, which the trader properly refused to do, as the total consideration for eighty acres was only about $400. Besides, the Indian was getting no money. The owner admitted that the sharper had previously advanced him certain funds. Thereupon the party drove to another town a few miles away, where the deed was executed before a bank official. After the execution of the deed the mixed-blood drove away in his automobile, leaving the Mille Lac Indian and his family stranded with no funds and no means of returning to their home.

Fat Pickings for Lawyers

All states have properly set up legal enactments and courts for the conservation of the property of incompetents. Certain states have enacted legislation seeking to apply these judicial processes even to the restricted property of the Indian. Where such laws are operative and where the local courts have assumed jurisdiction, it has resulted in needless expense to the Indian, and often furnishes less protection than when the Government exercised exclusive control. In one town of 2000 population there are twenty-three lawyers who make their living out of Indian entanglements.

Complaints are too often made that conservators become converters to their own use, and that Indian estates are frequently dissipated by those charged under oath to deal justly with their wards.

Death and burial are expensive in at least one of our principal Indian states. The State Bar Association reports that it is not known why anyone should want to die in that state and leave property to be probated. The Indian Office has of record instances of exorbitant charges for funeral expenses approved by the probate court. Among the disbursements of one administrator was an item of $3,314.32 for funeral expenses, $2600 of this amount being for a casket.

One trader's bill carried a large number of items for tombstones at a high price. An inspector sent to investigate found the dooryard of the Indian's cabin filled with tombstones erected to the memory of his defunct friends, some of whom had died many years before. Inquiry developed that the Indian had been told it was the practice of his white brother to erect monuments, and that if he would purchase a number of them at one time and have the names of his friends cut thereon the gravestone cutter in the adjoining town would give him a job-lot price on the work.

The claim, of course, was disallowed by the Indian Bureau.

In six counties in Oklahoma within the limits of the Five Civilized Tribes it was found that in the administration of 2821 Indian cases the receipts aggregated $14,750,043.94, and the cost of administration, including fees, amounted to $2,002,385.37, or 13.57 per cent of the receipts. In contrast to this, the Interior Department in its exercise of exclusive jurisdiction in other Indian cases under the act of June 25, 1910, administered upon 40,000 estates valued approximately at $100,000,000, the cost of administration being 1 per cent of the average appraised value of each estate—$2500—or a cost of twenty-five dollars each.

This deplorable condition has been brought to the attention of Congress from time to time by the Indian Office and successive Secretaries of the Interior since 1912, and is now again before that body for consideration under a bill to protect the restricted lands and funds of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma.

Clearly, the profiteer must be excluded from Indian reservations, no matter what his guise, and in his place the promoter of qualities for the self-determination of economic policies must be established.

The Three Graces of Self-Respect

Justiciable decisions, in doubt, should be always resolved in favor of the Indian, but equal advantages in courts are often denied him. Armed resistance is no longer possible to him. His childlike faith is racial, but his confidence has been constantly abused.

The instrument of guardianship prolonged into adult life of white or red man, dwarfs the initiative of imagination and breeds helplessness, while doles develop mendicancy.

Thoughtful people know that without thrift there can be no substantial character development in man of any race, and also that communism paralyzes industry.

How then to encourage individual industry, thrift and responsibility, the three graces of self-respect, is our fundamental problem. For the Government to be landlord, banker, commissariat and doctor for the Indians, has failed to attain for them a place in our social system they are constituted to occupy.

Restrictions devised to protect the real holdings of Indians in communistic reservation or after allotment of lands, are wise as a policy, at least until the barter value of property is learned by them; but, practically, the Indian problems do not essentially differ from those which white Americans must solve for themselves and for each other.

Each must stand for common honesty, individual industry and thrift, without which there can be no good citizenship or racial progress. Each must stand against prostitution of good morals, physical deterioration, waste of property and ultimate want. Each must stand for faith in God, by whatever name or conception He may be known to him. Each must stand for a religion fundamentally such as Christ taught, through whatever forms may best symbolize it to his own understanding.

The Government is not attempting to supplant Indian religion with other forms of worship, but approves of efforts to modify its ordinances into harmony with the forms of the Christian religion which civilization has approved, from which our rules of life are drafted and upon which our Government is founded.

Nor is the Indian Bureau attempting to prohibit Indian dances, either as a secular or religious ceremony, or as an amusement, but hopes through rising intelligence and a fuller education that the Indian may be reasoned away from practices attached to some of them which the public never sees, cannot censor and would not approve, but which tend to destroy the higher instincts that should be safeguarded in any people.

It is contrary to these higher instincts to exaggerate the sex instinct of man or become subservient to it, and the Indian no more than the white man can afford to contribute to his own spiritual and physical downfall by indulging in practices which appeal only to the animal instincts. These are things which those properly interested in the Indians' welfare find objectionable in some of the Indian dances, as certain features in the dances of the white people are disapproved by those of sound morals.

For the Indians' Advancement

It is not intended to convey the impression that all tribal dances are improper, but observers have reported that they have witnessed on numerous occasions some tribal dances which are sexually suggestive and unworthy. There are many ancestral traditions, however, which may be kept alive properly and dignified through the dance.

It has been said that the promotion of social progress is the principal object of all human institutions. The Indian Office recognizes this fundamental truth and for many years has been directing its efforts toward the absorption of this primitive, nomadic people without industrial, social or political entity into the complex organization of society which exists today. The Government, in fact, is attempting to accomplish in a few generations with these people whose social advancement has long been retarded, what has required hundreds of years to do in the case of their white brother.

I deprecate as ill-advised the attitude of those who would detain the Indian in his primitive state, and who would idly spy on his religious festivals or exhibit his ceremonies to the curious for a fee. They would deny to the Indian access to the avenues of social progress through which civilization and our present-day society have come.

The history of the American Indian written in legend and tradition is most appealing and it should teach us much, but it is the contemplation of their future that weighs upon us now. With the passing of their old environment has come their contact with the political and ethical life of the white man, bringing new problems which cannot be ignored. Their physical welfare is fairly guarded, but the educational, social and spiritual attributes of man cannot be safely disregarded in any nation or country.

Education is the art and science of better living, and is a continuing process. In the growing tendency to adapt the curricula in our schools to the requirements of the individual and the community, we see a recognition of the economic phase of education.

These considerations should be emphasized in training the Indian. We must give him the foundation on which to build a well-ordered life and participate intelligently in everyday affairs about him, if

(Continued on Page 94)

A Crow Indian Dance Leader

Your Home is an Investment— It Pays to Keep Track of It

You've invested good money in your house. And that investment needs watching—just as carefully as the securities you own.

Watch your house. Make certain you're not letting it slump in value for the lack of a few inexpensive repairs.

Look your roof over first.

Real estate men will tell you that a shabby, patched roof knocks down the asking price of a house faster than any other item—that a good roof—durable, artistic, fire-resistant—is always a big factor in getting the right price when you want to sell.

A roof of Barrett Shingles is always an asset to any house—new or old. They can be depended on to give long years of weathertight protection and need no painting or staining.

As they can be laid right over the old shingles they save considerably in laying costs. Moreover they're highly fire-resistant.

Call on the nearest roofing dealer. Ask him to show you Barrett Shingles. (Leading dealers have them.) Write us for free literature describing these shingles and other types of Barrett Roofings. Drop us a postal or brief letter today.

For Flat or Nearly Flat Roofed Buildings— Architects, engineers and contractors are practically unanimous concerning the superiority of built-up roofs constructed of alternate layers of pitch and felt. They know it pays to see that the felt and pitch used are labelled Barrett.

There is a wide line of Barrett Built-Up Roofs headed by the famous Barrett Specification Roofs (bonded for 20 and 10 years).

There is a Barrett Roofing for every type of building, whether dwelling, garage, office or industrial plant. It pays to be sure that the roofing you buy bears the Barrett label.

Barrett ROOFINGS

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

In Canada
The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

(Continued from Page 92)

we hope to overcome his propensity to retrogression.

In this era of compulsory elementary education, when there is a school for every white child, it is a reflection on our Indian policy that school facilities are denied many Indian children. There are more than 20,746 Indian children not in school, or more than one-quarter of the eligibles. In Arizona and New Mexico alone there are approximately 7500 eligible Navajo children out of school. In these sparsely settled regions of the Southwest public schools are not convenient to the reservation, and insufficient funds have prevented the development of reservation schools. The education of the Navajos has thus been a continuing problem which the Indian Service has found difficult of solution. Congress has appropriated the sum of $200,000 to improve school facilities on the Navajo reservation during the fiscal year 1924, and a like amount has been appropriated for 1925.

This money will be used for the enlargement of existing boarding schools to accommodate about 1000 Navajo children in 1925. An arrangement has been made with the War Department whereby old Fort Wingate may be taken over by the Interior Department for Indian school purposes. This plant can be remodeled to accommodate approximately 700 Navajo children. The opening of an Indian school there, however, is dependent upon an appropriation by Congress for repairing and remodeling the buildings and maintenance of the institution.

Indian Children in Public Schools

It is further planned to increase the courses in a number of the Pueblo day schools, so that children of these villages may be educated at home through the sixth grade and thus use the nonreservation schools, where many of them have attended, for Navajo pupils. Within the next four years it is hoped to have sufficient school facilities for all Navajo children.

Visual education by means of motion pictures is a modern effective method of teaching which should be adopted for the benefit of the Indian, both in school and at home. Though the movie cannot replace the living teacher, yet properly prepared educational films should prove invaluable as a supplement to oral instruction. It would broaden the field of experience of the Indian child raised in the restricted environment of the reservation, by bringing to his direct attention many unfamiliar objects.

The Indian Service endeavors to provide school facilities for all Indian children, being limited only by the extent to which Congress appropriates money for the purpose. The development of public schools in most sections of the West and the increase in attendance of Indian children have helped solve the problem of school instruction in many states. The opportunity to mix with white children in school and at play is profitable to the advancement of the Indian boy and girl, who carry home to their parents at least some of the good effects of the civilizing contact made in public schools. The only United States senators who are of Indian blood are products of white schools; and, in fact, the majority of the Indians who have succeeded in life have had their elementary training in the white schools.

Today there are more than 30,000 Indian children in public schools, while twenty years ago the number was negligible. The sum of $250,000 was appropriated for tuition in public schools during the fiscal year 1924. Opposition on the part of state school districts has gradually diminished, and in most states the children are willingly received. The plan is capable of extension until eventually the boards of education of the states would entirely assume the responsibility for educating the Indian as well as the white children, even to the extent of taking over the schools now maintained by the Indian Service. The school districts would expect and would need financial assistance in order to maintain sufficient schools for Indians, and should be reimbursed by the Federal Government, as is now being done in many cases where Indian children attend state schools. The Indian child would then have the same educational advantages as the white child.

The question of higher education for the Indian is distinct from the elementary-school problem. With the increase in attendance and graduation from the grade schools there is a growing ambition for more-advanced learning. Higher education, however, can be promoted only when the Indian has advanced far enough to desire to better himself by his own effort. Haskell Institute, Kansas, is one of the best government schools for higher education. Last fall the football team from this school—straight-up, dignified, splendidly poised young giants—returning from New York, where they held the redoubtable Marines without a score, called on the Secretary of the Interior in Washington.

In acknowledging a compliment to their prowess with the pigskin their captain said: "We called to thank you for the opportunity to show Eastern people, who have done so much for the Indian, that we are in many ways trying to profit by it."

He concluded with an appreciation of the Government's attitude toward their education, in the purest English, highest sentiment and clearest diction. These Indians left me wondering if any university could send out an athletic team with the equivalent of brain, brawn and poise, and at the same time express such sentimental approval of the motives for higher education.

Assuming that the Indian boy or girl absorbs the fundamentals of education in the school, what permanent effect have the teachings of the white man upon his subsequent environment?

It has been said that the college-bred Indian returns to his tribe to become a leader among his people. Maybe so. Financially, socially or industrially—which if any?

The young men of the Pueblo Sema, New Mexico, compare favorably with those of similar settlements in this regard. Sometime ago in considering a business proposition between the Pueblo and the railroad company the old men of the village took a stand that was decidedly to their business disadvantage. One of the more progressive young men was asked why he had not opposed the decision of the old men of the council.

"I knew that they were not doing the best way," he replied, "but you white people do not understand how we Indians feel toward our old folks. We cannot oppose them."

There are many highly educated Indians, however, and others who have had more limited schooling, who are being encouraged to take their proper places in community affairs. Some brilliant senators, congressmen and governors of states are of Indian descent. Such men are the logical representatives of their people. They should see to it that the mentality of the Indian is measured and properly appraised, and that those competent to take their place in competition with the world should be made independent of guardianship, other than the law which covers all of us.

The progress of the Indian will be measured by the constancy and quality of the personal contact of those interested in him. When possible, his own people, properly trained and inspired, should be the medium for his emancipation.

But the Indian maiden, schooled and stirred by the emotions of adolescence and returned to her tribe—what of her?

She probably would wish to draw her people away from many old customs of living, and bring them up to the new standards she has seen practiced in school, but retrogression is easier than progression, especially when reënforced, as it must be in the case of the Indian, by the weight of numbers and the taunt of being stuck up. Can she influence them appreciably alone?

If we may use the case of the Apache women as an answer, we find an invincible opposition to advancement and an extreme tendency toward retrogression.

"She is a white woman. She wants to sit on a chair," was the deprecatory comment of the old women when the returned Apache schoolgirl tried to do some of the things she had been taught.

"The sweet and gentle, though bashful, schoolgirl of June will by winter have retreated into her native silence," writes a white woman recently, "and all the kindness and cajolery of her white friends will scarcely wring from her reluctant lips one word of the language she has learned in school. She lolls in the dirt by the tepee fire as contentedly as if she had never known the use of soap and water. Her control over her husband seems to be all but absolute; or, if this is not the case, the Apache men are skilled in the use of Adam's excuse. It is the wife who insists on braids and blankets, they say. Certainly everything points to the fact that the next step in progress for the Jicarilla must come in their homes and through their women."

A more encouraging illustration was found on Fort Lapwai Indian Reservation, in Idaho. The subjects of a special report are a full-blood Nez Percé Indian and his wife. The husband is fifty-one years of age and attended Carlisle.

"Soon after their marriage," the inspector reports, "they moved on to his allotment, located on the border of a high prairie and over 20 miles distant from their nearest Indian neighbor. That was 23 years ago. For two years they lived in a tent, not being able to build a house. The first years were ones of hardship and sacrifice, but they never gave up. Today they have a good seven-room house located on 250 acres of good land, with electric lights, telephone, piano, books, typewriter, bath and almost all the modern conveniences. They have fee patents to their allotments which they still own and to which they have added many good acres by purchase. They have 100 acres in wheat, 10 horses, 20 cattle, 3 milk cows, good cellar full of home-canned fruit, a fine new car, a $5500 mortgage on a white neighbor's farm, $2700 in Victory and Liberty Bonds, $3600 in bank and $3000 loaned out to various white neighbors. They have nine children, all educated in public school. They are consistent Christians and there is not a white family in their county more highly regarded or respected."

Indian Girls in the Kitchen of the Phoenix, Arizona, Indian School

Making Harness at the Sherman Institute, Riverside, California, One of the Largest Indian Schools

The Field Matron's Influence

It is the lack of moral support at home, after school life, that defeats the precepts of the school. Here arises the necessity of continuing in the home the contact with civilizing influences afforded in school. It is these girls who should have the understanding sympathy of a well-trained field matron, the outstanding need of the Indian Service today.

The Government so far has supplied comparatively little aid along social-service lines. The employment of field matrons had this idea back of it, but it has not yet been developed far enough. There are now eighty field matrons in the service, but the territory is vast and the work to be accomplished is almost overwhelming for this limited number of workers.

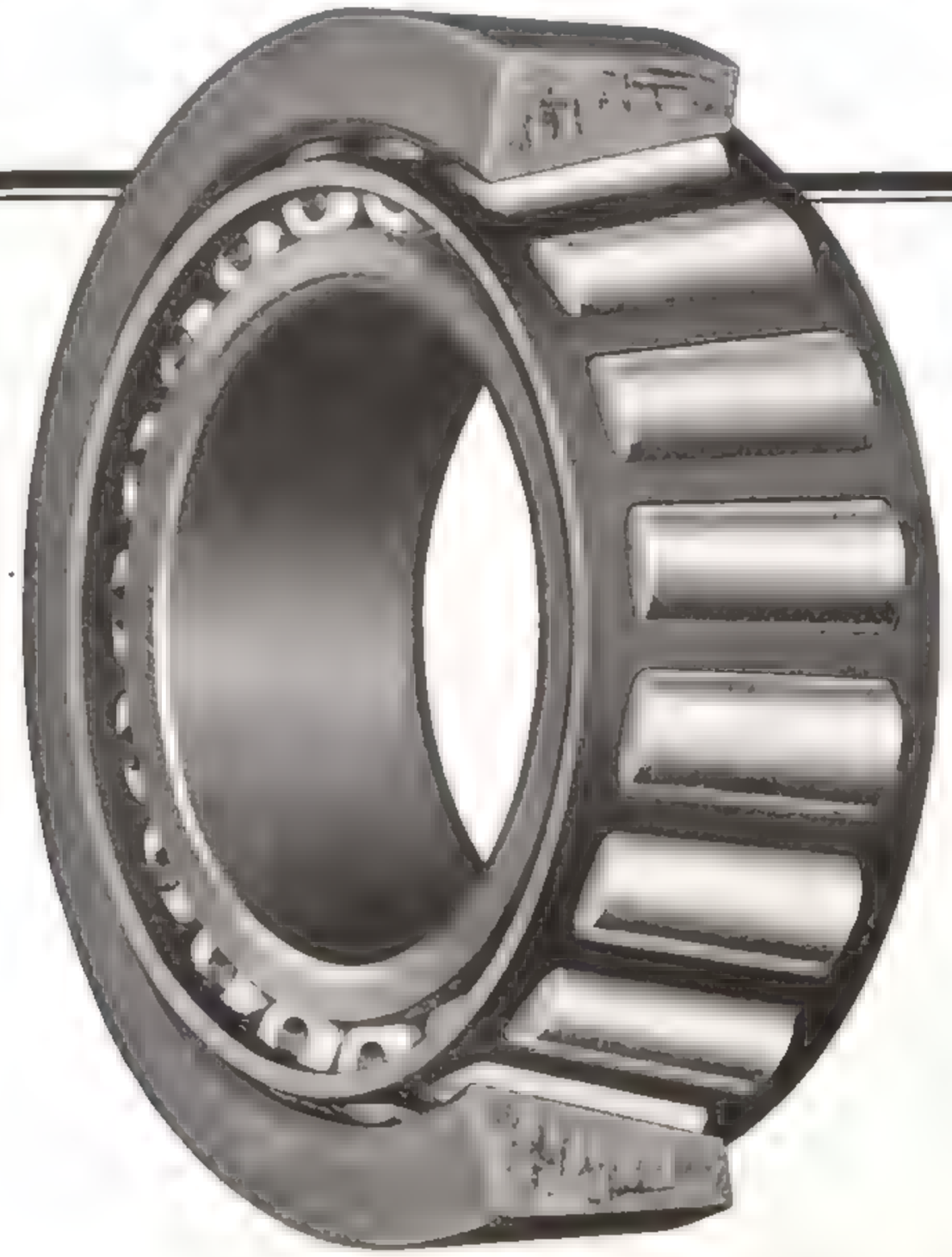
In an inspection of the Kickapoo and Shawnee Indians in Oklahoma last summer, was found a pathetic illustration of the need and advantages of personal contact through a field matron in raising and maintaining the standards of living of these backward tribes.

The Big Jim band of Shawnees has been notably reluctant and hostile until recently. Their country is not attractive to white settlement, and some of their few neighbors are of an undesirable sort. When the field matron first took up her work with this band she was warned to stay away by white settlers who feared interference with their moonshining and bootlegging operations—but let the visitor tell the story in her own language:

"The one encouraging feature was the poverty of the band, which made industry imperative. Since the white men did not lease his lands, the Indian had to get his living from it at first hand. The Shawnees are thus largely self-supporting, but their

(Continued on Page 98)

The COMPANY TIMKEN KEEPS



The users of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have for many years constituted the "Quality and Quantity Majority" of the automotive industry. Pursuant to our annual custom, we are publishing on the following two pages, the complete list of automotive vehicles equipped with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

CANTON, OHIO — MAY 31, 1924

Principle

The Timken Dual Duty principle means the capacity to take, in one bearing, both radial loads and thrust loads. This principle makes Timken Tapered Roller Bearings particularly desirable at front wheels, steering worm and pivots, fan, transmission, pinion, differential and rear wheels. They make any car more economical and serviceable.

The COMPANY

The places where Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are used in a motor car, are exactly those "points of hard service" at which a bearing most quickly demonstrates whether it is built to stand up to the job or not.

Therefore the annual publication of "The Company Timken Keeps", shows not only the name of each car, but *where in that car,* Timken Bearings are used. This can be seen by reference to the chart at the right.

PASSENGER CARS

American	1
Anderson	5, 7, 8
Apperson	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Auburn	1, 6, 7, 8
Barley (Roamer)	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Brewster	1, 8
Bush	1, 7, 8
Cadillac	1, 8
Chalmers	1, 6, 7, 8
Chandler	1, 2, 6, 7
Chrysler	1, 6, 7, 8
Cleveland	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Columbia	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Crawford	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Cunningham	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Davis	1, 6, 7, 8
Dagmar	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Detroit Electric	1, 6, 7, 8
Dodge	1, 6, 7, 8
Dorris	1, 6, 7, 8
Dort	1
Driggs	1, 7, 8
Duesenberg	5
Durant (Canada)	1, 8
Elcar	1, 7, 8
Essex	1, 6, 7, 8
Ford	1
Forster	1, 6, 7, 8
Gardner	1, 6
Gray	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Hanson	1, 6, 7, 8
Hudson	1, 6, 7, 8
Hupmobile	1
Jackson	1, 7
Jewett	1, 6, 7, 8
Jordan	1, 6, 7, 8
Kelsey	1, 7, 8
Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co. (Dixie Flyer)	1, 6, 7, 8
Kissel	1, 6, 7, 8
Lafayette	1, 4
Liberty	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Lincoln	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Locomobile	1, 4
McFarlan	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Marmon	1, 4
Mitchell	1, 8
Moon	1, 6, 7, 8
National B. B.	5
National Four (Dixie Flyer)	1, 6, 7, 8
Paige	1, 6, 7, 8
Peerless	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Pierce-Arrow	1, 8
Premier	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Rauch-Lang	1, 8
Reo	1, 6, 7, 8
Revere	5
Roamer (Barley)	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
R & V Knight	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Sayers & Scovill	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Seneca	1, 8
Standard	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Star (Canada)	1
Stearns-Knight	1, 6, 7, 8
Sterling Knight	1, 6, 7, 8
Stevens-Duryea	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Studebaker	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Stutz	1, 6, 7, 8
Velie	1, 6, 7, 8
Willys-Overland	1, 7
Willys-Knight	1, 2, 7
Yellow Cab	1, 5, 6, 7, 8

FOREIGN PASSENGER CARS

A C Cars	1, 7, 8
Alvis	6
Argyll	1
Automobiles Excelsior	6, 7, 8
Automobile Miesse	6, 7
Bartle	6, 7
Bayliss Thomas	1
Beardmore	1, 6, 7, 8
Bellanger	1
Bentley	1, 8
Berliet	6, 7, 8
British Motor Cab Co.	1
Calthorpe	1, 6, 7, 8
Clement-Bayard	7
Cottin Desgouttes	2
Crossley	1, 8
Daimler	1, 4, 8
Dawson	1, 6, 7, 8
Delaunay-Belleville	6, 7
Enfield Allday	1, 6, 7
Eros Engineers	8
Excelsior	1, 8
Galloway	6, 7, 8
Gwynnes	1, 6
Harper	1
Herbert	4
Horstman	1, 6
Humber	1, 7, 8
Lagonda	1, 6
Lloyd Lord	6, 7, 8
Mors	1, 8
Motobloc	5
Napier & Son	1, 4, 5, 8
New Imperial Motorcycle	1, 8
Ogston	1, 7
Palladium Autocars	1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
Pestouse and Planchon	6
Phoenix	1, 6, 7, 8
Rhode	1
Riley	1, 6, 7
Rover	1
Singer	6
S. L. C.	6, 7, 8
Soc. Lyonnaise d'Industrie Mecanique	1, 5
Standard	1
Sunbeam	1, 8
Swift of Coventry	1, 6, 7
Talbot De'tracq	1, 5, 8
Tilling Stevens	8
Waverly	1, 6, 7, 8
Willys-Overland Crossley	1
Wolseley	1, 5, 6, 7, 8

TRUCKS

Acason	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Acme	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Advance-Rumley	1
Ahrens-Fox	1, 2, 8
Ajax	1, 6, 7, 8
American La France	1, 6, 7, 8
American Motor Truck Co.	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Apex	1, 6, 7, 8
O. Armleder Co.	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Atterbury	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Autocar	1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8
Available	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Avery	6, 7, 8
Beaver	1
Beck	1
Bessemer	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Bethlehem	8
Betz	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Biederman	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Big Four	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Bridgeport	5, 6, 7, 8
Brinton	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Brockway	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Brown	1, 8
Chicago	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Clinton	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Clydesdale	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Columbia	1
Commerce	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Concord	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Corbitt	5
C. T. Electric	1, 8
Cunningham	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Day Elder	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Defiance	5, 6, 7, 8

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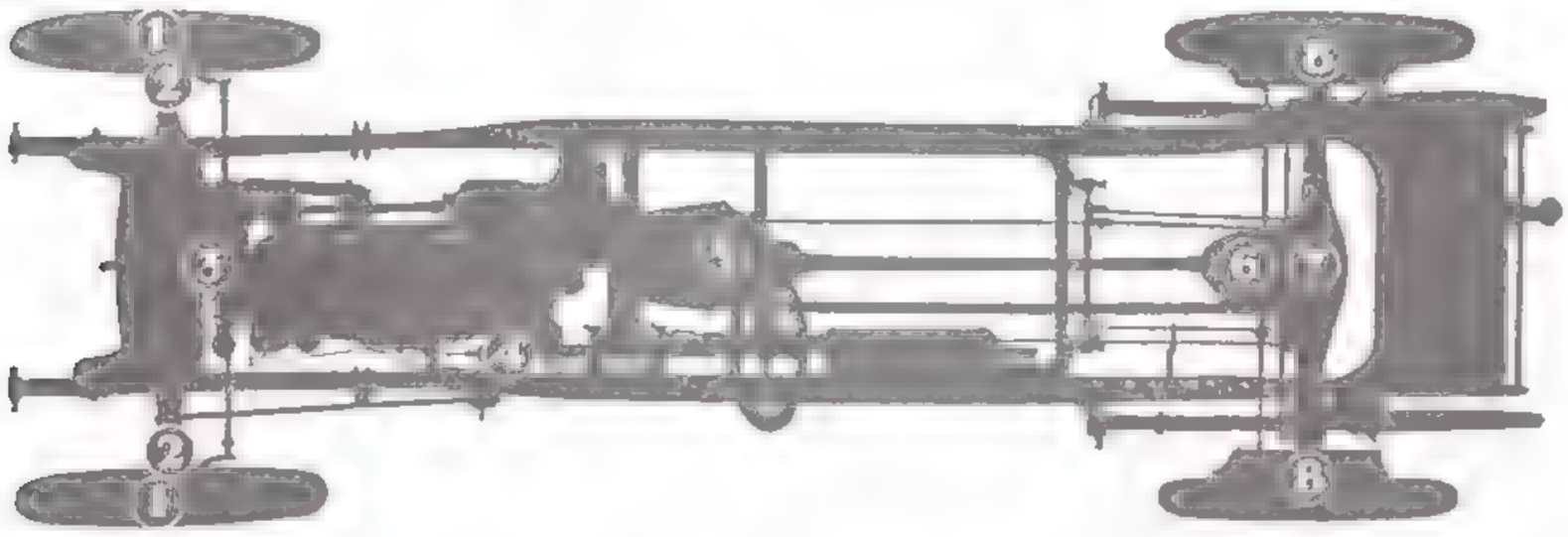
TIMKEN *Tapered Roller*

TIMKEN KEEPS



1. Front wheels
2. Steering pivots
3. Fan
4. Steering worm
5. Transmission
6. Pinion
7. Differential
8. Rear wheels

Performance

Over a hundred million Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have been manufactured. The performance record of these bearings is well and favorably known. Today, the demand for Timken Roller Bearings is greater than ever before. Check the Timken equipment in a car before buying it. It's a pretty good guide to car value.

DeMartini	5
Denby	1, 2
Dependable	1
Detroit Motor Bus	1, 5, 8
Diamond T	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Diehl	6, 7, 8
Dixon	1, 6, 7, 8
Doane	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Dodge	1, 6, 7, 8
Dorris	1, 6, 7, 8
Douglas	1, 6, 7, 8
Duplex	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Eugol	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Facto	6, 7, 8
Fageol	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Federal	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Fifth Ave. Coach	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Ford	1
Fulton	1
Garford	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Gary	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
G M C	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Giant	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Gotfredson	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Graham Bros.	1, 7, 8
Gramm-Bernstein	1, 7, 8
Guilder	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Halin	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Hal Fur	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Harvey	5
Hendrickson	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Huffman	6, 7, 8
Hug	1, 7, 8
Hurlburt	6, 7, 8
Indiana	5
Independent	1
International H. C.	1, 6, 7, 8
Iowa Motor Truck	1
Italia	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Jackson	1, 8
Kalamazoo	1
Kerns Dughie	1, 6, 7, 8
Kelly-Springfield	1, 3, 7, 8
Keystone	1
Kimball	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
King-Zeitler	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Kleiber	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Krebs	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Koehler	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Lange	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Lansden	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Larrabee	5, 7
Luedinghaus	1, 5, 7, 8
Maccar	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
MacDonald	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Mack International Motors	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Master	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Maxim	5
Menominee	1, 6, 7, 8
Meteor	1, 6, 7, 8
Michigan Hearse	1, 6, 7, 8
Moreland	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
National Steel Car Co.	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Nelson and LeMoon	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Nelson Motor Truck (Jumbo)	1, 5
Netco	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
New York	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Noble	1, 7, 8
Northwestern	5
O'Connell	1
Ogden	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Old Reliable	5, 8
Olympic	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Oneida	1, 6, 7, 8
Oshkosh	1, 2, 5, 8
Parker	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Patriot	1, 6, 7, 8
Philadelphia Motor Coach Co.	1
Pierce-Arrow	1, 3, 8
Plaine Iron Works	7, 8
Power	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Rainier	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Reliance	1, 6, 7, 8
Reo	1, 6, 7, 8
Republic	1, 6, 7, 8
Riddle	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Rowe	5
Ruggles	1, 5, 8
Sanford	1, 5, 7
Sayers and Scovill	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Schacht	1, 8
Schwartz (Clinton)	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Seagrave	1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8
Selden	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Service	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Signal	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Standard	1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8
Sterling	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Stewart	1, 7, 8
Stoughton	5
Sullivan	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Superior	1, 6, 7, 8
Super Truck (O'Connell)	1
Tait	3
Three Point	1, 5, 7, 8
Titan	1, 5, 6, 8
Tower	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Trabold	6, 7, 8
Traffic	1
Transport	1, 8
Traylor	5
Triangle	1, 7, 8
Twin City	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Twin City Four Wheel Drive	1, 7, 8
Ultimate	5, 6, 7, 8
Union	1
U. S.	1, 5, 7
United	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Victor	1, 8
Wachusett	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Walker	1, 2
Walker-Johnson	1, 2, 6, 7, 8
Ward La France	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Watson	6, 7, 8
White	5
Wichita	5
Wilcox	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Willys-Overland	1, 7
Wilson	1
Wisconsin	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Witt-Will	1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Yellow Cab	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Yellow Coach	1, 6, 7, 8

FOREIGN TRUCKS

Associated Equipment Company	1
Baici Patents, Ltd.	8
Bramco	1
British Electric Vehicle	1, 8
Clarkson Steam Motors	1, 8
Clayton Wagons	1, 8
Clement Talbot	2, 6, 7
Commercial Cars	1, 8
Dennis Brothers	6, 7, 8
Electromobile (Leeds)	1, 5, 8
Farrington	1, 5, 7, 8
Garrett & Sons	1, 5, 7, 8
Guy	1, 8
Halleys Ind. Motors	1, 5, 6, 8
Haulage	1, 8
Karrier	5, 6, 7, 8
Leyland	5, 8
Napier & Son	1, 4, 5, 8
Newton Brothers	1, 8
Palladium Autocars	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Ransome, Sims and Jefferies	8
Star	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Straker-Squire	1, 8
J. I. Thornycroft	1, 8
Wolseley	1, 5, 6, 7, 8
Yorkshire	5, 6

BEARINGS

The most durable hose you can buy

Electric Garden Hose lasts twice as long as cheaper hose. And it costs only a trifle more. You can identify this remarkably durable hose by the red trade-mark, and by the length marks moulded in at every foot.

These figures save time when you buy hose, for the salesman does not stop to measure; the figures tell him where to cut. You can also use these figures for laying out garden beds and other outdoor measuring.

ELECTRIC GARDEN HOSE

It cannot kink

Electric Hose is built like the finest cord tires. There is a lining tube of live, resilient new rubber. Then two jackets of stout braided cords, separated by rubber. Outside, there is a heavy ribbed new Ceylon rubber covering. All layers are forced together by vulcanizing pressure from inside the hose. It is the most durable hose made.

Your hardware dealer has ELECTRIC Hose in stock —or can easily procure it.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER COMPANY
Wilmington, Del.

As large a stream of water is delivered from the nozzle of ⅝" hose as ¾" hose. It throws the stream farther! This ⅝" size is lighter as well as cheaper, and being lighter it does not wear out so quickly when dragged over rough cement or cinders.

(Continued from Page 94)

wretched little one-room log houses, often without a window, bear testimony to their need for direction and guidance.

"Throughout the band the faithful and persevering work of the field matron is bearing fruit. Though the hut has but dirt for a floor, it is often swept clean. The bed is probably but a rude platform against the side of the room, but the idea of cleanliness has been introduced. On the wall one may see specimens of the school work of the children. All these things, and the friendly conversation of the Indian family with their agency visitors, point to a splendid relationship, a helpfulness that is not pauperizing, a sympathy that is informed by good judgment. Many as are the needs of these Indians, the situation is a hopeful one."

A report of a similar investigation of the Ute Indian Agency in Colorado shows the need for extending the field-matron idea.

"The domestic life of these Indians has not kept pace with their industrial progress. Most of the Southern Utes are living in substantial frame houses, but sanitary housekeeping is a rare thing. The women seem responsive and good-natured, and a field matron with intelligence, practical knowledge and enthusiasm for her work should be able to accomplish a great deal among them."

One properly constituted white woman in a district would revolutionize its social atmosphere. Supported by sympathetic contact with her sisters through club organizations, the transformation of an Indian village would be accomplished in a few years. The acquirements in school of those returned would find outlet in this direction, and the artistic talent of the red woman, seen even in her crudest blanket, could find expression there.

The inherent curiosity of those children of the Great Plains and primeval forests, properly directed, will educate them into our world. The tact of woman, disarming suspicion and inviting confidence, promises the emancipation of the enslaved Indian woman, who must take her proper place or her children cannot.

Health Promotion

Custodial care alone, with sporadic rationing, does not recognize the social wants of the Indian or lend itself to his spiritual enfranchisement. If his religion is to be proscribed another appealing interpretation of his faith should be advanced to take its place. Our own archaic forms, sanctioned by custom, seem to recede as the advances of our civilization express themselves. A thought-out system of applied social science is the avenue through which the Indian may gradually and surely approach his proper estate.

The health of the Indians is perhaps the most pressing problem affecting their welfare. The low salaries paid in the medical branch of the Indian Service are proverbial, and with the inadequate number of physicians and insufficient funds for hospitalization and sanitation, progress has been slow. The efficient physicians who have remained in the service for any length of time have done so through a high sense of duty and self-sacrifice. Poor sanitation in the Indian homes and schools is largely responsible for the spread of disease. The ravages of tuberculosis and trachoma are distressing, and the peyote habit threatens to undermine a large portion of the Indian population if not checked.

The Indian Service and private humane organizations have made valiant efforts to combat disease, but without sufficient funds little hope of bettered conditions can be offered.

The department has been successful in obtaining an increase of $130,000 in the appropriation for health work in the Indian Service the coming year. The medical work of the bureau is being systemized and strengthened, and combating trachoma and tuberculosis will be vigorously prosecuted.

Further advancement must come through the coöperation of the health departments of the various states. This is a local problem and in many localities is already a matter of concern to the white population. All the states have the nucleus of an organization adapted to this purpose. The Federal Government should reimburse the states for expenditures for these nontaxpaying inhabitants. Then the health of the Indian would be accorded the same protection as is given by the states to their white citizens.

Last year the Advisory Council on Indian Affairs, a committee of more than 100 public-spirited men and women appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to consult concerning the interests of the American Indian, was called to the city of Washington. About seventy members journeyed to the capital in December at their own expense to discuss ways and means for the betterment of the Indian. Many of them had long been students of the problems of the red man; some were themselves Indians and others were specialists in education, religion and health work.

The meeting will survive as the most unusual and notable gathering in the history of the Indian Service. It marked an epoch in the Government's new vision. This committee is being continued for fuller service. Freedom of discussion on all phases of the Indian question was the outstanding feature of the conference, but divergence of opinion did not prevent a meeting of minds on the major questions dealing principally with the humane side of the Government's new attitude toward this problem.

After all, the Indian problem is a human one and should be treated from the human viewpoint, in the reservation. With the Indian Bureau as the final clearing house and coördinator, a comprehensive organization should include state officials, for the purpose of attracting local interest, utilizing organized state administrative assistance.

The restrictions thrown around the Indian Bureau by statute, department regulation and human limitations, are, for the most part, conscientiously conceived. But statutes are inflexible, and regulations reflect the vision of the framer and may delay the Indian's progress toward independence.

Centralized authority with decentralized responsibility, the fundamental of all effective administration, is peculiarly urgent in the Indian Service, partly because of the great distances between the bureau in Washington and its wards, but chiefly because states should be impressed with knowledge that the Indian problem is theirs to solve, and the Government's participation should be coöperative rather than initiative in character.

I realize that some who read this—particularly those who have lived among the Indians and perchance suffered from them—will regard much of it as the heresies of the uninformed. Nevertheless, a people subdued by force cannot be restored by paternalism, through remittances; nor can the bruised reed stand alone.

The Indian Bureau appears to have done all it can, in the direction it is going, without enlisting more people locally, in states, to go with it. Decentralization applied to the Indian Bureau would be conscientiously resisted behind the refuge of "It cannot be done that way," or "We have always done it this way." Precedent may be good or bad, may lend itself to evolution or to involution, but new precedents must be established for new visions.

The Indian Bureau pays into states $42,000,000 annually—one-third through channels of administration, and two-thirds to Indians directly. States and the Federal Government should coöperate to expend these vast sums in permanencies, for community betterments, to be contributed to, owned and fostered by Indians themselves.

States should take over the administration of affairs of the Indian. They should lend themselves to his absorption into community life, through their regularly constituted boards of education, health, agriculture and stockraising. With the schoolhouse as a community center, economic conferences could be rapidly developed. Health and industry could be taught from the motion-picture screen, through the eye. The methods and results of the intimate things of life that he should know, or be interested in, could be visualized and the world opened up to the Indian without written language. Community-center activities should include both sexes and all ages.

The present conservation policy for the Indian has accomplished much, but has not advanced him *pari passu* with the evolution of social, educational and hygienic processes in the states of the Indians' habitat. Children become adults and grow old while altruists urge; Congress debates, and the bureau administers its laws, while the Indian wastes his patrimony through inexperience and his life in idleness. State governments complain that the Indian pays no taxes, anticipating with forebodings the time when he may be a public charge.

The time to prepare against this melancholy fate is now, before the resources from the Indian's land have been exhausted, before individual ownership so essential to self-respect is beyond his reach, and before a paternalistic policy compelling continuance of primeval communism has overcome his possible initiative.

Santa Clara Indian Girl Firing a Pot

Nice Rogues

THE force of public opinion is much weakened by a charity that invents pretty words to conceal ugly facts. When a man hard pressed for funds breaks into a store building and rifles the cash drawer, the public says he is a thief and his family is disgraced. But when another who is equally hard pressed makes personal use of money placed in his care, the public calls it a defalcation or an embezzlement and regrets that the auditor appeared before the poor fellow had opportunity to replace the borrowed funds. Yet these two are as like as two peas in a pod.

Another rogue who has much in common with the embezzler is the one commonly called a dead beat. He, also, profits by society's fondness for soft words. But those who unwillingly afford him a living are just as poor as they would have been had he taken their goods at the point of a gun.

Frequently it is said of persons who could pay promptly and yet do so very reluctantly that they are "good, but slow." Freely translated, the expression means that these folk will do right when hard pressed, but that their intention and desire are to avoid doing right until threat or force makes further wrongdoing undesirable and unprofitable.

To say that a man is "good, but slow" is a contradiction in terms. Shall we say that a man is truthful, but tells the truth very reluctantly? Or shall we say that he is righteous, but threat and force are required to make him righteous? Honor, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within you. It isn't a set of rules or a minimum of decency required by statute. It is a state of mind.

There are many ways, perhaps, to discourage the activities of undesirable people, but spraying them with perfume isn't one of the ways.

ROBERT QUILLEN.

A comb GIVEN with every brush

Pyralin Start-a-Set-Sale June 2-7

For her— an exquisite gift

FROM [illegible] leading merchant in your locality you can secure a genuine tortoise-shell Pyralin comb to match each hair brush you buy.

This is your opportunity to start a set of the most complete of all toilet sets for some one dear to you — or to add to it if she already has one started.

[illegible] What more pleasing and useful gift could a woman find than Pyralin [illegible] with its life-long usefulness?

Go to the merchant in your locality who advertises this "Start-a-Set" Sale. See the wide range of beautiful patterns and articles. Identify genuine Pyralin by the name stamped on each piece. There are [illegible] additions at moderate prices.

Many of these articles are packed in [illegible] will be sent, if desired.

The set you start today can grow through the years to come. There is an article for every toilet requisite. Added pieces always match.

DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Fabrikoid Department, Arlington, New Jersey
Canadian Industries Limited, Montreal, Canada

THE JUNE BRIDE
will love these dainty [illegible] for her [illegible] gifts, too.

FOR MEN
A free comb given away with every pair of military brushes.

FOR JUNE BIRTHDAYS
[illegible]

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE
will appreciate her [illegible] as [illegible] Commencement time.

IVORY AMBER SHELL Pyralin

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Atlanta, Ga.	[illegible]
[illegible] Md.	[illegible]
Birmingham, Ala.	News
[illegible] Mass.	Herald
[illegible] Mass.	Traveler
Brooklyn, N. Y.	[illegible]
[illegible] N. Y.	[illegible]
[illegible] N. Y.	[illegible]
[illegible] N. Y.	[illegible]
Chicago, Ill.	[illegible]
[illegible], Ohio	[illegible]
[illegible], Ohio	[illegible]
Cleveland, Ohio	[illegible]
Cleveland, Ohio	[illegible]
Denver, [illegible]	[illegible]
De Moine[illegible]	[illegible]
Detroit, Mich.	[illegible]
Detroit, Mich.	Free Press
[illegible]	[illegible]
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Dispatch-Herald
Hartford, Conn.	[illegible]
Havana, Cuba	[illegible]
Houston, Texas	[illegible]
Indianapolis, Ind.	[illegible]
Kansas City, Mo.	[illegible]
Los Angeles, Calif.	Times
Louisville, Ky.	Courier-Journal
Louisville, Ky.	Herald
Memphis, Tenn.	Commercial Appeal
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Minneapolis, Minn.	Tribune
Nashville, Tenn.	Banner
New Orleans, La.	Times-Picayune
Newark, N. J.	Call
New York, N. Y.	[illegible] D'Amerika
New York, N. Y.	Evening Post
New York, N. Y.	Forward
New York, N. Y.	Herald
New York, N. Y.	Il Progresso
New York, N. Y.	Times
New York, N. Y.	Tribune
New York, N. Y.	World
Omaha, Neb.	Bee
Omaha, Neb.	News
Peoria, Ill.	Journal-Transcript
Philadelphia, Pa.	Public Ledger
Providence, R. I.	[illegible]
Rochester, N. Y.	Democrat-Chronicle
St. [illegible], Mo.	Globe-Democrat
St. Louis, Mo.	Post-Dispatch
St. Paul, Minn.	Pioneer Press Dispatch
St. Paul, Minn.	Daily News
San Francisco, Calif.	Chronicle
Seattle, Wash.	Times
South Bend, Ind.	News-Times
Springfield, Mass.	Republican
Syracuse, N. Y.	Herald
Syracuse, N. Y.	Post-Standard
Washington, D. C.	Post
Washington, D. C.	Star
Waterbury, Conn.	Republican
Wichita, Kansas	Eagle

Intaglio printing is variously called gravure, photogravure, rotogravure and similar names. There are many printing plants in the important cities of America equipped to supply rotogravure sections to newspapers. We will be pleased to furnish complete information on request.

"AS YOU WOULD SEE IT IF YOU WERE THERE"

BILL THE CONQUEROR

(Continued from Page 25

offer. "I called you together today to make an announcement. I have a little surprise for you all. You are about to acquire a new relative."

The family looked at one another with a wild surmise.

"A new relative!" echoed Otis pallidly.

"Don't tell me," whispered Uncle Jasper in a bedside voice, "that you are going to get married!"

"No," said Mr. Paradene, "I am not. The relative I refer to is my adopted son. Horace! Come here, Horace!"

Through the doorway there shuffled a small knickerbockered figure.

"Horace," said Mr. Paradene, "let me present you to the family."

The boy stared for a moment in silence. He was a sturdy, square-faced, freckled boy with short sandy hair and sardonic eyes. His gaze wandered from Uncle Jasper to Uncle Otis, from little Cooley to Cousin Evelyn, drinking them in.

"Is this the family?" he asked.

"This is the family."

"Gee whistikers, what a bunch of prunes!" said the boy with deep feeling.

II

IN THE silence that followed this frank statement of opinion, another figure added itself to the group. This was a large and benevolent-looking man in a senatorial frock coat, whom Bill recognized by his white beard as the boy Horace's companion on the lawn. Even from a distance this person had seemed venerable; seen at close range he achieved almost the impressiveness of a minor prophet. He was smiling a grandfatherly smile—the only smile of any description, it may be mentioned, on view in the room at that particular time; for a more joyless gathering it would have been hard to find at any spot in America where a funeral was not actually in progress. Uncle Jasper had sagged like a drooping lily, Uncle Otis' eyes were bulging, Cousin Evelyn gave the impression of being about to burst. As for the boy Horace, the realization of the sort of family he had allowed himself to be adopted into seemed to have taken all the sunshine out of his life.

He was the first to speak, and his words revealed what was weighing upon his mind.

"Do I have to kiss them all?" he asked apprehensively.

"You are certainly not going to kiss me," said Uncle Jasper definitely, waking from his stupor. He rounded on Mr. Paradene, puffing like a seal. "What is the meaning of this, Cooley?" he demanded.

Mr. Paradene waved a hand in the direction of the newcomer.

"Professor Appleby will explain."

The minor prophet bowed. If he felt any embarrassment he did not show it. His smile, as he spoke, was as gentle and insinuating as ever.

"The announcement which my good friend Paradene ——"

"How do you mean—your good friend Paradene?" inquired Uncle Jasper heatedly. "How long have you known him, I should like to know?"

"I met Professor Appleby on the train coming from San Francisco," said Mr. Paradene. "It was he ——"

"It was I," said Professor Appleby, breaking gently in, "who persuaded Mr. Paradene to adopt this little lad here." He patted the boy's head and regarded his fermenting audience kindly. "My name," he proceeded, anticipating Uncle Jasper, who seemed about to speak, "is possibly not familiar to you; but in certain circles, I think I may assert with all modesty, my views on eugenics are considered worthy of attention. Mr. Paradene, I am glad to say, has allowed himself to be enrolled among my disciples. I am a strong supporter of Mr. Bernard Shaw's views on the necessity of starting a new race, building it with the most perfect specimens of the old. Horace here is a boy of splendid physique, great intelligence, sterling character and wonderful disposition. I hold—and I am glad to say that he agrees with me—that it is better for Mr. Paradene to devote his money to the rearing and training of such a boy than to spend it on relatives who—may I say—have little future and from whom he can expect—pardon me—but small returns. Mr. Paradene intends to found a family that looks forward instead of back; a family of—er—comers instead of a family of has-beens."

The relatives gave tongue. All through this harangue they had been trying to speak, but Professor Appleby was not an easy man to interrupt. Now that he had paused, they broke out, Cousin Evelyn in the lead, Uncles Jasper and Otis following close behind.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life!"

"The fellow's a dangerous crank!"

"Is it really possible that you intend to make this—this uncouth boy your heir rather than your own flesh and blood?"

Professor Appleby intervened gently.

"One must admit," he acknowledged, "that Horace is at present a trifle unpolished. I quite see that. But what of it? A good tutor will remedy so small a defect in a few months. The main thing is that the little lad is superbly healthy and extremely intelligent."

The little lad made no acknowledgment of these stately tributes. He was still wrestling with the matter nearest his heart.

"I will not kiss 'em," he now announced firmly. "No, sir! Not unless somebody makes me a bet about it. I once kissed a goat on a bet."

Cousin Evelyn threw up her hands, causing Willie-dog to fall squashily.

"What an impossible little creature!"

"I think, my dear Paradene," said Professor Appleby mildly, "that, as the conversation seems to be becoming a little acrimonious, it would be best if I took Horace for a stroll in the grounds. It is not good for his growing mind to have to listen to these wranglings."

Cousin Evelyn stiffened militantly.

"Pray do not let us disturb Horace in his home." She attached a lead to Willie-dog's collar and made for the door. "Good-by, Uncle Cooley," she said, turning. "I consider I have been grossly and heartlessly insulted."

"Hey!" exclaimed Horace, pointing. "You've dropped your knitting and it's dragging!"

With one long, silent look of repulsion, Cousin Evelyn gathered Willie-dog into her arms and passed out. Uncle Jasper stumped to the door.

"Good-by, Jasper," said Mr. Paradene.

"Good-by. I shall immediately take steps to have a lunacy commission appointed to prevent your carrying out this mad scheme."

"And I," said Uncle Otis—"I have only to say, Cooley, that the journey here has left me out of pocket to the extent of three dollars and seventy-nine cents. You shall hear from my lawyer." He took little Cooley by the hand. "Come, John," he said bitterly. "In future you will be known by your middle name."

Horace observed this exodus with a sardonic eye.

"Say, I seem to be about as popular as a cold Welsh rabbit!" he remarked.

Bill came forward amiably.

"I've got nothing against you, buddy," he said. "As far as I'm concerned, welcome to the family!"

"If that's the family," said Horace, "you're welcome to 'em yourself."

And placing his little hand in Professor Appleby's, he left the room. Mr. Paradene eyed Bill grimly.

"Well, William?"

"Well, Uncle Cooley?"

"I take it that you have gathered the fact that I do not intend to continue your allowance?"

"Yes, I gathered that."

His young relative's calm seemed to embarrass Mr. Paradene a little. He spoke almost defensively.

"Worst thing in the world for a boy your age to have all the money he wants without earning it."

"Exactly what I feel," said Bill enthusiastically. "What I need is work. It's disgraceful," he said warmly, "that a fellow of my ability and intelligence should not be making a living for himself—disgraceful!"

Mr. Paradene's sanguine countenance took on a deeper red.

"Very humorous!" he growled. "Very humorous and whimsical. But what you expect to gain by ——"

"Humorous! You don't imagine I was being funny, do you?"

"I thought you were trying to be."

"Good Lord, no! Why, I came here this afternoon fully resolved to ask you for work."

"You've taken your time getting round to it."

"I didn't get a chance to mention it before."

"And what sort of work do you suppose I can give you?"

"A job in the firm."

"What as?"

Bill's extremely slight knowledge of the ramifications of the pulp-and-paper business made this a difficult question to answer.

"Oh, anything," he replied with valiant spaciousness.

"I could employ you at addressing envelopes at ten dollars a week."

"Fine!" said Bill. "When do I start?"

Mr. Paradene peered at him suspiciously through his glasses.

"Are you serious?"

"I should say so!"

"Well, I'm bound to say," observed Mr. Paradene, after a pause, seeming a trifle disconcerted, "your attitude has taken me a good deal by surprise." Bill thought of murmuring that his uncle did not realize the hidden depths in his character, but decided not to. "It's an odd thing, William, but the only member of my family for whom I still retain some faint glimmer of affection is you." Bill smiled his gratification. "And you," boomed Mr. Paradene, "are an idle, worthless, good-for-nothing! Still, I'll think it over. You're not going back to the city at once?"

"Not if you want me."

"I may want you. Stay here for another hour or so."

"I'll go and stroll by the lake."

Mr. Paradene scrutinized him keenly.

"I can't understand it," he muttered. "Wanting to work! I don't know what's come over you. I believe you're in love or something."

III

FOR about a quarter of an hour after the parting of uncle and nephew perfect peace brooded upon Mr. Cooley Paradene's house and grounds. At the end of that period Roberts the butler, agreeably relaxed in his pantry over a cigar and a tale of desert love, was startled out of his tranquillity by the sound of a loud metallic crash, appearing to proceed from the drive immediately in front of the house. Laying down cigar and book, he bounded out to investigate.

It was not remarkable that there had been a certain amount of noise. Hard by one of the colonial pillars the architect had tacked onto Mr. Paradene's residence to make it more interesting lay the wreckage of a red two-seater car, and from the ruins of this there was now extricating itself a long figure in a dustcoat, revealed a moment later as a young man of homely appearance with a prominent arched nose and plaintive green eyes.

"Hullo," said this young man, spitting out gravel. "How's everybody?"

Roberts gazed at him in speechless astonishment. The wreck of the two-seater was such a very comprehensive wreck that it seemed hardly possible that any recent occupant of it could still be in one piece.

"Had a bit of a smash," said the young man.

"An accident, sir?" gasped Roberts.

"If you think I did it on purpose," said the young man, "prove it!" He surveyed the ruins interestedly. "That car," he said sagely, after a prolonged scrutiny, "will want a bit of fixing."

"How ever did it happen, sir?"

"Just one of those things that do happen. Coming up the drive at a pretty good lick when a bird settled in the middle of the fairway. Tried to avoid running over the beastly creature, and must have pulled the wheel too far round, because all of a sudden I skidded a couple of yards, burst a tire and hit the side of the house."

"Good heavens, sir!"

"It's all right," said the young man reassuringly. "I was coming here, anyway."

He discovered a deposit of gravel on his left eyebrow and removed it with a blue silk handkerchief.

"This is Mr. Paradene's house, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Is Mr. West here?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's fine! I wish you would tell him I want to see him. Coker's the name—Mr. Judson Coker."

"Very good, sir."

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P. O.

Something in the butler's manner, a certain placidity and lack of emotion, appeared to displease the young man. He frowned slightly.

"Judson Coker," he repeated.

"Yes, sir."

Judson looked at him expectantly.

"Name's familiar, eh?"

"No, sir."

"You mean to say you've never heard it before?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Huh!" said Judson.

He reached out a long arm and detained the receding Roberts by the simple process of seizing the tail of his coat. Even in his moods of normalcy there was never anything aloof and reticent about Judson Coker; he was always ready to chat anywhere at any time with anyone; and now his accident had brought about in him a still greater urge toward loquacity. Shocks affect different people in different ways. Judson's had left him bubblingly confidential.

"Do you mean to tell me honestly, as man to man," he demanded incredulously, "that you have never heard the name Judson Coker before?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you ever read Broadway Badinage?"

"No, sir."

"Nor Town Gossip?"

"No, sir."

The failure of this literacy test seemed to discourage Judson. He released the butler's coat tail and relapsed into a moody silence.

"Shall I bring you a whisky and soda, sir?" asked Roberts.

It had come home to him by this time that the young visitor was not wholly himself, and remorse swept over him. Long ere this, he told himself, he should have been playing the part of a kindly physician.

The question restored Judson's cheerfulness immediately. It was the sort of question that never failed to touch a chord in him.

"My dear old chap, you certainly may," he responded with enthusiasm. "I've been wondering when you were going to lead the conversation round to serious subjects. Fix it pretty strong, will you? Not too much water and about the amount of whisky that would make a rabbit bite a bulldog."

"Yes, sir. Will you step inside the house?"

"No thanks. Sit right here if it's all the same to you."

The butler retired, to return a few moments later with the healing fluid. He found his young friend staring pensively at the sky.

"I say," said Judson, breathing a satisfied sigh as he lowered his half-empty glass, "coming back to that, you were kidding just now, weren't you, when you said you didn't know my name?"

"No, sir, I assure you."

"Well, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. You seem to know about as much of what's going on in the world as a hen does of tooth powder. Didn't you ever hear of the Silks?"

"Silks, sir?"

"Yes. The Fifth Avenue Silks."

"No, sir."

"Huh! Very famous walking club, you know. Used to assemble on Sunday mornings and parade up Fifth Avenue in silk pajamas, silk socks, silk hats, and silk umbrellas in case it rained. You really never heard of them?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'm darned! Doesn't that just show you what fame is? I shouldn't have thought there was an educated man in the country who hadn't heard of the Silks. We got a whole page in three Sunday magazine sections the week the police stopped us."

"Indeed, sir?"

"We certainly did—with a picture of me. I founded the Silks, you know."

"Yes, sir?"

"Oh, yes; I've done a good deal of that sort of thing. I went up in an aeroplane once, scattering dollar bills over the city. I'm surprised you've not heard of me."

"We live very much out of the great world down here, sir."

"I suppose you do," said Judson, cheered by this solution. "Yes, I guess that must be it. Quite likely you might not have heard of me if that's so. But you can take it from me that I've done a lot of things in my time. Clever things, you know, that made people talk. If it hadn't been for me I don't suppose the custom of wearing the handkerchief up the sleeve would ever have been known in America."

"Indeed, sir?"

"I assure you."

To some men these reminiscences might have proved enthralling; but not to one who, like Roberts, was in the middle of Chapter XI of Sand and Passion and wanted to get back to it. He removed the decanter gently from the reach of Judson's clutching hand and tactfully endeavored to end the conversation.

"I made inquiries, sir, and was informed that Mr. West was last seen walking in the direction of the lake. Perhaps if you would care to look for him there ——"

Judson rose.

"You're perfectly right," he said earnestly; "absolutely right. I've got to see old Bill immediately. Came here specially to see him. No time to lose. Which way is this lake?"

"Over yonder, sir. . . . Ah, but here is Mr. West, coming up the drive."

"Eh?"

"Mr. West, sir, coming up the drive."

And having indicated Bill's approaching figure to the visitor, who was peering vaguely in every direction but the right one, Roberts withdrew into the house. He paused in the hall to telephone to the occupants of the local garage that there was man's work for them to do in Mr. Paradene's front garden, then returned to the pantry and resumed his reading.

It was the unwelcome arrival on its grassy shores of Professor Appleby and the boy Horace that had driven Bill from the lake. He was in no mood for conversation, for it had suddenly become plain to him that he had got to do some very tense thinking. Events since his coming to Mr. Paradene's house had marched so rapidly that he had not had leisure until this moment to appreciate the problems and complexities with which life had filled itself. Brooding now upon these, he could see that fate had maneuvered him into a position where he was faced with the disagreeable necessity of being in two places at one and the same time. Obviously, if his newly displayed enthusiasm for toil was to carry weight, he must enter Uncle Cooley's office immediately. Obviously, also, if he entered Uncle Cooley's office immediately, he could not take Judson off for a fishing trip. If he went off now upon a fishing trip, what would Uncle Cooley think of him? And conversely, if he canceled the fishing trip, what could Alice Coker feel but that he had failed her in her hour of need after buoying her up with airy promises? Bill staggered beneath the burden of the problem, and was so preoccupied that Judson had to call him twice before he heard him.

"Why, hullo, Judson! What on earth are you doing here?"

He wrung the hand of the founder of the Fifth Avenue Silks with considerable animation. Since their somewhat distant talk on the telephone that morning his mental attitude toward Judson had changed a good deal. In his capacity of practically accepted suitor of Sister Alice, Bill had taken on a sort of large benevolence toward her entire family. He found himself glowing with brotherly affection for Judson, and even conscious of a certain timid desire to fraternize with the redoubtable J. Birdsey.

He massaged Judson's shoulder lovingly. Quite suddenly it had come to him that the problem which had been weighing him down was no problem at all. He had been mistaken in supposing that two alternatives of action presented themselves. Now that the sudden spectacle of Judson had, so to speak, stressed the Coker motif in the rhythm of life, he saw clearly that there was only one course for him to pursue. At whatever cost to himself and his financial future, he must keep faith with Alice. The fishing trip was on, the spectacular entry into the pulp-and-paper business off.

"Hullo, Bill, o' man," said Judson. "Just the fellow I want to see. As a matter of fact, I came out here specially to see you. Had a bit of a smash," he added, indicating the débris.

"Good heavens!" Bill quivered with a cold dismay at the thought of her brother having motor smashes. "You aren't hurt?"

"No, just joggled a bit. Say, listen, Bill. Alice has been tipping me off about what's happened at home. There's no mistake about this fishing trip, is there? Because if there is I'm in very hellafine case. A week at the old lady's would finish me."

"That's all right." Bill patted his shoulder. "I promised Alice and that's enough. The thing's settled." Bill hesitated blushfully for a moment. "Judson, old man," he went on, his voice trembling, "I asked her to be my wife."

"Breakfast every morning at 7:30 if you can believe it," said Judson. "And working on the farm all day."

"To be my wife," repeated Bill in a slightly louder tone.

"And if there's one thing that gives me the pip," said Judson, "it's messing about with a bunch of pigs and chickens."

"I asked Alice to marry me."

"And then family prayers, you know, and hymns and things. I couldn't stand it, o' man; simply couldn't stand it."

"She wouldn't give me a definite answer."

"Who wouldn't?"

"Alice."

"What about?"

Bill's attitude of general benevolence toward the Coker family began to undergo a slight modification. Some of its members, he felt, could be a little trying at times.

"I asked your sister Alice to marry me," he said coldly. "But she wouldn't actually promise."

"Well, that's fine," said Judson. "I mean, you can get out of it all right—what?"

Revolted as Bill was—and he gazed at his friend with a chilly loathing that might have wounded a more sensitive man—his determination was not weakened. Judson might have rather less soul than a particularly unspiritual wart hog, but he still remained Alice's brother.

"Wait here," he said stiffly. "I must go and see my uncle."

"Why?"

"To tell him about this fishing trip."

"Does he want to come, too?" asked Judson, perplexed.

"He wants me to go to work in his office at once, and I must tell him that it will have to be postponed."

Mr. Paradene had left the study when Bill got there, but familiarity with his habits told Bill where to look. He found him in the library, perilously perched upon a long ladder, browsing on a volume he had extracted from an upper shelf.

"Uncle Cooley."

Mr. Paradene gazed down from the heights. He replaced the book and descended.

"I wanted to see you, William," he said. "Sit down. I was just going to ring for Roberts to tell you to come here." He lowered himself into the deep chair that had been the object of little Cooley's recent attentions. "I have a suggestion to make."

"What I wanted to say ——"

"Shut up!" said Mr. Paradene.

Bill subsided. His uncle scrutinized him closely. There was something appraising in his glance.

"I wonder if you have any sense at all," he said.

"I ——"

"Shut up!" said Mr. Paradene.

He sniffed menacingly. Bill began to wish that he had some better news for this fiery little man than the information that he proposed to abandon the idea of work and go fishing.

"You've always been bone-idle," resumed Mr. Paradene, "like all the rest of the family. But there's no knowing whether you might not show some action if you were put to it. How would you like me to continue your allowance for another three months or so?"

"Very much," said Bill.

"Mind you, you'd have to do something to earn it."

"Certainly," agreed Bill. "After I come back from this fishing ——"

"I can't go myself," said Mr. Paradene meditatively, "and I ought to send someone. There's something wrong somewhere."

"You see ——"

"Shut up! Don't interrupt! This is the position: The returns of my London branch aren't at all satisfactory. Haven't been for a long time. Can't make out why. My manager there struck me as a very shrewd fellow. Still, there's no getting away from it, the profits have been falling off badly. I'm going to send you to London, William, to look into things."

"London?" said Bill blankly.

"Exactly."

"When do you want me to go?"

"At once."

"But ——"

"You're wondering," said Mr. Paradene, placing an erroneous construction on his nephew's hesitation, "just exactly what I expect you to do when you get to London. Well, frankly, I don't know myself, and I don't quite know why I'm sending you. I suppose it's just with the fact in view of

Continued on Page 104

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(Continued from Page 102)

discovering whether you have any intelligence at all. I certainly don't expect you to solve a mystery that has been puzzling a man like Slingsby for two years."

"Slingsby?"

"Wilfrid Slingsby, my London manager. Very capable man. I say I don't expect you to go straight over there and put your finger on the solution of a problem that has baffled a man like Slingsby. All I feel is that if you keep your eyes open and try to learn something about the business and take an interest in its management, you may happen by luck to blunder on some suggestion which, however foolish in itself, might possibly give Slingsby an idea that would put him on the right track."

"I see," said Bill.

The estimate of his potentialities as factor in solving the firm's little difficulties was not a flattering one, but he had to admit that it was probably more or less correct.

"It'll be good training for you. You can go and see Slingsby and he can tell you something about the business. That will all help," said Mr. Paradene with a chuckle, "when you come back here and start addressing envelopes."

Bill hesitated.

"I'd like to go, Uncle Cooley ——"

"There's a boat on Saturday."

"I wonder if I could have half an hour to think it over."

"Think it over!" Mr. Paradene swelled ominously. "What do you mean, think it over? Do you understand that I am offering you ——"

"Oh, yes, I quite see that—it's only —— Look here, let me just pop downstairs and speak to a fellow."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Mr. Paradene warmly. "Why downstairs? What fellow? You're gibbering!"

He would have spoken further, but Bill was already at the door. With a deprecating smile in his uncle's direction, intended to convey the message that all would come right in the future, he edged out of the room.

"Judson," he said, reaching the hall and looking about him.

He perceived that his friend was engaged at the telephone.

"Half a minute," said Judson into the instrument. "Here's Bill West. Just talking to Alice," he explained over his shoulder. "Father's come home and he says it's all right about that trip."

"Ask her to ask him if it will be as good if I take you over to London instead," said Bill hurriedly. "My uncle wants me to go over there at once."

"London?" Judson shook his head mournfully. "Not a chance! My dear old chap, you're missing the whole point of this business. The idea is to dump me somewhere where I can't ——"

"Tell her to tell him," urged Bill feverishly, "that I will pledge my solemn word that you shan't have a cent of money or a drop of drink from the time you start to the day you get back. Say you'll be just as safe in London with me as ——"

Judson did not permit him to finish the sentence.

"Genius!" murmured he, a smile of infinite joy irradiating his face. "Absolute genius! I should never have had the gall to think up anything like that." His face clouded again. "I doubt if it'll work, though. Father's not a chump, you know. Still, I'll try it."

There was a telephonic interval, at the end of which Judson relaxed and reported progress

"She's gone to ask him. But I doubt—I very much doubt —— Hullo?" He turned to the telephone again and listened for a space. He handed the instrument to Bill. "She wants to speak to you."

Bill took the telephone with trembling hands.

"Yes!" he said devoutly. Impossible to say anything as coarsely abrupt as hello.

The musical voice of Alice Coker trilled at the other end of the wire.

"Who is that?"

"It's me—er—Bill."

"Oh, Mr. West," said Alice, "I've been speaking to father about Judson going to London with you."

"Yes?"

"He was very much against it at first, but when I explained to him that you would take such great care of Juddy ——"

"Oh, I will! I will!"

"You really will see that he has no money at all?"

"Not a cent!"

"And nothing to drink?"

"Not a drop!"

"Very well, then, he may go. Thank you so much, Mr. West."

Bill was beginning to try to put into neat phrases the joy he felt at the thought of doing the least service for her, but a distant click told him that his eloquence would be wasted. He hung up the receiver emotionally.

"Well?" said Judson anxiously.

"It's all right."

Judson uttered a brief whoop of ecstasy.

"Bill, you're a marvel. The way you pulled that stuff about not letting me have any money! As solemn as a what-d'you-call-it! That was what turned the scale. As quick a bit of thinking as I ever struck," said Judson with honest admiration. "Gosh, what a time we'll have in London! There's a place I've always wanted to see. All those historic spots you read about in the English novels, you know—Romano's, the Savoy bar and all that. Bill, o' man, we'll paint that good old city bright scarlet from end to end."

It became apparent to the horrified Bill that young Mr. Coker had got an entirely wrong angle on the situation. Only too plainly, it was shown by his remarks, the divine Alice's deplorable brother had mistaken his recent promises for mere persiflage, evidently holding them to be nothing but part of a justifiable ruse to assist a pal. He choked.

"Do you really think," he said slowly, struggling with his feelings, "that I would deceive that sweet girl?"

"You betcher!" said Judson sunnily.

For a long moment Bill eyed him in cold silence. Then, still without speaking, he strode off up the stairs to inform Mr. Paradene that his services were at his disposal.

IV

DOWN on the lawn that ran beside the lake Professor Appleby paced to and fro with the boy Horace. His white head was bent, and one viewing them from afar would have said that the venerable old man was whispering sage counsel into his young friend's ears—words of wisdom designed to shape and guide his future life. And so he was

"Now listen to me, kid," he was saying, "and get this into your nut. I've got you in good and solid in this joint, and now it's up to you. You don't want to hang around here picking daisies. A nice quick clean-up, that's what we want from you, young man."

The boy nodded briefly. The minor prophet continued:

"It's got to be an inside job, of course; but I'll have Joe the Dip get in touch with you and stand by in case you need him. Not that the party's likely to get rough if you only do your end of the thing without bungling it. Still, it's as well to have Joe handy. So keep an eye out for him."

"Sure!"

"And don't go getting lazy just because you're in soft in a swell home where you'll probably have lots of good things to eat. That's the trouble with you—you think too much of your stomach. If you were left to yourself you'd lie back in a chair stuffing yourself forever, without giving a thought to the rest of the gang. You can't run a business that way. Just remember that we're waiting outside and that what we want is quick action."

"It's no good rushing me," protested Horace. "I mayn't be able to do anything for weeks. Got to fix up a house party, haven't I, so there'll be lots of women around with joolry?"

Professor Appleby clutched his white beard in anguish.

"Gosh darn it," he moaned, "are you really so dumb or are you just pretending? Haven't I told you a dozen times that we aren't after jewels this time? You don't suppose a hermit like old Paradene gives house parties to women, do you? Didn't I tell you till I was hoarse that what we want is those books of his?"

"I thought you were kidding," pleaded Horace. "What's the use of a bunch of books?"

"If you'll just do as you're told and not try to start thinking for yourself," said Professor Appleby severely, "we may get somewhere. Those books may not look good to a little runt like you who doesn't think of anything outside of what's for dinner, but let me tell you that there isn't one of them that isn't worth four figures, and lots of them are worth five."

"That so?" said Horace, impressed.

"It certainly is. And what you've got to do is to snoop around and find out just where the best of them are kept and then get away with them. See?"

"Sure!"

"It oughtn't to be hard," said Professor Appleby. "You've got the run of the place. Everything's certainly working nice and smooth. The old man swallowed those references of yours hook, line and sinker."

"Well, why wouldn't he? Gee!" said Horace with feeling. "When I think of all the Sunday schools I've had to go to to get 'em!"

Professor Appleby frowned. The boy's tone offended him.

"Horace," he said chidingly, "you must not speak in that way. If you're going to say a single word against your Sunday school I just won't listen! Do you get me, you little shrimp, or have I got to clump you one on the side of the bean?"

"I get you," said Horace.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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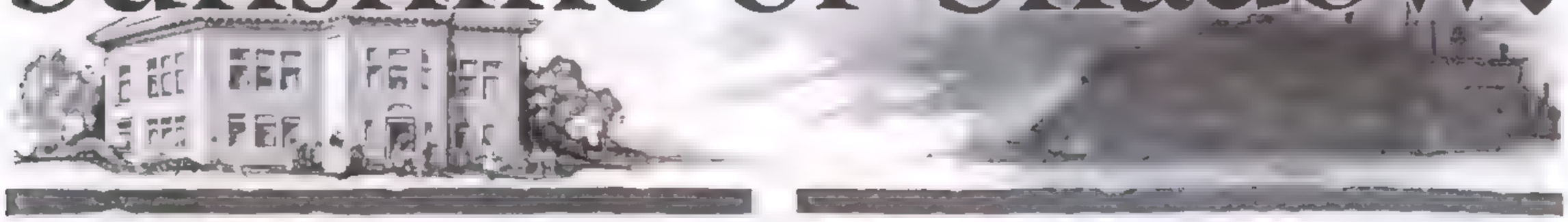


LUCKY boys and girls—graduating this month! Born lucky because God gave them fathers and mothers who have the love, the courage and the financial ability to see that their children are properly educated.

It is hard to believe that any father could care so little about the future of his children that he would let them give up school and go to work too soon if he could possibly prevent it.

And yet, right here in the United States where children are supposed to be better cared for than anywhere else in the world, there are more than 1,000,000 children between the ages of 10 and 16 at work—many of them laboring at health-wrecking and mind-dwarfing drudgery in factories, mines, shops and mills, on farms and in cities!

* * * *

All of the experts on health and education agree that children should be kept in school until they are at least 14. Every right-minded man and woman will agree on that point. Whether or not some children between 14 and 16 should drop all study and go to work is a grave question. But no one will deny that all of these youngsters need hours for play while they are growing—for the right play helps to build strong, healthy bodies.

Now what are the facts? Here they are, furnished by the United States Census Bureau:

378,063 children between the ages of 10 and 14 are at work.

682,795 children between the ages of 14 and 16 are at work.

Remember, the Census figures show only those children reported by fathers and mothers. Investigators know that there are thousands of children from 4 to 10 years old whose work at home is hidden from the Census takers. No one can know the exact number.

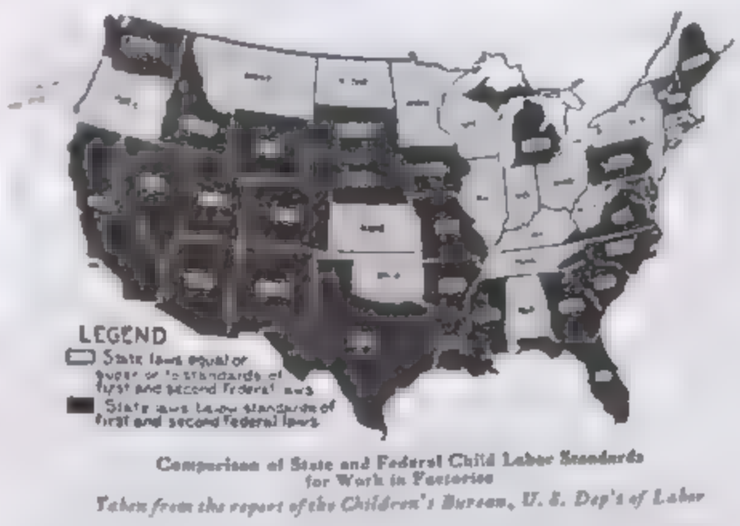
All through these bright sunshiny days when the beautiful green world is calling boys and girls to come and play—they drudge—perhaps a half million of them—mere children. From dawn to dusk you will find them toiling on truck farms. During the long day you will see them in textile mills, in sweat shops, in food canneries, in beet fields, in coal mines—wherever the state law fails to protect them.

* * * *

Poor little souls, many of them doomed to live in the shadow of poverty and ignorance all their lives—what chance have they?

The number of children who are injured at work is appalling but not surprising. Children must play and when denied their rightful opportunities, they will play at their work and get hurt.

Most of us like to look on the sunny side of life—and so we should. But while we are planning for the happiness and welfare of our own boys and girls, can't we give just a few minutes' thought to the little toilers condemned to misery unless we help? Thousands of them can be developed into splendid men and women—if they are rescued now. Bring them out of the shadow and into the sunshine.


LEGEND
State laws equal or superior to standards of first and second Federal laws
State laws below standards of first and second Federal laws

Comparison of State and Federal Child Labor Standards for Work in Factories

Taken from the report of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Dep't of Labor

This map gives a graphic picture of the extent of child labor in this country. The black states—30 of them—do not adequately protect their children under 14. Only 18 states—the white states—have laws under which children may really be protected.

But while some states are shown as black, actual working conditions should be shown in gray, some light gray and some dark gray. And even in the white states, the actual conditions are not always pure white.

Generally speaking—the states that give their children no protection or next to none have the greatest number of illiterates. They pay the price of their exploitation. Child labor in the United States has grown to alarming figures and will continue to grow until public opinion and humanity order it stopped. And apparently the only thing that can stop it everywhere and at once is the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The time is coming when every state will be called upon to ratify the Amendment. Be ready to do your part to have it sanctioned by the Legislature of your state. It is a measure that should have your heartiest support.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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A KNIGHT FOR O'DAY

(Continued from Page 19)

control enough to figure that starting a row with me ain't gonna help Dimple's game none, even with the Standard Oil and Iowa railroad head start I gave her with the soup. Them Englishmen like quiet and rawther little of that, so the misses just grates her teeth and lets me roll my hoppy hoop for a while.

"McGullible," I goes on, "thinks that one-club and one-diamond invitation for a no-trump is the humming bird's galoshes ——"

"Eh, which?" interrupts Basil.

"The eel's ear muffs," I explains in simpler language. "I think you fellers call it the whole top."

"Whole top?" repeats the noble lord. "Oh, yes. Top hole, you mean?"

"That's it," says I. "I was just putting the reverse American on it. To get back to the one double. I knows Proctor don't agree with McGullible, but when you conciders that Mac beat that blah-brain twenty-eight straight rubbers in the Medicine Hat Sweepstakes back in '89 you can easy see what a sucker anybody'd be to use Proctor's book even to heave at a cat. Am I right?"

"Well," returns Tummy-Palmer, "I don't know nothing about Proctor; but seeing you is a member of Parliament, I should say you ain't."

"Good!" I exclaims. "I must jot that and tell it to the President tomorrow at the pinochle game. I heard the wife asking you a while back what you thought of the one-double take-out. You for it?"

"Oh, yes," says he. "It's a good convention, I think, even if they is many chances of leaving your partner with a terrible hand to play."

"Right-o, old topper," I comes back; "but that ain't half as terrible as having your partner forget to take you outta the double."

"I wouldn't never do that," titters Midgie.

"I hopes not," I remarks. "Lola McSchmidkunz was the last partner to do it to me. I think it's a shame the way her husband runs around, and she ain't been dead six months."

I can see Kate struggling with one of them suppressed desires to widow herself with a carver, but you gotta give it to that gal. She can do anything with her temper that Mathewson could with a baseball.

"Suppose," says she, "we have a rubber."

"Sure," I backs her up. "Come on and watch McGullible's favorite studnut play treys, four spots and finifs so's to make bums outta aces, jacks and queens."

"God save the king!" mutters Sir Basil.

III

WHILE they is fixing up the table I drifts upstairs to get some smokes and finds Dawkins helping hisself to a shot outta my prewar. He almost strangles when he pipes me, but right away I puts him on his ease.

"Go to it, bo," says I. "That's a bottle of hooch I been afraid of. It don't smell good to me."

"Heavings!" gurgles Dawkins, turning the color of seasick putty. "'Tain't wood alcohol, sir, is it?"

"That," I answers, jovial, "remains for you to see. If you're able to in the morning, it ain't"

Leaving Basil's man to sweet dreams, I goes down to the living room, where the Bart and the women is all set and waiting for the old master.

"Well," I inquires, "what we gonna play for—the usual dollar a point?"

"Yeh," returns Kate, "the usual dollar a point you play for."

"A shilling a hundred'll do for me," remarks Tummy-Palmer.

"What's that in money?" I asks.

"A quarter of a cent a point," snaps the misses, and me, figuring the strain's getting too much for her, don't say nothing else on the subjects.

We draws for partners and, as luck wouldn't have it, I gets Midgie for a dummy. She's that no matter which of us grabs off the bid.

The first deal comes to me and I gets a swell hand—for rummy. The higheet card in the mess is a nine, and that's in the weak suit, clubs.

"Pass for a purpose," I announces.

"Purpose?" queried Sir Basil. "What purpose?"

"The purpose of passing," I explains. "It's a signal to myselfs that I ain't got nothing."

Tummy-Palmer looks kinda disgusted and acts like he's gonna say something, but he don't. An English gent can't eat a guy's beef and then start beefing at him.

Kate bids one without. Midgie does what the barber shop gets for letting the show at the opry house put a twenty-four-sheet in the window, and Basil goes to two no-trumps.

It's a cinch that the frau and the noble lord is got the picture gallery between 'em, so I bids three clubs just for a force-up.

"You mean four, don't you?" inquires Tummy-Palmer.

"What for?" I comes back. "You only bid two without, didn't you?"

"Yeh," admits Basil, "but three clubs won't top two—no, old dear."

"The heck! When did Congress pass that bill?"

"Three clubs," explains the guest, "is only eighteen points; two no-trumps is twenty. Right? You wouldn't expect a bid of eighteen to be better than one of twenty, would you?"

That's a new one on me and also on the gals. I dopes it that that must be the English way of scoring, and while it sounds reasonable enough I'm too good a hundred per center to let any perfidious Album come over and propagand our way of playing bridge without no struggles.

"What you say," I returns, tactful, "may be true in the countries that owe us money, but it is a theory we is facing and not no conditions. I ask you this: Where is this rubber being played? Now think carefully before you answer. Is it being played in the United States or in Great Britain?"

"I like the English way," cuts in the wife, with a cold glare that'd freeze boiling water on the equator.

"Me, too," seconds Midgie.

"All right," I shrugs, "if you wants to be ex-patriots. Four clubs."

Kate hesitates a little and then bys. So does my partner, and when Basil don't do nothing excepting double I'm just about as happy over my hand as a clam at a bake.

"Well, Midge," says I, "what you got that's good for sore eyes?"

"Boric acid," she answers, but she's got better'n that. She lays down a smear of clubs, a blank in hearts, a singleton in spades; and my being minus diamonds, the situation don't look so kinky-haired after all. Kate's got the king, jack and another club, but Midgie having the ace and queen in her flock of trumps, I smother 'em quick, me getting in the lead right offa the bat when the frau leads a diamond.

I makes the four-odd without no troubles, my little trumps making bums outta the opposish's aces and kings like I said I was gonna, proving that where they is bull they is a way.

"Well played" says Sir Basil.

"Not so good," I returns, modest, "I think on Page 86 of McGullible it shows you how to make a little slam with that mitt, but I guess I'm getting kinda rusty. I'm sorry, partner," I goes on, turning to Midgie, "I lost them extra tricks."

"That's all right," she answers. "You done the best you could. I don't think you should 'a' trumped that first diamond lead and ——"

"How," I cuts in, "was I gonna get in to lead through Kate's clubs if I didn't?"

"Who's deal is it?" answers Midgie.

We has a long argument and finally decides that, me having dealt last, the chances is it's up to the wife to flip 'em around this time and we compromises on that. For the next hour I get a great run of hands; in facts they is so good that they stands up against alla Midgie's attacks, and in hardly no time I've got Sir Basil deep enough in the hole to make him put another patch on the Tummy-Palmer seat in Yorkshire—that is, if we'd been playing with real money instead of that appreciated British currency.

Midgie, however's, hanging over my head like an overdue mortgage, and I expects every minute to get thrown for a loss that'll turn my velvet into sackcloth and ashes. Finally it happens.

Basil deals and passes. I ain't got a thing in my mitt worth a bid, so I says, "I'll double."

Kate bys and I'm hoping that Midgie'll do the same, but she don't. She studies the cards hard, sighs a coupla times and

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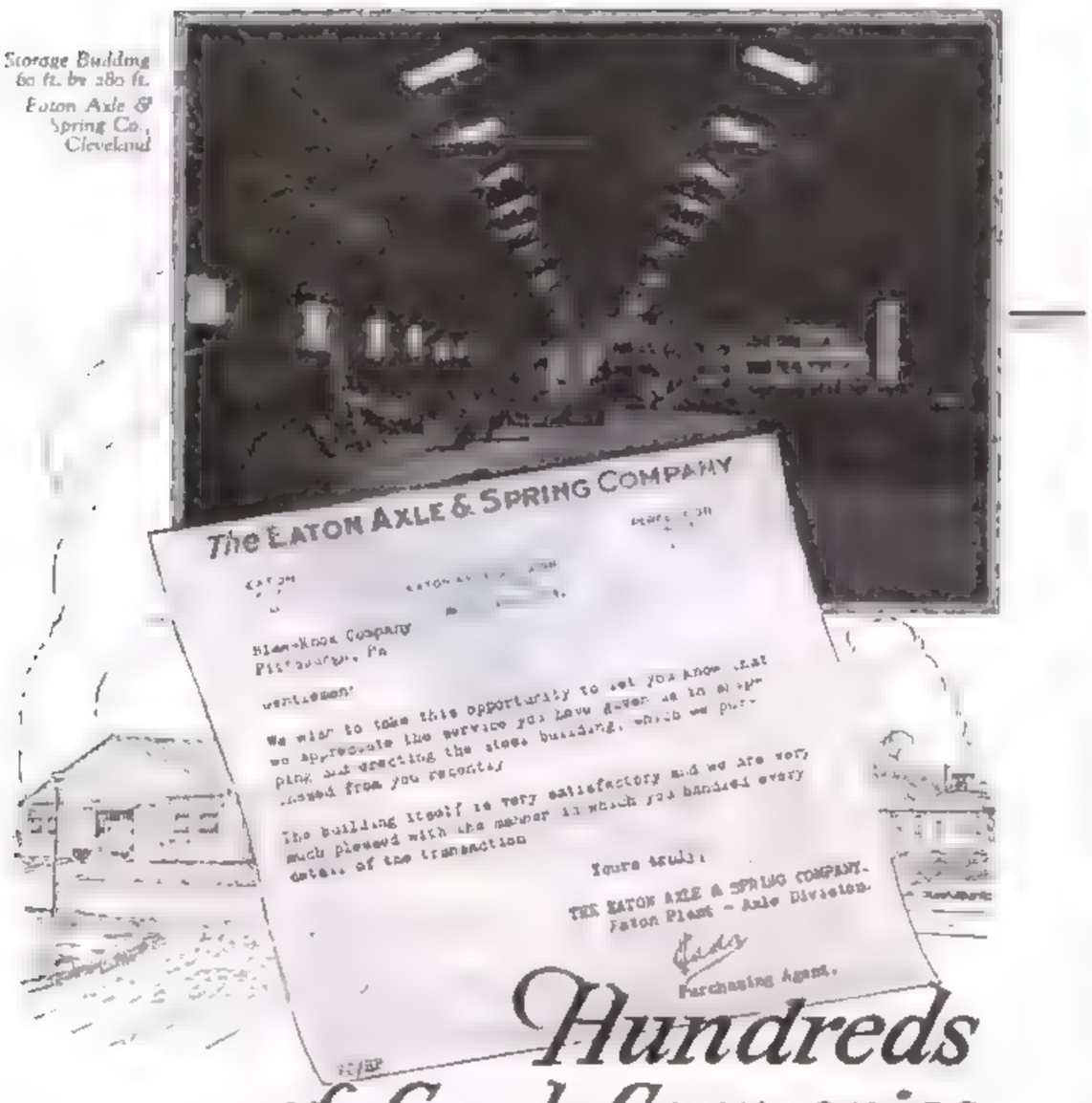
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finally bids two diamonds. That's a cuckoo fourth hand bid, considering we need a whole frame and that they is a chance it'll open things up again for the wife and Tummy-Palmer, but it just happens that nobody ain't got another word to say and Midgie gets the play.

"I'll lay my cards down," says I, "as a matter of forms; but if you can get a trick outta 'em, I'll walk around the room on my left eyebrow."

"What?" gasps the gal, but I don't give her no time to weep no more, my lady. I ain't even got the heart to be seen near the mitt I'm presenting to her, so I excuses myself and ducks out on the porch for three fingers of fresh air the A. T. & T. ain't using.

When I gets back Midgie's taking in her second and last trick, the other eleven being stacked up neat in front of the noble lord. She looks at me vicious, like it was my fault I didn't have nothing decent dealt to me.

"What'd you have anyways?" I yelps kinda sore myself. "What's the idea of bidding a fourth hand when you ain't got nothing?"

"Diamonds was the best I had," comes back Midgie. "Nine high, five times."

"You didn't have to bid, did you?" I shouts.

"I hadda take you outta the double, didn't I?" she shouts right back.

"Double?" I demands. "What double?"

"You doubled Sir Basil, didn't you?" snaps Midgie.

"Well, I'm damned," says I, beginning to get wise. "Know what he bid?"

"I don't remember," mumbles the minus; "but you doubled and I hadda take you out, the which I did with my best suit."

"Basil," I explains, patient, "passed. I doubled his pass. You got a idea you gotta take me outta the double of a pass?"

"If you'd cut out your silliness," butts in the misses, "you wouldn't confuse people and this wouldn't 'a' happened."

"I suppose," I returns, sarcastic, "according to the rules on page gimel, if you got dimples you don't have to know what suit the dealer's bidding, huh?"

"All I knows," says Midgie, sullen, "is that you gotta take your partner outta one double and I done it."

"What," I inquires, "made you think it was a double of one? How'd you know Basil didn't start out with five spades?"

"He's too much of a gentleman," returns Midgie, with a toss of her vacuum.

IV

THE game busts up at the end of the rubber, and a guy that'd just got a commutation ticket instead of a one-way ride on the electric chair couldn't 'a' been any more relieved than Tummy-Palmer. I never seen a bird suffer the way that lad done between my ballyhoo blah-bas and Midgie's moron glacés. It musta taken, at the leastest, eleven generations of holding yourself in to keep Basil from turning over the bridge table and exiting through the window.

Not being particularly anxious for no private session with Kate, I sticks around, after the ladies have beaten it to the hay, for a smoke with the Bart. I'm beginning to feel kinda sorry for the way I been treating the lad, but he won't let me stay that way.

"Charming woman," he remarks, like to hisself.

"Midgie?" I inquires.

"I was speaking of Mrs. O'Day," says Basil. "Don't you think?"

"I've thought so ten years," I comes back, cold, "and I got a copyright on that think," I finishes, significant. I've seen too many of them English parlor comedies in my times and I ain't gonna take no chances of letting Tummy-Palmer even get near the idea that I'm one of them easy-going meal tickets that'll stand around and let a sofa slicker make a triangle outta him. I been a little peeved all evening at the way he's been making up to Kate and I might 'a' started something if I'd been the slightest bit jealous.

"Miss Midgie," switches the noble lord, "must be extremely wealthy, what with railroads and ——"

"Yeh," I cuts in, sore enough to wanna hurt, "what with railroads and what with. If trunk lines was selling for three cents a gross, Midgie wouldn't be able to buy a spike without a first and second mortgage."

"I see," says Sir Basil, after a bit. "You was spoofing me about the Standard Oil and the rest."

"How was I spoofing you?" I wants to know. "I was just kidding kinda private with Midgie. I didn't know you was interested in a stenog's business affairs?"

"You mean," gasps Tummy-Palmer, "the young person is employed at a wage?"

"The lady," I shoots right back, "is. Is they anything wrong with that, outside of it being honest?"

"No," says he, slow; "but I should have been informed."

"Let's turn in," I snaps.

We walks, without speaking, to the stairs leading to the bedrooms, and I starts to switch out the lights on the first floor. Instead I hits the wrong button, the one that turns 'em all out above. Before I has a chance to correct the error they is a wild moan, followed by a terrible shriek like somebody's being butchered upstairs.

"What's that?" whispers Basil.

"Must be Dawkins," I answers. "He's the only man there."

We rushes up the steps, without even thinking of zipping on the lights and crashes the valet's room. It's as dark as the inside of a black cat in a caved-in tunnel, and they ain't nothing to be seen; but they is plenty to be heard.

"I'm blind!" bellows Dawkins. "He poisoned me with that whisky."

Then I remembers the wood-alcohol gag I'd pulled on the boy and busts out laughing, at the same times turning on the lights. The cuckoo'd kept 'em burning all night to make sure he was able to see right along, and naturally when I flicked 'em off downstairs he figured his lamps had blown out.

Even with the glims again working, Dawkins don't calm down none. He cries and begs to be taken away, saying I was trying to blind him and such historical ravings. I just keeps laughing all the whiles and that finally gets Basil's nanny.

"Pack our things," he says curt to his valet, and then he turns to me. "I just this minute," he announces, "got a message from the embassy. I must leave at once."

"Sorry," I tell him. "If you'll excuse me I'll go downstairs and tip the lad liberal that brung it."

Midgie and Kate being in a far wing of the hut don't hear none of the goings on, and sending Basil and his man on their way rejoicing—me doing that—I goes to bed without waking the janes to tell 'em the sad—you should be so—news.

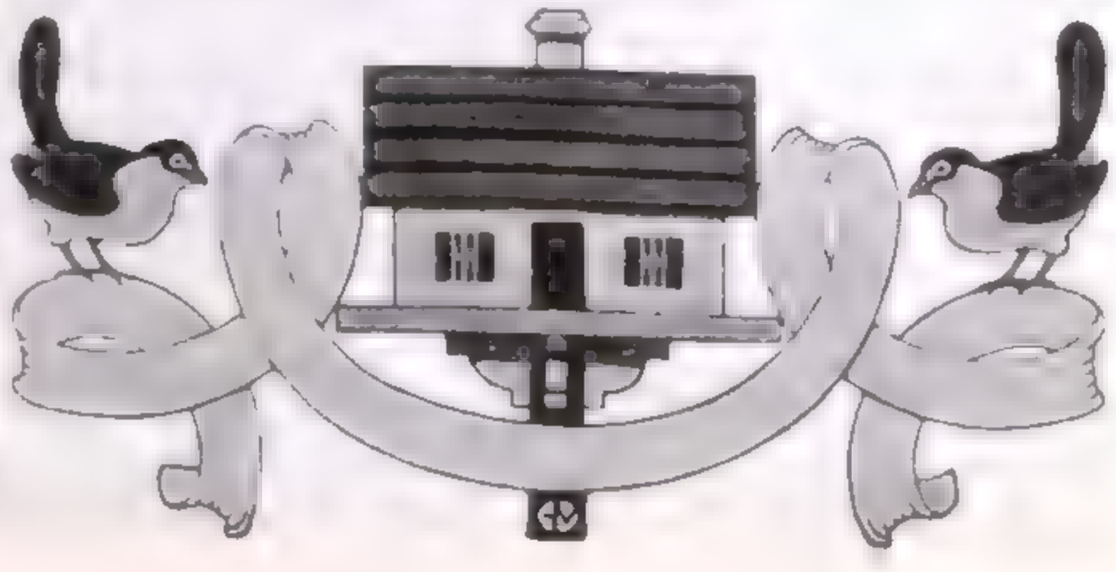
"Tummy-Palmer's gone," I remarks, cool, at breakfast. "He got a sudden message from the king or something."

"Gone!" gasps both women as one man. "What could 'a' happened?"

"From what I could make out," I answers, "they is all kinda excitements in London. The prince, it seems, went out for a ride around the block and came back on the horse."

"The same one?" asks Midgie.

"Clever, that," says I, patting her hand. "I must jot it."



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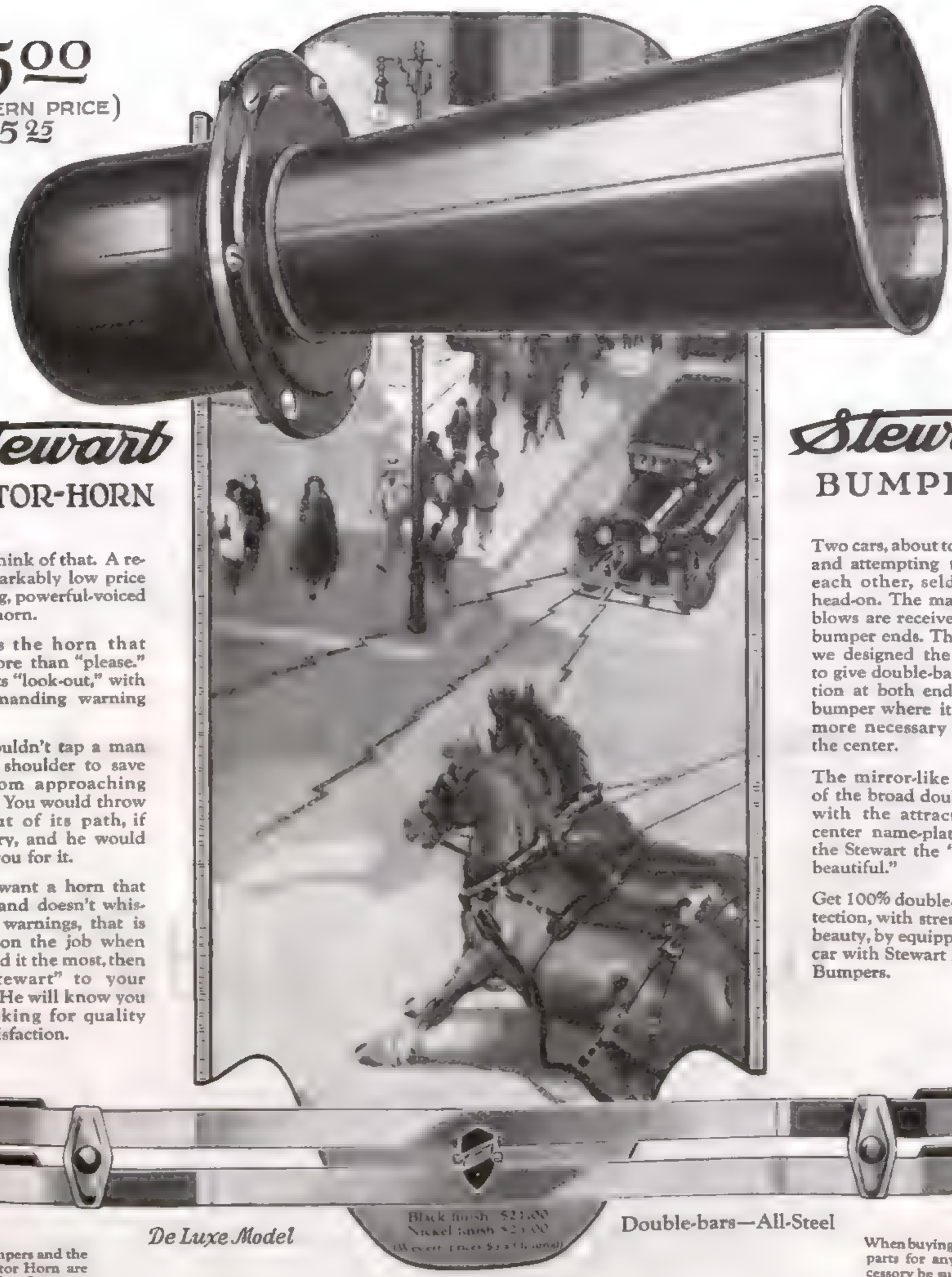

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(Continued from Page 15

royalist cause, determined to ignore this, to them, fatal decree of the republican assembly. Civil strife was imminent between the sixty thousand mulattoes and the forty thousand creoles, when suddenly, in August, 1791 and presumably the well-meaning National Assembly had not foreseen this consequence of its wholesale and undiluted promulgation of unaccustomed liberty the five hundred thousand slaves revolted.

III

THE insurrection broke out first on one of the plantations near the Cape. There a slave was seen in the early evening, running from a shed to which he had apparently just set fire. The subsequent morning brought news from other localities of similar manifestations of insubordination and disquiet, the sudden forerunning gusts of the tempest which was in a few hours to sweep the province. On one plantation the slaves had spent the night dancing around a fire.

Dancing around a fire.

One begins to sense the precarious uncertainty of life in the colony, the constant shadow darkening the background of all daily intercourse, when so trivial a circumstance, so pleasant a domestic spectacle as that of a parcel of slaves dancing around a fire must be considered a cause of alarm and necessitate the sending abroad of anxious messengers.

One would like to know how long already they had been dancing around hidden fires in the jungle, listening to old Congo war chants, shivering under a pale moon at the ritual of voodoo priests, while the maddening drumbeats went booming through the night. One would like to appreciate the cunning, the deception, the silent network of preparation, the genius and inspiration, the accumulated inheritance of hatred and the fantastic hopes, the tribal memories and aspirations behind it all. One would like to have a glimpse of this spiritual return to ancient Africa there in distant Santo Domingo.

Unfortunately one sees only the relapse into hot-blooded savagery which followed; one is made aware only of the fanatic cruelties, the ritualistic atrocities, the ferocious vengeances unchained; one learns only of grim dances around torturing fires, of ghastly ceremonies before tribal altars, of unthinkable physical horrors committed in the terrifying presence of unspeakable banners. One reads, in the report of the Commissioners from Santo Domingo to the French Assembly—which did not appear especially moved—of living bodies incased in planks and then sawed in two; of babies carried on pikes at the head of demented processions; of frenzied orgies which transcend imagination. One reads other sickening paragraphs.

But in the midst of it all, one is obliged to remember two things—that the same treatment was accorded those slaves themselves, and there were many, who refused to join the insurrection and remained superbly loyal to their masters; and that there was scarcely an instance of fiendishly depraved cruelty in the uprising of the slaves of Santo Domingo which cannot be duplicated, if not actually surpassed, in the scenes of popular insanity which attended the Reign of Terror in the civilized cities of France. When one thinks of Santo Domingo one must not forget Paris and her prison massacres, or Lyons and her "republican marriages," or Nantes and her "national bath." And when one thinks of the slave leaders of the insurrection one must not forget Carrier and Fouquier-Tinville, Marat and Robespierre.

One would do well, in fact, to remember Philadelphia, where at a slightly later date earnest and pathetically ridiculous American "republican" patriots gathered annually at banquets for the purpose of commemorating the execution of Louis XVI—at which solemn and undeniably civilized functions otherwise intelligent citizens plunged carving knives into the body of an emblematic pig and quaffed its blood in execration of the "tyrant"; self-respecting, Christian citizens of Philadelphia, who danced in a ring afterward around the table, wearing red liberty caps, very far removed, no doubt, from Toussaint and his Congo rabbles.

Federal Hall, New York, as it Appeared in the Year 1797

The insurrection, originating near Limbé and the Cape, and centering its utmost violence and destruction in the regions of Port Margot, Petite Anse and the Grand Ravine of Limbé, spread throughout the province. Plantations, factories, warehouses, cane fields—the torch was put to everything. Entire families were driven from their homes, tracked to their places of panic-stricken refuge and butchered. The Northern Plain was a blood-stained desolation of flaming ruins. In November, Port-au-Prince itself was burned.

Those colonists who escaped immediate massacre found themselves fugitives in a land wasted by fire and sword, distracted wanderers—men, women and little children—through a hostile countryside, terrified, fever smitten, starving and destitute. The more fortunate ones managed to reach the Cape and the protection of its garrison. Others succeeded in passing over the border into the Spanish province, where, at least, there was security from the nightmare. Others, again, sought hiding places in the forests and jungles, where they were hunted down relentlessly by the pursuing bands, or else met the more merciful end afforded by hunger, and thirst, and sickness. A few came stumbling out at last upon forlorn beaches tattered, emaciated human remnants scanning an empty horizon, or lumbering with pitiful cries and imploring gestures through the sand after some passing ship. Among these was Stephen Jumel.

On what beach, or in what company, and after what vicissitudes, is not known now. Always robust and valiant he may not have suffered as much as most. One does not know, either, how long he waited on that beach, whether many ships passed tantalizingly beyond his reach, or whether the first was the one to send her boat to rescue him, attracted by his frantic signals. At all events, she took him aboard and carried him to St. Helena, her first port of call. There he left her, to await a vessel returning to America or, possibly, to Europe. He landed, eventually, at New York, where his former business connections held out some hope of financial rehabilitation.

IV

IT WAS a funny little town when Jumel first came to it. Approached from the bay—filled with snows, brigs, schooners and polaccas, British frigates with blue upper works and French ones carrying red liberty caps at the mastheads, Albany sloops bearing timber, skins and grain to exchange for tammies, broadcloths and half-thicks, and two-masted piraguas ferrying back and forth between Brooklyn or Paulus Hook and the city wharves—the most conspicuous feature of the waterfront to attract the visitor's attention, the combined Riverside Drive and Central Park of that day, was the Battery.

A public walk along the water's edge surmounted by a battery of thirteen guns placed *en barbette* on a stone platform, behind which rose a truncated stone tower topped by a flagstaff with a golden ball, popularly referred to as The Churn. The remaining space between these fortifications and the Government House, on the site of the old Fort George and of the future Custom House, was occupied by terraces and walks, shaded by elm trees, along which the entire population took its ease in the cool of the day. In front of Government House, a little way back from the Battery gardens, stood an elliptical plot of grass still spoken of as the Bowling Green, and containing the crumbling pedestal of what had once been a statue of King George. There Broadway began, a fine wide thoroughfare not yet come into its own as a residential avenue, straggling past the Common with its gibbet, and dwindling soon into a country road leading toward Lispenard's meadows, where one went duck shooting and berry gathering

On the other side of the Common, destined to be known in time as City Hall Park, was Chatham Street, from which the carts started every morning to distribute the water taken from the Tea Water Pump—for New York could not boast of a system of wooden water pipes such as served the metropolis of Philadelphia. And from Chatham Street one went to Boston, through the Bowery Lane, halting to pick up passengers for the Boston and Albany stage at the Bull's Head Tavern, which Mr. Richard Varian conducted on the property owned by a prosperous butcher of the Fly Market called Henry Ashdor, or, as some people pronounced it, Astor. Or one followed the continuation of the Bowery Lane and went to Kings Bridge through McGowan's Pass. Or, at the junction of the Bowery and Monument lanes, one turned down the latter and went to the village of Greenwich, two miles distant, stopping perhaps at Brannan's Tea Gardens to consume iced liquors and creams and visit the aloes and orange trees in the greenhouse.

A pretty place, Greenwich, just beyond the Minetta Brook to the north of Lispenard's meadows; noted for its salubrious climate, a refuge in time of pestilence, adorned with handsome residences set among its wooded hills; and crowned by Colonel Burr's great porticoed mansion of Richmond Hill, where a plump rosy little girl of twelve, called Theodosia, sat at the head of the table and dispensed her widowed father's lavish hospitality with all the grace and self-assurance of a grown woman of the world.

Brook, meadows and wooded hills, they have all vanished now; and so also has Bayard's Mount, over to the eastward, a landmark of New York in Jumel's time—Bayard's Mount, or Bunker Hill, situated at the spot where now Mulberry Street brings its traffic to Grand, incredulous of the eminence which once overlooked the surrounding countryside, the highest point near the city, on which, in 1798, Mr. Joseph Delacroix opened his popular resort called the Vauxhall Garden, for the enjoyment of illuminations, fireworks and modest refreshments.

And with Bayard's Mount another landmark well known to Jumel has disappeared—the Fresh Water Pond, or Collect, a sheet of water in which one fished and upon which one skated, where now the Tombs prison stands, stonily unconscious of these forgotten amenities. Jumel saw it filled in, along in 1808, by order of the City Council which had lost patience with a population which persisted in throwing refuse into it; and, already in 1800, he had watched the stream which served as its outlet to the Hudson through Lispenard's meadows straightened and deepened, and furnished with a roadway on either side, so that people began to speak of it as the "Canal Street." *(Continued on Page 114)*

DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE
for The Electric Storage Battery Company
Manufacturers of Exide Batteries

Only a question of TIME

and time is money

The difference between a good battery and a better battery is a matter of *time*.

Almost any battery will start and light your car for a while. The proof of merit lies in the *duration* of this service.

Thousands of drivers will testify to the long life of Exide Batteries, and not just long life but *continuous* service, with amazingly little interruption and expense through repairs.

It is this rugged tenacity of the Exide that makes it such an economy. At the present low prices the saving with an Exide by the month and by the year of service deserves your serious consideration.

EXIDE PRICES are from $17.65 up, according to size and geographical location. You can get the right battery for your car at a nearby Exide Service Station.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

In Canada, Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 133-157 Dufferin St., Toronto

Exide
BATTERIES

FOR YOUR RADIO

After you tune in some distant station, you want to get what you get with greatest clearness—and this means a storage battery with uniform current. There is an Exide Radio Battery made for each type of tube—A batteries for 2-volt, 4-volt and 6-volt tubes, and the 12-cell B battery. Exide Radio Batteries give uniform current over a long period of discharge and enable you to get the most out of your set. You can get an Exide at any Radio Dealer's or Exide Service Station.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

Ta-ta-ta-ta. That's bugles. And here comes the heavy artillery, shooting

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

There's a lot of new recruits this year, fellows that couldn't reach the 200-yard stake last season. But now they're driving like Sarazens with

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

"How that baby travels!" That's what you'll say the first time your club takes hold of

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

But distance ain't all she's got. Your shots fly straight down the alley with

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

The greens, too, are home, sweet home for

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

Rolling true and finding the cup is cookies for

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

And if you must top 'em once in a while, play a ball that won't cut—play

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company makes

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

And the Great Lakes Corporation, manufacturer of Swastika clubs, is the sole distributor of

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

So if you really want to go around in at least ten less this season, ask your "pro" or dealer in golf supplies for the one ball that will help you do it—

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

If your "pro" or dealer cannot supply you, we will send two Goodyear Dollars" on receipt of $2

Great Lakes
CORPORATION

14 E. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago — 110 E. 42nd Street, New York City

Pacific Coast Distributor
ALFRED H. BULLION COMPANY
San Francisco and Los Angeles

(Continued from Page 111)

A little later Jumel probably joined his fellow citizens in ridiculing the vestry of Trinity Church when it saw fit to invade that desolate region of brambles and marshes just south of the canal and west of Broadway, and proceed with the erection of a church which was promptly dubbed St. John's in the Fields, and with the laying out of a park which it proposed to call St. John's Park. And having laughed at this folly, Jumel lived long enough to see the park becoming one of the most exclusive residential sections in the city; but in those earlier days it had not seemed likely that the town would ever reach so far to the west and north.

For the town, as Jumel first knew it, its residences and countinghouses, its warehouses and shops, its taverns and gardens, and its wharves, all lay to the east of Broadway, from the Battery up to the Bowery Lane. There was no shipping to be found in the Hudson, almost no activity to take one west of Broadway, unless one were bound to Philadelphia by way of the ferry from Bussing's Wharf to Paulus Hook, or to Greenwich along the shore road, the remains of which are now many blocks inland from the river front. One lived on Whitehall and State Streets, on Broad and Cherry Streets, in little red and yellow brick buildings; one did business on Stone and Pearl Streets, on Liberty, Wall and New, and on Piewoman's Lane, which is now Nassau Street; one went shopping on Petticoat Lane, near Whitehall, for amens and cordurets, for moreens, rattinets and shalloons, for ribdelures, ticklenburgs, velverets and romals, and for putticals and setetersoys; on Water, Front and South Streets one found the chandlers and shipping offices, and the cheap-john auctions, with bells and red flags, and vendue masters.

And at Borden's Wharf and Constable's, at the Exchange, at the Coffee House, at the Old and at Coenties slips one found the ships themselves, bringing tea, and spice, and porcelain, camphor and silk from China, coffee, sugar and rum from Antigua and St. Kitts, from Jamaica, Guadeloupe and Martinique, and loading grain, leather and flour, and quintals of fish. There was a pleasant smell of tar in the air, of aromatic cargoes piled up along the sidewalks, of clean fresh canvas in the sailmakers' lofts; a constant clattering of blocks and tackles, of mauls and hammers in the shipbuilding yards where Mr. Cheesman, and Mr. Ackley, and Mr. Eckford were so busy; the shiny hats and bright shirts of many sailormen were in the streets, and a great singing of deep-water songs all along the docks. One made money, fabulously and decorously, and in the evening one strolled gently along the Battery.

▼

A MERCHANT himself, Jumel must have fitted in very readily to the life of the town. He made himself known, received introductions at the Tontine Coffee House, where all the business of the port was transacted, looked up his former connections. Perhaps he was given a desk for a while in some friendly colleague's countinghouse. He began to make money.

Soon he must have been able to afford the seven-dollar-a-week luxury of Mrs. Loring's boarding house at the foot of Broadway; or possibly that of Corré's Hotel, a little farther up the street. Or he may have preferred the City Hotel, opposite Mr. Chenelette Dusseaussoir's confectionery establishment, at that time, and until the coming of the Astor House, the finest and most pretentious hostelry in the country. For his meals, if he chose to dine out in the middle of the afternoon, he probably went to the Porter House, on Pine Street, to enjoy Mr. Michael Little's renowned French cooking, or to Fraunces' when the latter became its landlord. Once in a while he may have gone to Mr Dyde's London Hotel, next door to the Park Theater, for supper; or to Martling's Tavern, on the corner of Nassau and George streets, although after 1799, when the somewhat dilapidated structure which the Federalists called the Pig Pen had become the wigwam of the Tammany Society and consequently the great "republican" hangout, he may not have cared to be seen in its long room.

For recreation, when he grew tired of perusing The Dessert to the True American or The Political Magazine and Miscellaneous Repository of Ballston, New York; he went and sat with his hat on in the pit of the Park Theater and got himself pelted with fruit, chop bones and empty bottles by the gods in the gallery; he inspected the mammoth's tooth, and the Chinese birds' nests, and the wampum belts in the museum, and had his profile drawn by the physiognotrace; or else he patronized an itinerant show and looked at the automatons, and the musical clocks, and the electric thunder houses, and the catoptric penetrating spyglasses.

And in the spring and summer times he visited the gardens. The Mount Vernon, where one rode on the flying horses; and the Columbian, on State Street, at which one stopped for an ice after walking on the Battery; Vauxhall, on Bayard's Mount, and later on the Bowery Lane, where for fifty cents one watched the fireworks, and the balloons, and the acrobats, and listened to the music, and admired the large equestrian statue of Mr. Washington; and Contoit's, which was an eminently respectable resort for ladies, where they might sit in little green compartments under the lamplit trees and consume vanilla ice cream, pound cake and lemonade for the modest sum of one shilling—although, it being a strictly temperance garden, wine negus and cognac were also to be obtained. Or else he hired a coachee and went out to the Belvidere Club on the East River, to see the view from the Captain's Walk and dine in the octagonal ballroom; or to Ranelagh, near Corlear's Hook, with its shady lawns; or up to the Indian Queen on the Boston Post Road. Or else to Marriner's Tavern in Haarlem, which had once been the Roger Morris House, and which he was in time to rechristen the Jumel Mansion.

VI

IN OTHER respects, in a community in which the whole of civic life unfolded itself daily in the lobbies of the Tontine Coffee House, there was plenty to occupy Jumel's attention.

In the first place, for a number of almost uninterruptedly successive seasons, beginning in July and ending in November, there was the yellow fever. It came from the West Indies, found a congenial breeding place in the city's filth and carrion-infested atmosphere, and counted its victims by the hundreds, both at New York and at Philadelphia. It found a valuable ally, also, in the solemn imbecilities practiced by the prevailing schools of medicine in that era.

When, for instance, repeated blood lettings and administrations of clam juice were not found helpful to the patient, it was deemed salutary to burn pitch in his chamber, behind carefully closed windows, and to fire off horse pistols at his bedside. In the streets, one made bonfires, and the detonations of fowling pieces adding their din to the doleful clanging of all the church bells in town increased the sufferings of the sick, who might otherwise have died peacefully of the fever alone. Those who were not stricken smeared themselves with Haarlem Oil and Vinegar of the Four Thieves, put garlic in their shoes, drenched their garments with balm of aloes, wore bags of camphor hung around their necks, and chewed enormous quids of tobacco. The more fortunate ones departed quietly to Greenwich, underwent a little prudent cupping and leeching, and dosed themselves with fantastic concoctions of rhubarb, senna and molasses.

And then there was politics, uproarious, frenzied, scurrilous, riot and duel provoking politics. Not the professional, carefully organized, and consequently impersonal variety of a later day, in which citizens have to be reminded for weeks at a time that if they do not register they cannot vote, so fundamentally negligent have they become in national affairs; but a tumultuous, breathless, almost apoplectic individual concern in each successive question of governmental policy, which brought the entire town out into the streets on the slightest provocation to indulge in acrimonious debates enlivened by the most unseemly epithets, and settled, frequently, not by the weight of arguments produced but by that of cudgels raining on Federalist or Republican heads. In fact, throughout the early years of Jumel's acquaintance with it, American history was a glorified mob scene set to the frivolous music of indifferent ballads.

And though, at least in the beginning, the underlying causes of all this popular tumult cannot have been of any immediate interest to Jumel, still the tumult itself must have aroused his curiosity and caused him considerable amusement. He must, for instance, have laughed very heartily at the pamphlet entitled A Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats, in which that inimitable Mr. Peter Porcupine remarked that: "In these toasting times it would have been something wonderful if the *sans culottes* in America had neglected to celebrate the taking of Amsterdam by their brethren in France. I believe from my soul there have been more cannons fired here in the celebration of this conquest than the French fired in achieving it. I think I have counted twenty-two grand civic festivals, fifty-one of an inferior order, and one hundred and ninety-three public dinners."

He may, indeed, have been genuinely alarmed by those further paragraphs of Porcupine's in "The Bloody Buoy thrown out as a warning to the Political Pilots of America," setting forth that: "There is not a single action of the French revolutionists but has been justified and applauded in our public papers, and many of them in our public assemblies. Anarchy has its open advocates. We have seen the guillotine toasted to three times three cheers. And what would the reader say were I to tell him of a member of Congress who wished to see one of the murderous machines employed for lopping off the heads of aristocrats, permanent in the State House yard of the City of Philadelphia?

"If these men of blood had once got the sword into their hands they would have mowed us down like stubble. We might have seen the banks of the Delaware, like those of the Loire, covered with human carcasses and its waters tinged with blood. Ere this we might have seen our parents butchered, and even the head of our admired and beloved President rolling on the scaffold."

And, as a Frenchman who had himself suffered from the consequences of the French Revolution, he probably appreciated the justice of another statement in the same pamphlet, in which the writer pointed out that: "Unfortunately for America, Great Britain has thrown from her the principles of the French revolutionists with indignation and abhorrence. This has served, in some measure, as a guide to our opinions and has been one of the principal motives for our actions. A combination of circumstances has so soured the minds of the great mass of the people in this country, has worked up their hatred against Great Britain to such a pitch, that the instant that nation is named they lose not only their temper but their reason also. Whatever the British adopt must be rejected, and whatever they reject must be adopted. Hence it is that all the execrable acts of the French legislators, not forgetting their murders and their blasphemy, have met with the most unqualified applauses, merely because they were execrated in the island of Britain."

For the whole subject of American foreign policy—and a considerable part of presidential, and consequently of state and city politics—was conditioned, during approximately the first decade at least of Jumel's sojourn at New York, upon a single criterion, that of French or English partisanship.

It is difficult in the present age of magnificent national isolation to appreciate that era, prior to the promulgation of Mr. Monroe's safeguarding doctrine, when America found herself constantly involved in Anglo-French affairs, much as a school of fish may be said to be involved in the net which surrounds them. The English had apparently not yet accustomed themselves to the fact that America was no longer a British colony, and persisted in their manifold interferences with American maritime commerce; the French, on the other hand, were rapidly convincing themselves that the resources and institutions of the sister republic were intended primarily for their use, and lost no opportunity of pointing out to the American people in what respects their government fell short in its conception of this happy partnership; America viewed these two states of mind and sided vociferously against one or the other, stopping occasionally to send envoys plenipotentiary across the water, who, like Francis I, returned with very little else save honor. It is significant, perhaps, that the future author of the Monroe Doctrine was on several occasions a disgruntled member of these fruitless and exasperating embassies.

And it is difficult, in this day of sophisticated indifference to European crises, to appreciate the tremendous effect produced in America by the French Revolution, the fanatic enthusiasm or the passionate hostility, the mania of imitation or the phobia

(Continued on Page 117)

Your home shelters those who are nearest and dearest to you; the quality of the materials that go into that home may well have your most careful thought.

Saving 8⅛% Labor Cost In Home Construction

An advertisement based on the personal experience of
★ ERNEST PETERSON, *Contractor*, ROCKFORD, ILL.
(As stated in an audited Gould Report)

THE careful home-builder scrutinizes carefully every item in the new-home budget.

So much for excavation and foundation... basement, walks and driveways...chimneys and fireplace...paint...plumbing, heating and electrical fixtures...lumber—*so much for labor on each of these items*...

Can these amounts be trimmed a little without sacrificing the most important requirement of home building—sturdy construction?

The problem narrows down, finally, to the selection of dependable lumber—*known* lumber. By its use the builder reduces his labor bill to a minimum, with the assurance of further saving in having a home of maximum investment value.

For fourteen years Mr. Ernest Peterson, of Rockford, Ill., has been a building contractor, and in that period of experience he has observed at first hand the construction value and economy of good lumber.

"I have always aimed at the highest quality in both material and workmanship," Mr. Peterson declares. "But during the last three years the appearance and quality of my jobs have been considerably improved, due to my using Long-Bell lumber exclusively.

"Most of my jobs are high grade homes of eight to fifteen rooms, running from $5,000 to $15,000 in value. I average ten homes a year, costing an average of $9,000, in which only Long-Bell lumber is specified.

"My average $9,000 home will cost about $1,600 for carpenter labor. Figuring conservatively, I save $130 on each house by using Long-Bell lumber, which requires *a minimum* of sorting, re-handling and re-manufacturing on the job necessary with inferior lumber. Thus, on my ten jobs, I save $1,300 annually by eliminating 8⅛ per cent of my carpenter labor."

Mr. Peterson also points out the saving to the builder by estimating longer life for the home built of Long-Bell trade-marked lumber, thereby reducing the annual item of depreciation. It is also the opinion of this experienced contractor that the home built of Long-Bell lumber will require the minimum of repairs during its entire life.

"This year, in addition to my own use of Long-Bell lumber as standard," says Mr. Peterson, "three jobs of Long-Bell lumber have been sold to three different people who were putting up homes, and who were impressed by the quality and appearance of my jobs."

★Mr. Peterson Estimates His Savings

The average home that Mr. Peterson builds costs $9,000. He estimates that the carpenter labor on that house, when built with ordinary lumber, costs him $1,600. When he uses Long-Bell trade-marked lumber his estimate *of the saving in carpenter labor* is 8⅛%, or $130.

The reason that makes this saving possible, he points out, is that "Long-Bell lumber requires *a minimum* of the sorting, re-handling and re-manufacturing on the job necessary with inferior lumber."

"During the last three years," declares this experienced building contractor, "the appearance and quality of my jobs have been considerably improved, due to my using Long-Bell lumber exclusively."

LONG-BELL

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

The fir manufacturing plant of The Long-Bell Lumber Company, now being built at Longview, Wash., will start operations in July.

LONG-BELL LUMBER IS TRADE-MARKED ON THE END OF THE PIECE.

★Send for the booklet, "Experiences in Home Building," containing the full statements of Mr. Peterson and four other contractors.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
600 R. A. LONG BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.
Lumbermen Since 1875

THE NORRIS VARIETY BOX

A package to charm and delight the feminine heart. The cover depicts Harlequin and Columbine in a scene of most enchanting beauty. A color scheme of gold and purple, blue and white.

JUNE IS GRADUATION MONTH

For presentment to the girl graduate the Norris Variety Box is enclosed in a specially designed Graduation wrapper, of appropriate design.

NORRIS

Variety Box

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

Should girl graduates be congratulated?

Good form says they should, and a Norris Variety Box makes the most graceful form of congratulation.

The box itself is truly beautiful. Designed with an artistry akin to that of the worker in precious metals and enamel, its graceful ornamentation and rich, harmonious colors suggest a lovely jewel-case.

Encased in this box are Norris Exquisite Gift Candies in over a score of delicious varieties. Indeed, the whole world is levied upon that every ingredient, each fruit and nut may be of the choicest that nature provides.

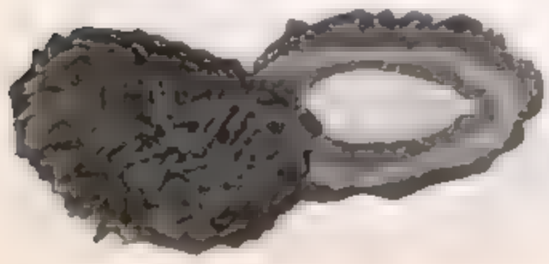
If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, send us $1.50 for each full pound Variety Box desired, prepaid to any part of the U. S. and shipped the same day order is received.

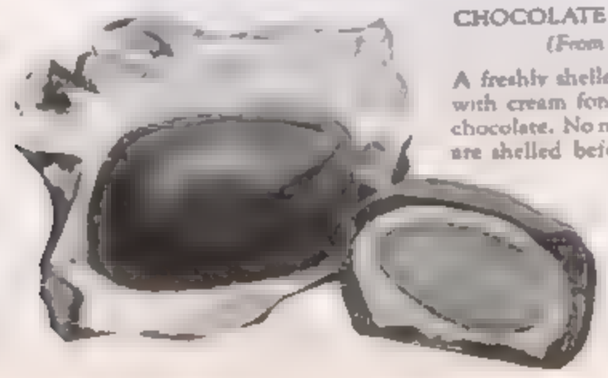
NORRIS, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ALMOND TRUFFLE

(From the Variety Box)

The center a whole sweet almond. Covered first with milk chocolate, then with vanilla caramel, again dipped in chocolate, and finally rolled in chocolate flakes.





CHOCOLATE CREAM BRAZIL NUT

(From the Variety Box)

A freshly shelled Brazil nut, first coated with cream fondant and then with rich chocolate. No nutsused in Norris Candies are shelled before reaching the factory.

CHOCOLATE SIRRON

(From the Variety Box)

An original Norris creation. The center is cocoanut, freshly hulled and grated. This is given a jacket of caramel, then dipped in chocolate containing finely chopped pecans.

(Continued from Page 114)

of repudiation, aroused throughout the greater portion of the United States by that transatlantic event.

One is apt to forget that liberty poles surmounted by French liberty caps stood on many an American township green or public square; that Jacobin clubs, patterned after those in France and in some cases affiliated with them, flourished in the large American cities and enrolled some of their most prominent citizens; that at Philadelphia triumphal arches were erected to commemorate the execution of Louis XVI; that at Boston people stopped playing ombre and quadrille, and played instead a new game called Revolution, in which the king was known as Capet, the queen as Strumpet and the ace as La Guillotine; that from South Carolina to Maine the Democratic societies were busy tearing down statues of kings, changing street names reminiscent of royalty, and refusing to address anyone as "sir" or to sign any document "your humble servant"; and that at New York, where a beautiful red-silk liberty cap hung for many months in a place of honor on the wall at the Tontine Coffee House, men called each other "citizen" and their wives "citess," cut their hair in French style "à la Brutus," and adopted the utmost extremes of French fashion in dress. From one end of America to the other, Yankee Doodle was drowned out by the sounds of the Marseillaise, of the Carmagnole and of the Ça Ira.

VII

JUMEL came in time to observe many of these extravagances. In 1795, Citizen Edmond Genêt had only recently completed his triumphant journey from Charleston to Philadelphia, during the course of which he was received as a sort of itinerant apotheosis of liberty, and given the fraternal hug by enormous concourses of American burghers. Only a little while before, Citizen Bompard of the French frigate Embuscade had defeated the British frigate Boston just outside Sandy Hook, and had been welcomed back to his anchorage in the East River by a deliriously jubilant population all decked out in tricolor cockades. Mr. Jay was but that moment returned from his mission to England for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of amity and commerce, and Jumel was very probably a spectator of that mass meeting in front of Federal Hall, at which twenty-eight reasons were found for condemning the shameful document, and Mr. Alexander Hamilton was stoned by the mob for presuming to defend it. Perhaps that evening Jumel listened to Republican supper parties toasting one another at the Indian Queen:

"A perpetual harvest to America! But clipped wings, lame legs, the pip and an empty crop to all Jays!"

"The Republic of America—may she never mistake jaybirds for eagles!"

Then in 1796 Jumel witnessed his first presidential campaign, and learned that Mr. Washington had only refused a third term because he knew that he could not be reëlected, and that he had warned the country against permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world only because he had just made a treaty with England and did not wish Congress to make a similar one with France; aside from that, Mr. Washington was conceited, avaricious, hot tempered, unprincipled, an aristocrat and an Anglomaniac, a person of low character—if the truth be told, an embezzler—and more ostentatious than an Eastern bashaw.

And Jumel learned also that Mr. John Adams hated the French Revolution, that he was a monarchist who hoped that his sons would succeed him on the throne of America, and that he had written a book in which he advocated a titled nobility to keep down the *canaille* multitudes. And as for Mr. Jefferson, Jumel learned that he was an infidel, that he denied that shells found on mountain tops were proof of the flood, that he maintained that the large bones found in the West were those of prehistoric animals called mammoths and not those of giants; that he was a philosopher, an inventor of whirligig chairs, and, in fact, a mere college professor; and that he was a poltroon who never came out in the open against his adversaries but hired other people to write scurrilous lampoons against them.

On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson was an ardent lover of France, and he had no sons and so could not hope to see himself the founder of an American dynasty.

So, in that day, American presidential campaigns took their delightfully idiotic course, on a flood of spirited and highly libelous pamphlets signed by Camillus and Brutus and Cato.

And then, in 1798, the shoe was suddenly on the other foot. Mr. Pinckney, the American envoy at Paris, had been ordered out of France. Reënforced by Mr. John Marshall and Mr. Elbridge Gerry he had returned to Paris, only to become subjected by Citizen Talleyrand and the members of the Directoire to certain financial negotiations incompatible with the dignity of his mission, as a result of which someone in the American delegation was reported to have exclaimed, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"

The slogan rang across the Atlantic and throughout the United States. America had been insulted, her envoys treated with contumely. The piratical activities of the French, directed against American shipping in the West Indies, were recalled. The pamphlets came fluttering from the presses—The Cannibal's Progress, Sans-Culotte Piracy, Dear Sister France.

As a Frenchman, Jumel must have watched these events with apprehension; he would have had little sympathy for the France of Talleyrand and the Directoire, but France was always France, and the two countries were inevitably drifting into war. In vain the Republicans roared against the war hawks, flaunted tricolor cockades, burned Mr. John Adams in effigy and sang:

See Johnny at the helm of state,
Head itching for a crowny;
He longs to be, like Georgy, great,
And pull Tom Jeffer downy.

The nation was aroused to a tremendous pitch of patriotic enthusiasm; everywhere, the Societies of Associated Youth were parading with black cockades in their hats—Washington's cockade, the Federal cockade, the American cockade—in the theaters audiences stood on their seats to hear the President's March, and Stony Point, and a recent one, called Hail, Columbia. For once the Marseillaise and the Carmagnole and the Ça Ira were drowned out by a new version of Yankee Doodle:

Columbians all, the present hour
As brothers should unite us;
Union at home's the only way
To make the nation right us.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coast,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Fear not, then, nor threat nor boast,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Americans, then fly to arms,
And learn the way to use them;
If each man fights to defend his rights
The French can't long abuse them.
Yankee Doodle—mind the tune—
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
If Frenchmen come we'll mind the tune,
And spank them hard and handy!

And soon there was war, a little ghost of a war which never achieved the honor of official recognition in history, but which lasted for more than two years. Mr. Alexander Hamilton was appointed major general; the merchants of New York—and perhaps Jumel among them, for it was the France of the Terror that America was fighting—subscribed thirty thousand dollars in one hour for the "rising navy"; on the sea, Truxtun, Bainbridge and Porter, Hull, Rodgers and the two Decaturs wrote brilliant pages into the naval annals of America.

And in the midst of it all an incident took place which must have seemed of enormous importance to Jumel, and which may well have colored his whole future attitude toward American politics and made of him an ardent Republican, a supporter of Mr. Jefferson and of Colonel Burr, an advocate of the French party in America in spite of its admiration for the Revolution and the Terror. At all events, it may have laid the foundation for his subsequent devotion to Napoleon Bonaparte.

For in 1798, during the course of the French war, the American Government had suspended all relations with the French colonies in the West Indies. Realizing that this action meant starvation for Santo Domingo, Toussaint, who was now in power, declared his independence of France and begged the United States for a renewal of trade. The Renewing Act was consequently passed, in April, 1799, a consul general was sent to the Cape, and an American squadron assisted Toussaint at the capture of Jacmel, as a result of which the leader of the slaves overcame the last remnant of French authority and made himself absolute master of the colony.

One imagines Jumel stalking into the Tontine Coffee House in a fine fury on the day this news reached him, and reviling an administration which had seen fit to make common cause with the chief of the insurrection by placing its navy at his disposal, and signing treaties with the monster—for to Jumel the extraordinary Toussaint can never have been anything else. And as for Napoleon, one suspects that it was not the glamour of his name or the glories of his armies in Europe which so enthralled Jumel, but the fact that, in 1802, the First Consul sent an army of ten thousand men to Santo Domingo and carried off the Gilded African to imprisonment and miserable death, after as cold-blooded a piece of treachery as ever darkened the record of human relations. But Jumel would not have cared about that. Later on, perhaps, toward the close of his own unfortunate life, but not then. It was sufficient that the black days and nights of the insurrection were at last avenged.

VIII

AND in the meantime, while all these turbulent events were taking place, there was living at New York a young lady who called herself Eliza Brown, who had already seen a good deal of the world, geographically and metaphorically, and who was destined to see even more of it.

It is with considerable diffidence that one approaches the history of this Miss Eliza Brown, so contradictory is the information available concerning her earlier career, to say nothing of her parentage, and so well established now are the legends which cling to her later and more respectable years. It is, for instance, not without misgiving that one finds oneself obliged to point out that the "gifted" Madame Burr, the momentary partner of the aged Vice President in his second and somewhat incomprehensible matrimonial venture—that "cultured lady of the world" who appears so alluringly in the encyclopedias, the reputed friend of Lafayette, Hamilton and Jefferson, of Louis Napoleon, and of every other celebrity of her long day—seems in reality to have been a person of no education or breeding, sprung from the lowest origins, and considerably more restricted in her circle of fine acquaintances than obituary literature would lead one to believe.

One would like, indeed, to accept the obituary pronouncement in its entirety, since truth is always so much stranger and frequently so much less flattering than fiction. One might then accept the legend of Madame-Burr-to-be's birth, in 1769, in the cabin of a French frigate carrying troops from Brest to the West Indies, an event which caused the death of her mother, an English lady called Capet—not a common name in England, or even in France, where it happened to be that of the reigning family. There is something extremely intriguing, in fact, about this English lady called Capet, traveling in a French frigate from Brest to the West Indies in 1769. One would then continue to place credence in the legend which drove the French frigate so far out of her course that she found herself at Newport, Rhode Island; thereby allowing the motherless baby called Capet to be adopted by a certain charitable Mrs. Thompson, from whose sheltering protection she eloped to New York at the age of seventeen with an English colonel called Peter Croix—pronounced Crux, no doubt—on whose arm she entered upon the brilliant career which was to bring her "into contact with the best people in the city." One would like very much to believe all that.

Overwhelmed, however, by the documentary and legal evidence produced by such writers as Mr. W. H. Shelton, the historian of the Jumel Mansion and of its last eccentric chatelaine, one prefers to believe—one is, in fact, obliged to believe—that Madame-Burr-to-be was born, not in the cabin of a French frigate in 1769, but at Providence in 1775; the daughter of a certain lady of slight social prominence called Phebe Bowen, *née* Kelley, and of her husband John Bowen, a mariner who got himself drowned in the harbor of Newport; and that the child was named Eliza, or Betsy, Bowen. There ensued nineteen years of vagrant and altogether disreputable existence, during which Betsy, when she was not serving terms in the workhouse, followed the itinerant fortunes of her mother and of the latter's successive broods by

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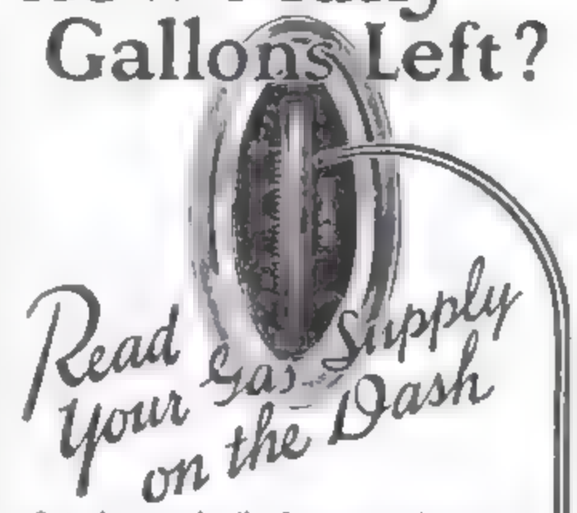

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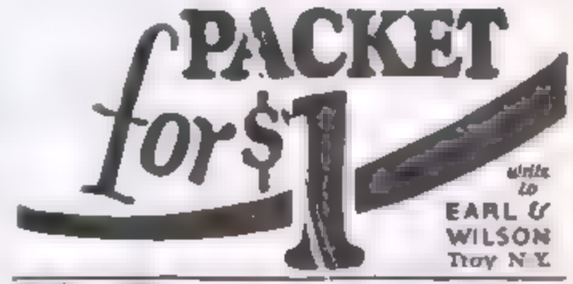

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varying husbands. Such culture and refinement as she may have acquired during this period remain highly problematical and nebulous. She was known, on the other hand, as the handsomest girl in Providence, and in that verdict one must find her greatest gift and the secret of all her future success.

Finally, in 1794, when she was nineteen, Betsy, for apparently the only time in her life, took upon herself the dignity of motherhood without assuming any of its obligations. In the home of a Mistress Freelove Ballou—one would not presume to invent a name like that—she gave birth to a boy who was named George Washington Bowen. Betsy herself promptly abandoned the child and went to New York, not on the arm of Colonel Peter Croix, but on the New York and Providence packet.

During the next four obscure years she appears only once; as the wife *de facto* of Captain Jacques de la Croix—and there, probably, is the Colonel Peter Croix of the legend—a ship's captain who took her with him to France, and seems to have had her profile drawn by the famous Saint-Memin, for she was then a widely known and acknowledged beauty. And then she became "separated" from her sea captain; one hears no more of Madame de la Croix, or of Betsy Bowen for that matter, and it is as Eliza Brown that one finds her living at New York in the last years of the century—a very beautiful young woman who had been across the Atlantic, perhaps several times, enough to cause her to be pointed at admiringly in the street in that untraveled age.

IX

WHEN was it that Jumel first saw Eliza Brown? What was it in her that finally attracted him? Her beauty, of course; but perhaps also the fact that she had been across the water, that she spoke a little of his native tongue, that she was full of charming little French ways that reminded him of home.

In any case, in 1800 Jumel took a step which may have seemed natural enough from his foreign point of view, but which threw the social world of New York into a state of virtuously scandalized indignation. Jumel had presumed to do publicly that which decorum required should be kept private. He installed Miss Eliza Brown in his mansion on Whitehall Street, and went quietly about his business. But that was not all. He bought her a carriage; not a gilded coach, perhaps, all covered with cupids and nymphs like Mr. Washington's, but a fine carriage none the less, made by Mr. Abraham Quick on Broad Street, in which the lady took pleasure in parading her charms all up and down the length of New York's most cherished residential quarter. Her presence there might in time have been condoned; that of her carriage was an unpardonable offense to less fortunate matrons who took their airings in hired vehicles, or, many of them indeed, on foot. Some things can never be forgiven. New York society turned its back on Jumel; he was to reap the pitiless harvest of his hot-headed sowing in a long martyrdom of ostracism.

For four years he waited, socially becalmed in his great mansion on Whitehall Street, and then, in 1804, he married Miss Eliza Brown. Not, however, as a concession to society, but out of a generous regard for her own wishes. She was ill, she had taken to her bed, she was dying; Jumel, who had set out on a journey, was overtaken and brought home; on her death bed—stated to be so by the doctor in attendance—she begged Jumel to marry her, she implored him to give her his name to take with her into the next world, as a talisman to shield her from the consequences of earthly indiscretion. Jumel complied at once, as soon as a minister could be summoned. In the very shadow of death they were married, in her bedchamber in the house on Whitehall Street, in front of the doctor, and Nodine, the butler, and her serving maids. It was all extremely touching.

It was infinitely less touching the next morning when the newly pronounced Madame Jumel arose from her bed in the best of health and as merry as a cricket, and went for a drive in her fine carriage. It had all been a hoax, she had not been at the point of death, she had not even been ill, and Nodine and the doctor had known it all along. A hoax, all of it, except the marriage which no man might now put asunder. There is something immensely comic something prodigiously pathetic too—in the spectacle of Jumel, that middle-aged man of the world, that shrewd, far-seeing, successful merchant, that honorable simpleton, twiddled—choused—gammoned—bamboozled by that little minx, that mere baggage, from Providence.

It was perfectly obvious what she was after, aside from the actual placing of her relations with Jumel on a permanent basis which he had possibly not envisaged—this marriage was to be her passport into that foreign land of New York society the borders of which, all legends to the contrary, had been so rigorously closed to her. Jumel, for his part, took it extremely well, and behaved like a sensible middle-aged gentleman who has been twiddled by a little minx from Providence. He stood by his bargain, and on April 9, 1804, in the midst of that savage campaign conducted by Colonel Burr for the governorship of New York State, they were married once more, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Prince Street. Then they settled down to wait for that recognition which the world could surely no longer refuse them.

They had waited for four years before—they now waited for another six, and still hardly a friendly visiting footstep crossed their threshold, no gesture of greeting did honor to the occupant of the fine carriage, no neighborly mansion opened its doors in welcome to her. Jumel had his counting-room—the town had not stopped buying his choice fluids—he had his Tontine Coffee House, he might come and go through the streets and be received with polite toleration; but for his lady there was no melting of society's icy disregard.

Through the open windows there must often, in the springtime, have come to them the sound of music and singing from some near-by residence: a gentleman playing the fashionable German flute, a lady strumming on the four-stringed guitar—for the violin was considered ungenteel—or the soprano strains of Queen Mary's Lament following the more male refrain of Hark Away to the Downs; they must frequently have heard the laughter and chatter of those intimate little soirées, just a few friends in the early evening, scattered about the drawing-room on the second floor to applaud one another's ballads and obbligatos and consume tea and rusks or perhaps some cake and a glass of wine. But they were not invited; Jumel himself perhaps, but he would not have gone without her. *They* were never invited. And their own home remained dark and silent, mocking them with its great empty drawing-room, with its silver and china and rich furniture which were never used, with its staff of servants who had nothing to do. Just a light in the back room downstairs where he sat reading a book, it may be, listening to the monotonous prattle of the lady who was now his wife.

Because, except for the fact that she had been to France and that he had come from there, they can never have had the slightest thing in common. He was an educated, cultured gentleman of the world; she was, through no fault of her own, a vulgar, ignorant, mannerless nonentity. One wonders how often he cursed the beauty which had ensnared him, in the presence of the raffish ostentation with which she bedizened it and which she mistook for stylish refinement; how often, frankly, he longed to choke her when she babbled giddily, and none too grammatically, of utterly platitudinous matters; how often he wished that he might have perished in Santo Domingo when he contemplated the cheerless vista of an endless succession of years to be spent in the company of this woman of no discrimination, whose one consuming ambition was to see herself enthroned in a society which had forgotten her existence; who sat in her window, reveling in the finery which she had not the intelligence to appreciate, and yearned for the moon to be placed in her shapely but fatally incompetent hands.

They had no children, they had no relations to turn to—his were all in France; she was, so she assured him, alone in the world—they had no basis for any intellectual companionship. They had only a house, and a carriage, and her pretty little French ways, which he must have come to loathe; her little eccentric ways, too, which were to develop into such pathetic aberrations in a later day. One looks at those ten tragic years and one sees, surely, a pitifully lonely man, caught in the meshes of his own generous folly, superbly loyal to a stupendous delusion.

(Continued on Page 120)

EIGHT months ago bakers everywhere agreed to set aside Wednesday as a day for special baking of Raisin Bread and other Sun-Maid Raisin Foods. That the custom of serving these delightful foods on Wednesday has become so firmly established and has continued to grow so steadily in favor is eloquent testimony of the quality of these special bakings. You may obtain this finer Raisin Bread, together with rolls, coffee cakes, "snails," Raisin Pie and other tempting Sun-Maid Raisin Foods at any bakery, grocery store or delicatessen in your city.

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(Continued from Page 118)

It could not last, not that way, on Whitehall Street. Whether she twiddled him again into doing it, talked and wheedled him into it, or whether he did it of his own accord is not clear. But he had made a fortune and could well afford to retire from business; what his marriage had not accomplished, a spectacular display of wealth might bring about. In 1810, therefore, he purchased the estate which had at one time been the property of Colonel Roger Morris and more lately Marriner's Tavern, restored the house to its former splendor as one of the greatest mansions in the vicinity of New York, and gave it outright to his wife. Betsy Bowen, of Providence, was become lady of that manor in which Miss Mary Philipse, of Yonkers, had once reigned long before.

Let New York society, that inner circle of old manorial families, open its eyes, and more especially its doors, and do homage to so great a lady. What a carriage had made impossible, perhaps the manor would render inevitable.

x

IT WAS a fine estate, running from river to river, on the road leading to Kingsbridge, in the township of Haarlem. Originally the farm property of Jacob Dyckman and of his wife Jannetje, it had been purchased in 1765, by Mr. Roger Morris, a member of the Royal Council, as the site for the mansion which he began at once to build on the mount for his wife, Miss Mary Philipse, that was, of Yonkers. A splendid site, from which—or rather from the top of the house which soon crowned it—one saw the Hudson and East rivers, the Haarlem with Hell Gate, the sound, the city of New York in the distance, a great stretch of country in Long Island and Westchester, and the hills of Staten Island.

And it was a splendid mansion which Mr. Morris built there for his lady. A two storied mansion facing the south, with a gallery under its columned portico, and outer walls two feet thick, lined with English brick. Built to stand a long, long time—for more than one hundred and fifty years already. In the basement, a fine wainscoted kitchen, twenty feet by thirty, with a fireplace nine feet wide, and the buttery, dairy, laundry and offices; reception rooms and wide halls on the ground floor, and the lofty octagonal room at the rear, thirty-two feet by twenty-two, embellished by a handsome marble mantelpiece. A plain mahogany staircase leading to the upstairs bedrooms. Above, a plastered garret. Nineteen rooms in all, including the halls. A solid, spacious house, with extremely beautiful doorways, otherwise quite unadorned; a country house, built for durability and comfort, unconcerned with mere superficialities of decoration. A house built with infinite discrimination and care, for a great lady.

For some ten years she lived in it, and then there was trouble in the colonies. Mr. Morris, who was a Loyalist, thought it best to retire to England until the storm blew over. This he did, in 1775—leaving Mrs. Morris to preside over the mansion—but the storm did not blow over, and in 1777 he returned to New York to be made a colonel in the British military establishment. But he did not return to his mansion on Mount Morris, for it had become, in the fall of 1776, the headquarters of a certain General George Washington. For about three months the octagonal room was used for courts-martial, as a result of which it received its subsequent name of court-martial room, while the general worked in his little office on the second floor; and then, in November, 1776, the house changed hands, becoming the headquarters of the British general, Lord Clinton, and after him of the Hessian commander, Lieutenant General Baron von Knyphausen, a name which must have rung strangely in those spacious halls.

As the property of a Loyalist the estate had, of course, been confiscated, and after the peace it was sold by the commissioners of forfeiture to Mr. John Berrian and Mr. Isaac Ledyard. For several years it passed from hand to hand, not excepting that of Mr. John Jacob Astor, who, in 1809, bought up all the claims of the contesting heirs to the Morris and Philipse manors, with the legal right to transfer for which, in 1828, New York State seems to have paid him half a million dollars. When, in 1810, the house came into the possession of Jumel, it had in turn served as farm building, road house and tavern, under various names—Calumet Hall, Marriner's—and under many proprietors.

Jumel was a man of excellent taste, and of more than adequate wealth for the task of restoration which he now undertook. Samples of the famous wall paper in the court-martial room—the green panels with a border of doves, morning glories and urns mounted on buckram—were sent to Paris for duplication; every variety of equipment and furnishing in keeping with the original character of the house was provided; every detail of its former appearance was meticulously reproduced. Once again, with infinite discrimination and care, the mansion was garnished and made ready for another equally, though somewhat singularly, great lady.

They moved in. Additional farms were acquired, the estate was enlarged, consolidated. One imagines Jumel perhaps happier at this period than he had been for many years. There were novelties to be seen to, a whole new order of routine to claim his daily attention, pride in the fields and meadows, and orchards spreading around the beautiful mansion which bore his name. There was also a little girl running along the stone-flagged walks, and chattering up and down the house; a little nine-year-old girl to bear his name—Mary Eliza Jumel—the orphan daughter of Polly Clarke a half-sister of Madame Jumel, produced from somewhere by her aunt with no one knows what explanations and precautions, and adopted by her fine uncle, "the Frenchman," whom they spoke of sometimes at Providence, when they thought of Betsy Bowen.

There was only one thing lacking—the dust of approaching carriages on the Kingsbridge Road, a jingling of coach harness at the gates of the estate, some Whitehall Street family names for Nodine to announce at the door of the octagonal drawing-room. It could be only a question of time now before they came. The Jumels waited for five years, five renewed years of embittered disappointment, and no carriages came. New York society had opened its eyes, perhaps, but not its doors, and certainly not its heart.

xi

FIFTEEN years had passed since Jumel had taken Miss Eliza Brown to live on Whitehall Street; fifteen years of neglect and social disdain, at the end of which he experienced the final mortification resulting from his discovery—in what manner is not clear—of the existence of a certain Mr. George Washington Bowen at Providence. For the first time in all those years of subjection to his wife's caprices—her deathbed comedies and her stubborn assaults upon the ramparts of society—Jumel seems to have lost his temper. One pictures him rather pink in the face, pop-eyed and stuttering, shocked to his aristocratic fingertips, gesticulating fluently, and none too courteously, in front of that—that little nothing from Providence. She, for her part, is reported to have burst into a rage spiced with undecorous invective, and to have threatened to shoot him with a pistol—just for what reason is not so manifest, except that there is nothing so fundamentally exasperating as the spectacle of a dupe, especially when he ceases to be one.

There was an unpleasant scene, but they patched it up between them. It was not in her plans, certainly, to break with her generous, her "dear Stephen," as she continued to call him. In his mind there may have been a necessity for keeping up appearances, an obstinate refusal to provide society with any further mockery at his expense; perhaps in his big kindly heart he was sorry for her; perhaps, indeed, he was still fond of her. Perhaps, on the other hand, she knew something. There is a hint, in some later correspondence, of a transaction of which she helped dispose of the proof. But New York was no longer possible. The forlorn hope of the manor had failed, they must try something else. In 1815, in his bark Eliza, Jumel took his wife and niece to France.

It turned out to be a brilliantly successful move. After a sojourn at Bordeaux, for the purpose of visiting Jumel's family and presenting his wife to them—a domestic ceremony which still, after all the years, suggests to the imagination certain elements of pathetic humor—the Jumels arrived at Paris just as the Emperor, fallen at Waterloo, was about to be handed over a prisoner to the English. Whether or not Jumel offered him a ship to convey him to America, whether or not Napoleon gave his traveling carriage to Jumel and the key to his army chest to madame, the fact remains that they became a part of the Napoleonic legend and were welcomed with extended palms, at least, by the considerably impoverished Napoleonic nobility.

He was an immensely wealthy merchant from America, a *milliardaire*, no doubt, who offered ships and country estates to emperors; she was beautiful, vivacious, dazzling, full of charming little foreign ways; so gay, so piquant, with her little American oddities of behavior and her hesitating French—which covered such a multitude of unsuspected deficiencies. They took a private hotel on the Rue de Rivoli, and Madame Jumel took the air in a private carriage in which the ladies of Paris, unlike those of New York, deemed it a privilege to be seen. Mary Eliza Jumel was sent to a fashionable boarding school. The whole social world of the French capital paid its court to the lady from Haarlem; doors were opened everywhere; the butler had many great names to announce. Betsy Bowen was become the intimate friend of duchesses. They must have been very happy for a while; it was rain after prolonged drought, the cool shade of trees after burning deserts, the laughter and companionship of fellow beings after long isolation. At all events, it was a triumph.

And then, suddenly, in December, 1816, something happened. Perhaps the air of Paris went to Betsy's head; perhaps, already, she was spending too much money; perhaps Jumel grew tired of the masquerade and reminded her of Providence. In any case, Madame Jumel found it necessary to return to America, alone, "because of her health." Jumel went on a voyage to Italy; madame, and Mary Eliza, who joined her in 1817, remained at the mansion at Haarlem until 1821. Four terrible, empty years for Betsy—except for the child and a surreptitious looking up of estranged half brothers and sisters—for at the time she had not yet begun to people the spacious halls with the imaginary visitors of her demented later years.

But they patched it up again. There seems to have been no end to Jumel's forbearance or, possibly, to his infatuation.

Middle Fork of Kaweah River on the Trail to Kern River Cañon, California

In 1821, Madame Jumel returned to Paris with her niece. For five years they all lived in great state on the Place Vendôme; they traveled, they entertained, they spent an enormous amount of money; Madame Jumel attended the court; Madame Jumel's carriage—carriages seem to have played an important part in her life—her carriage was "noticed" by His Majesty, Louis XVIII. It was a second triumph.

It was also an extremely expensive one. The immensely wealthy merchant from America was beginning to see the bottom lining whenever he looked into his money bags; partly as a result of the lavish style which he had been maintaining, partly in consequence of an unending lawsuit which he had undertaken in the hope of recovering from the French Government the value of two ships and cargoes seized by the officials of the port of Bayonne during Napoleonic days.

Perhaps he quarreled with his wife over her extravagances; perhaps she sensed the impending collapse of his fortune; perhaps the burden of incompatibility which they had been carrying was becoming too heavy.

This time a permanent separation, though friendly, would seem to have been intended. Jumel was still generous and munificent. In January, 1825, he confirmed his gift to his wife of the mansion and the lands which had formed the estate at the time of its purchase. In addition he deeded to her for life his property on the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street. Then, because he was in pressing need of funds, and because he trusted this woman for whom he had done so much, he gave her his power of attorney. Madame Jumel returned to America with Mary Eliza, in 1826, armed with her husband's signed authority. " . . . for him, and in his name, and for his use, and in his behalf to sell, either by public auction or private contract as she shall think fit and see best; for the price or prices that can be had or gotten, and for his most benefit and advantage, all or any part of the real estate that he may have belonging to him and lying in the State of New York."

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THERE is so little left to tell. For two years Jumel remained in France, selling his household silver piece by piece to meet his rent, and imploring Madame Jumel to complete her negotiations in his behalf and send him the money which must be accumulating to his account. For two years Madame Jumel exercised her husband's power of attorney; and at the end of that time all his property was safely in the hands of Miss Mary Eliza Jumel, and he was an utterly ruined man. Even the mansion itself now stood on the records in Mary's name. Jumel had been twiddled again, twiddled out of his lands and the money which was to have assured the comfort of his few remaining years, as once before he had been twiddled out of his name. For sheer simplicity of cold-blooded treachery the transaction has few equals.

The closing scenes are infinitely pathetic. It was not enough that he should have wasted thirty years of his life with her and have been swindled by her at the end; it was written that he must come begging her grudging charity, content to sit obscurely for a little while in a corner of the mansion which had been his generous gift to her in the days of his prosperity. He arrived at New York in 1828, a discouraged old man in his seventies, still not quite credulous of what they had done to him, a querulous old man who was in the way. They let him stay at the mansion; all alone the first winter, then as a poor dependent who must be tolerated, and given his scraps, and his bit of fire. All alone in a corner with his thoughts and his memories, his broken heart, and his impotent little reproaches.

He died on May 22, 1832, from injuries sustained in a fall from a haycart. He was buried in the cheerless inclosure of the churchyard of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Prince Street, under a plain stone. A pitiful old gaffer—Stephen Jumel, merchant.

Madame Jumel was then fifty-seven years old. She was still to become Madame Burr, and to live to be ninety. A fantastic old woman, all alone with her memories and her hallucinations, her disordered mind, and her banquets spread for imaginary guests.

She died on July 16, 1865, all powdered and rouged, and covered with jewels, and was buried in a great tomb, far away from Prince Street. A pitiful old gammer—Betsy Bowen, adventuress.

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The best aid to self-expression

SHALL WE GIVE MUSCLE SHOALS TO HENRY FORD?

(Continued from Page 21)

There is no more reason for the Government's building this additional steam plant and giving it to Mr. Ford's corporation because power was once secured from the Gorgas plant to supply building operations at Muscle Shoals than there would be in buying an automobile factory and giving it to Mr. Ford because in the beginning of operations at Muscle Shoals automobiles or trucks from that factory had been used in the development operations.

If Congress passes a bill containing such a provision it certainly ought to apologize for complaining of the action of recent governmental officials in giving away valuable oil lands belonging to the Government. In a hundred years from now Teapot Dome and the naval oil reserves in California will be dry and barren waste, of no value whatever, but Dams No. 2 and No. 3, at Muscle Shoals, having been kept in repair for the benefit of a private corporation by funds from the Treasury of the United States, will be much more valuable then than now. During the years that shall intervene the waters of the Tennessee will still be tumbling over the rapids, turning the wheels of toil for the benefit of this much beloved corporation. The oils of the earth in the meantime will have become extinct. Water power will have increased in value. The exhaustion of oil will increase the value of electricity; oil lands will eventually become valueless, and as they decrease, water power will increase in value in the same ratio. If we give the oil away the beneficiary has received the full utilization of the gift when he has used or sold the oil; but if we give away all right to use our navigable streams for hydroelectric energy, the gift becomes more valuable with use

Ammonia Columns, Liquid Air Building, United States Nitrate Plant No. 2. Muscle Shoals, Alabama

Propaganda

I DOUBT if in the history of the nation there has ever been an instance where such wonderful propaganda has been inaugurated as has existed in favor of the acceptance of Mr. Ford's proposition. In the vicinity of Muscle Shoals all the land within a radius of quite a number of miles has been purchased by speculators. Much of this land has been laid out in lots, and real-estate speculators have covered the country with their activities in favor of Mr. Ford. Expensive offices are maintained in New York, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, and, I am reliably informed, in quite a number of the other large cities of the country. There is no doubt but that many people in the vicinity of Muscle Shoals have been made to believe that if Muscle Shoals is given to Mr. Ford there will be a city spring up there that will make New York look like a country village. They have organized the colored people; they have organized the school children; they have organized the bankers; they have gotten control of boards of trade and of all kinds of commercial organizations.

This propaganda has been particularly active among the farmers of the country. Different methods have been used for the farmer. He is made to believe that if Mr. Ford gets Muscle Shoals he will be able to buy fertilizer for a song. He is told, and falsely told, that Ford has agreed to cut the price of fertilizer in two at least. These schemers have gotten control of many of the heads of farm organizations. Members of Congress have in many instances pledged their votes in advance to organizations of farmers, making the pledge even before they understood the proposition and assuming that the information on which these organizations had acted was reliable

In some localities the churches have even been organized. I am in receipt of a telegram signed by several ministers of the Gospel in which they say:

"The Muscle Shoals Independent Holiness Association pledge themselves to earnestly pray that Almighty God may defeat any opposition to the Ford offer" so that the Ford proposition is taken to the throne of God Himself

One of the things that is difficult to understand is how the people of the South, including all classes, have to a great extent been organized into enthusiastic supporters of the Ford proposition. I have in my possession a copy of a letter written by the chamber of commerce of a Southern city, to its members, notifying them that each member has been assessed for the purpose of raising money to put the Ford proposition across in Congress. This city is located within a hundred miles of Muscle Shoals, and in the letter to its members its officers state that other cities of the South, naming them, have raised large sums of money

It seems from this letter that these cities are each assessed a certain sum. Each locality was given a quota, the same as was done during the war when we were selling Liberty Bonds, and from the letter it is learned that this is not the first quota that has been assessed. The amount to be raised in this particular city was $5000, and reference is made to a former quota, not only of that city but of all the others. There is no doubt but that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been raised in these cities, and that a propaganda is on right now to raise a vast sum of money. I do not myself see how it can be legitimately used, and I cannot understand the viewpoint of many of these Southern organizations. I know from my correspondence that many of the business men and farmers, even of the South, have had their eyes opened and are beginning to see that, after all, this is propaganda based upon misrepresentation, and that an analysis of the Ford offer means nothing except profit to the Ford corporation.

There is no doubt if Mr. Ford gets Muscle Shoals that a manufacturing city of reasonable size will eventually be built in the vicinity of Muscle Shoals. This is on the truthful theory that Mr. Ford will use all the hydroelectric energy developed at Muscle Shoals, except what is necessary to operate the nitrate plant, for manufacturing purposes established by himself or his corporation. That means, and it is undoubtedly true, that the Ford corporation will not sell a kilowatt of this electricity

Even the city that will be brought into being has no guaranty that either its streets or its homes will be supplied by electricity developed at Muscle Shoals. Mr. Ford will need it all for manufacturing purposes, and under his bid he has a right to keep it all. It would follow that these cities, that are so generously pouring out their funds to have the Government make this wonderful gift to Mr. Ford, will be completely outdistanced in all manufacturing enterprises by the cheap power that this corporation will own. Nashville, Memphis, Knoxville, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans, and even the cities of Arkansas—in fact, practically all the cities of the South, ought to be benefited by the electricity that will eventually be developed at Muscle Shoals; but if Mr. Ford's offer is accepted not one of them will get a kilowatt. On the other hand, there will spring up in their midst a city that will have such advantages over all the others, by reason of cheap power, that instead of a benefit they will find themselves compelled to compete with an impossible opposition.

The modern method of conveying electricity has clearly demonstrated that to get the maximum benefit of any hydroelectric development the various power possibilities should all be tied together in one great plan. This would enable people to use hydroelectric power when they were located 1000 miles away from some of the points of generation.

This property belongs to all the people. The electricity that will eventually be developed at Muscle Shoals ought to be supplied to the cities and homes of the South at absolute cost, but a large number of these honest and well-meaning people are crying themselves hoarse for the benefit of a corporation that will never do them a particle of good and will never turn a single wheel except for the benefit and the profit of Mr. Ford's corporation.

I do not mean that there will be enough electricity developed at Muscle Shoals to supply the entire South, but I do mean that it is the largest one instance of such development, and that when tied in with other developments that can be utilized in various places of the South, there would be a system of hydroelectric energy that would bring direct benefit to practically all the towns and the farms of the South. Any other development, especially at public expense, is an injury and a fraud to the people of the country, and particularly to the people of the Southern States. If the people of the South were alive to their own interests and to their own happiness they would stand up and condemn in one voice any Congress that enacts a law accepting the Ford offer. The time will come—and it will be at no distant day—when the truth will gradually percolate through the minds of the Southern people and cause them to realize the economic crime involved in the Ford proposition.

Some of the literature that has been sent out by a Washington representative of a great farm organization in favor of the Ford proposition dwelt upon the necessity of using electricity developed from our public streams for the benefit of all the people, and in this literature it is stated that the woman at the washtub should be able to secure current to assist her in her occupation. It almost brings tears to the eyes of the sympathetic person who reads this literature to see the smile of satisfaction that shall come to the washerwomen of the South when electric washing machines can save the aching backs of these poor women. But this literature does not explain that the acceptance of Mr. Ford's offer means no such thing. It gives the people to understand that farmers and laboring classes are going to get electricity so cheap that they will not take the time to turn off the current; and yet those who send out such literature know that under Mr. Ford's proposition such a condition is a misrepresentation.

The washerwoman washing the clothes and bed linen of the officers of this corporation will not be able to get a single kilowatt of power from the mighty torrent within hearing while she thus labors. All this power will go to the one corporation. It is under no obligation whatever to give a particle of it to the farmer, to the washerwoman or to the homes that are to spring up as if by magic when Ford is given title to this valuable property.

It is difficult to harmonize the idea of Mr. Ford's philanthropy and his fairness when we note his silence while his name is coupled with and used in this propaganda of exaggeration and deception. The country has been led to believe that without any improvement in the extraction of nitrogen from the air he will reduce the cost of fertilizer by at least a half. He has made no such offer and has entered into no such guaranty. The people of the country, by this false propaganda, have been induced to believe that he pays 4 per cent interest to the Government for the use of this money. He pays nothing of the kind. It is claimed in behalf of his offer that he repays to the Government the entire amount of its investment. He does not return one penny. The propaganda in his behalf claims that he will reduce the price of electricity to a large portion of the South. He has made no such claim, and no such claim can be truthfully made in his behalf. The country has been

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Two buttons on the shoulder—none down the front

3

told by the advocates of his proposal that the property which is deeded to him is paid for by his corporation on a basis of its fair value. Nothing is further from the truth. He gets it for practically nothing. In fact, connected with the gift of water-power possibilities, and the possibilities of his selling that which is of no use in the operation of any manufacturing establishment which he may build, he is not only getting the property for nothing but he is given a premium of enormous financial value to get him to take it.

The Distribution of Electricity Generated From Public Streams

THERE are two theories in the distribution of electricity that is manufactured from navigable streams. One theory believes that this privilege should be turned over to one person or to one corporation, and that such corporation should absolutely own all the electricity so developed. The theory is that if such a corporation is thus enabled to manufacture its product at a cheap price, the buying public will get the benefit of its reduction. As a matter of practice everybody knows that human nature is practically the same everywhere, and that such a corporation is in business solely for the purpose of making money, and as a matter of practice he lowers his price only sufficiently to undersell his competitor. He sells his product at as high a price as possible and lowers it only to drive out competition, and when competition is thus driven out he can raise his price, and the fact that he is able to lower it prevents anyone from going into a competitive business. This principle is well illustrated by the Ford proposition. This corporation will be under no obligation whatever to sell power to towns, cities and municipalities, and would not be subject to regulation in any way. It would be the only instance in the country where a corporation is allowed to develop electricity from a public stream without having the sale and the use of such electricity regulated by law.

On the other hand, the other school believes that electricity developed from such streams should be used for the benefit of all the people; that municipalities, counties, states, and districts should have such electricity at cost; and that if it is sold either to municipalities or to individuals, the price should be regulated by law.

When the great power of the Tennessee is fully developed it ought to mean that every man, woman and child within a radius of several hundred miles should receive some of the benefits of the electricity developed on a stream belonging to all the people.

The Contest Over the Preservation of Public Water-Power Resources

FOR many years there was waged a bitter contest between those who wanted to preserve the water-power resources of the country for the benefit of the people, and those who desired to turn over these resources to private corporations for their own benefit and gain.

Those who contended for the preservation of these resources were trying to preserve these rights not only for the people of today but for those who shall follow us as well, and to protect future generations from extortion and monopoly. This contest finally culminated in the passage by Congress of a general Water Power Act that should apply to all alike. One of the conclusions reached in this law was that no grant of water-power privilege should extend beyond a period of fifty years. It was likewise established in the law that there should be a small rental paid for the use of the privilege. Another principle thus established was that there should be control by law, either on the part of the Federal Government or of the states, of the rates charged to the consumers and a regulation or control over the service that should be rendered by the lessee. It was also set forth in this statute that the rates for this service should be fair and reasonable. It is provided also in the law that the lessee must construct the dam with his own money and it is likewise provided that he shall take all the risk of destruction and accident. The Government in no way insures his investment, and in no way is bound to contribute anything toward maintaining it and keeping it in repair. It is also provided that excess profits, if any, should be paid into the public treasury.

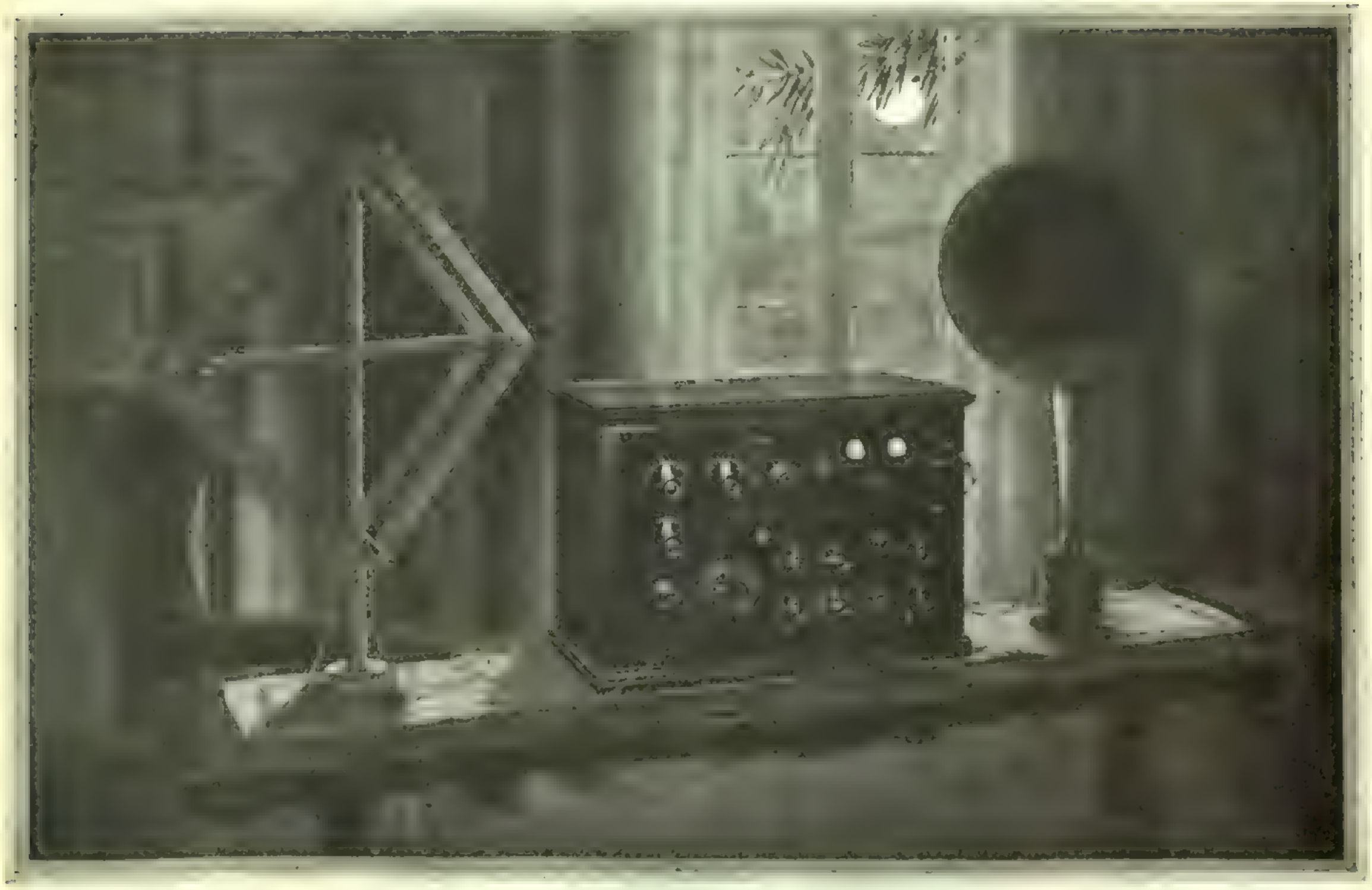
The Ford proposal unblushingly violates every one of these propositions. There is no pretense of any obligation to keep the property in repair. The fifty-year limit is violated. There is no limit on the profits that the corporation can make by virtue of having this public donation. The improvements are not made by money belonging to the corporation, but they are made by public funds contributed by the taxpayers of the country upon which interest is paid at a rate less than 3 per cent. The corporation not only does not agree to keep the dam in repair but under its bid it is entitled to a guaranty of repair and protection for the space of 100 years. The acceptance of the Ford offer is a repeal of the laws of the land so far as they apply to Mr. Ford. These laws shall apply to every individual and every corporation except to this one institution that he shall organize. The acceptance of this offer means the losing of the fight carried on for years by public-spirited citizens for the protection of the people's rights. The fight for the preservation of the natural resources of our country is to a great extent lost, and we give by this one act the greatest monopoly to one corporation that has ever been given in the history of mankind.

It is no defense to say that Mr. Ford is a good man, or that he has in the past dealt fairly with his employes. No man is truly good when he asks the people to capitalize his virtues by donating to him inalienable rights that God has given to His people. No human being can be so great or so good that he has a moral right to ask his fellow citizens to set him up on a pedestal and give him privileges that the law permits no one else to receive.

In fact, when such a person asks that an exception be made in his favor, he is admitting that his goodness, his kindness and his greatness are used to give him a special privilege denied to other men.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Senator Norris.

Pyramid Mountain, Jasper National Park, Canada



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THE MAN MUST BE MAD

Continued from Page 17

She laughed outright for the first time. "I didn't think you'd recognize it," she said.

"Oh, yes. But about this marriage of ours, now—I'd like to hear your opinion, Semiramis. Couldn't I take you for a whirl round the Park in a taxi while you're thinking it over?"

"I'm afraid that it will require more thinking over than that," she replied, more sensibly than I had dared to hope. "Do you propose to every girl you see as soon as you see her?"

"By no means. In the last week I've only proposed to Hester, the parlor maid, and to you. And I proposed to Hester only because I thought she was unhappy. The life of the domestic servant is not a gay one, particularly in my mother's house. But you don't know my mother yet, do you? We must have you up to dinner very soon. She is a very estimable woman, quite different from me, and she is full of the earnestness of virtue and of all good works. Would you like to see me juggle?"

She was, I am sure, about to say yes when I hastily interposed.

"No juggling here," I said firmly. "You'll be put out. And, moreover, we must go. We have detained the lady too long as it is."

"Suppose," suggested Hilary, "that you run along home without me."

"You know that I cannot," I said. "Your mother's instructions—my duty—your own safety—everything."

He rose reluctantly. "Semiramis," he said, "will you swear by your empire of Nineveh that you will meet Professor Packer and myself here tomorrow at five o'clock and take tea with us? That will give you twenty-four hours in which to consider our marriage problem. Will you swear, Semiramis?"

"I swear," she said after a moment's hesitation; and she held out her hand.

"Semiramis," he said, "your eyes are exactly the color of a tortoise-shell cat."

Then I dragged him away.

After dinner that evening I found an opportunity to report the whole outrageous affair to Mrs. Tamerlaine. I pointed out the danger of permitting Hilary to roam about at large, even with me as a constant attendant. He acted on his inspirations so precipitately, I said, that it was impossible for myself or anyone else to restrain him. Some day he might well have a complaint lodged against him with the police which would involve either a noxious scandal or the payment of hush money.

To my surprise Mrs. Tamerlaine did not seem especially perturbed.

"Hilary is erratic," she said, "but he is always a gentleman, and he has a gentleman's way of conducting his escapades that prevents people from taking offense. You say yourself, professor, that the girl did not appear to be annoyed."

"Far from it," I admitted. "She has even agreed to meet us again tomorrow."

"Um," said Mrs. Tamerlaine meditatively. "And you say she is attractive and well dressed? Is she a lady, by any chance?"

"Well," I said, "nowadays it's almost impossible to tell."

"Keep your eyes open, then, tomorrow, and report to me again, Professor Packer. Perhaps later on I'll have a look at her myself."

So, obedient to my instructions, I kept not only my eyes but my ears open while the girl and Hilary and I sipped tea the next day in the Beldmore palm room.

She was dressed, I noticed, exactly as before—a black velvet afternoon gown, embroidered with gold, and a small black hat with a sort of gold shaving brush flashing at one side of it. She wore no jewelry except for a plain wrist watch that was more likely silver than platinum. There was a touch of rouge, I thought, on her rather full lips, but aside from that I could detect no artificial aids to her really striking beauty.

Bent upon finding out whatever I could about her, I ventured to join in the conversation to the extent of putting a few significant questions.

"Are you staying in the hotel, miss?" I asked, politely casual.

"Yes," she replied briefly.

"With your family, I presume?"

"No," said she. "My family are at present in Troy."

Hilary, you may be sure, didn't let that opportunity knock twice at his door. Troy!

"'Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium?'" he declaimed bombastically.

"Troy, New York," she said, without smiling.

"You must find it lonely without them," I continued.

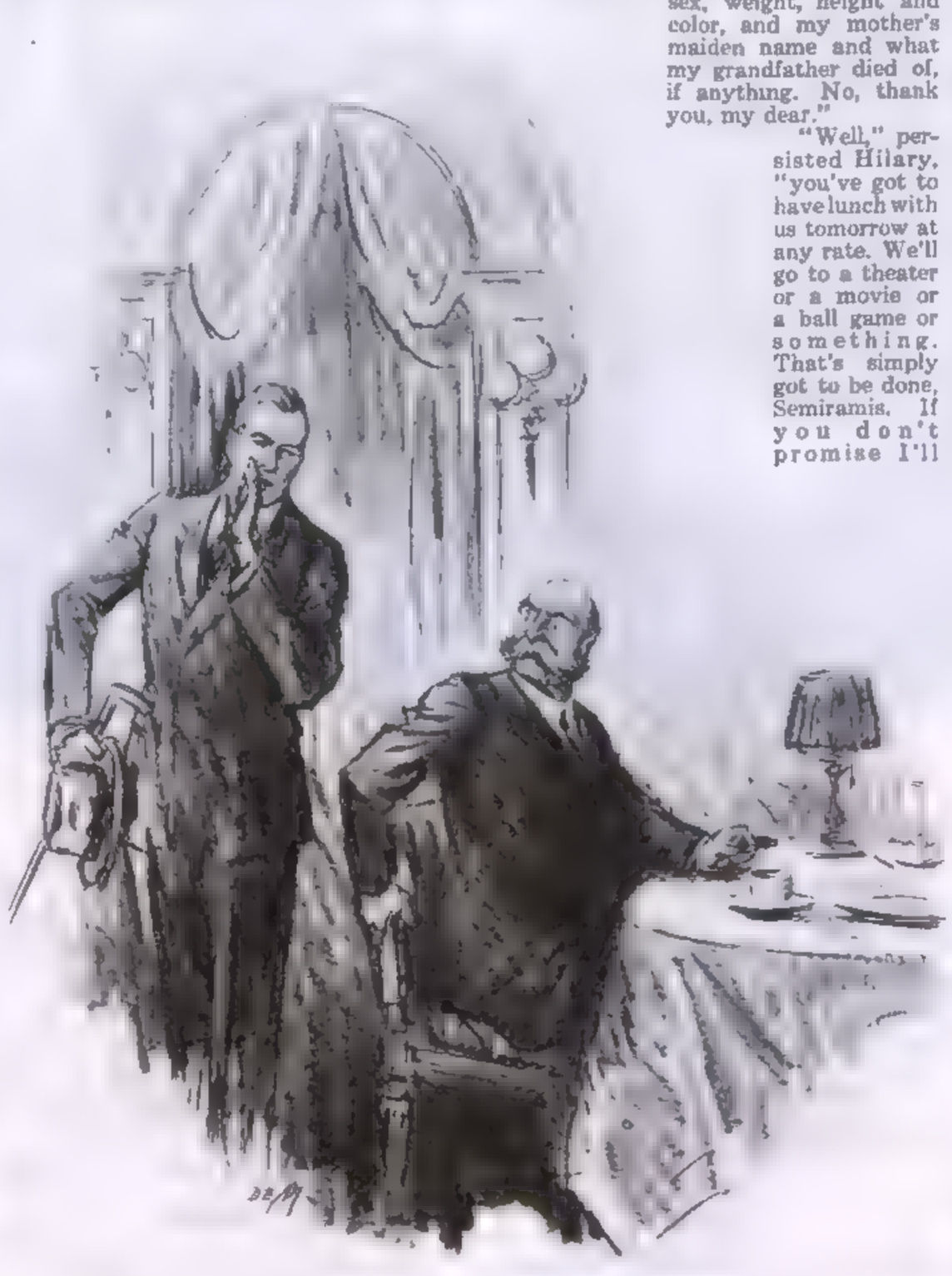
"No," she said.

"I once knew some people that came from Troy," I said; "the Puffins. Matthew Puffin and his wife. He was connected with shirts and collars somehow, I think. Do you happen to know them? She was a Coffin before she married—Rhoda Coffin. People used to say, 'There they go, Puffin and Coffin!' That was funny, wasn't it?"

"Not very," she said; and Hilary rocked with laughter, but not, I fear, at my little joke. Of course I had brought it in only with the idea of identifying her family if possible.

Hilary, to do him justice, behaved fairly well that afternoon. It is true that he made shameless and impetuous love to her right before my eyes. This she bore as gracefully and as tactfully as anyone in her position well could, realizing, I suppose, that she had laid herself open to such brazen advances when she had consented to tolerate him at all.

One noteworthy thing, which I later called to the attention of Mrs. Tamerlaine, was that although Hilary had apparently discarded the pretense—or, if you will, the conviction—that he was Sir Walter Raleigh, she still clung resolutely but cheerfully to the ridiculous name of Semiramis. Never once did she, either by accident or intention, betray to us her real name. This, to my mind, was very significant. The woman had something to conceal!



"The Game's Up, You Old Scoundrel! You'd Better Leave the Country Before the Police Get Busy"

Our tea party did not break up until long after the orchestra had desisted from its labors.

"I wish," said Hilary, "that you'd come back to the house to dinner with us. There'll be nobody there but my mother."

"And she'd be so pleased, I'm sure!" put in the girl satirically.

"I don't know. She might be and she might not. But you've got to meet her some day or she'll forbid the banns. Besides, she's not an old she-dragon by any means and her *grande dame* manner is all put on for the benefit of impressionable folk like Professor Packer. To my eyes she's just a simple child with elephantiasis."

"Children ask questions," objected the girl. "She'll want to know my name, age, sex, weight, height and color, and my mother's maiden name and what my grandfather died of, if anything. No, thank you, my dear."

"Well," persisted Hilary, "you've got to have lunch with us tomorrow at any rate. We'll go to a theater or a movie or a ball game or something. That's simply got to be done, Semiramis. If you don't promise I'll start juggling." And he took the three rubber balls threateningly from his pocket. "If we have a church wedding," he remarked, "I can be *Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame*. By the way, who is that gentleman with whiskers like Chester A. Arthur that's glaring at you from over there in the corner? See him? The rascal that's eating a banana sundae."

The girl—I cannot quite bring myself to call her Semiramis—showed the first symptoms of confusion that she had displayed since I had known her. She gave a distinctly visible start of what must have been unpleasant recognition. She turned her head quickly away as if to avoid the sight of something monstrous and terrifying, and then, thinking better of it, turned back again and bowed to the rather harmless-looking person in the corner of the room. He returned her salutation gravely, coldly, disapprovingly, I fancied.

"I must go," said she, and began to fumble with her gloves and her furs.

Hilary summoned the waiter and paid the check.

"Who is the thundercloud, my love?" he demanded.

"Never mind," said she. "If you really want me to lunch with you tomorrow I will, but not here."

"Where, then? How about going to the Casino in the Park? We can contemplate the progress of spring."

"Very well," she said after a moment of thought. "I'll be at the information bureau in the Grand Central Station at 12:30. It will probably be the last time I'll be able to see you. Now don't ask me any questions because I shan't answer them. Good night, and thank you for the tea."

She left us so hurriedly that it was almost a flight. Hilary resumed his seat in silence and I could perceive that he was troubled and perplexed. He kept his eyes fixed rather insolently on the fellow across the room.

"Now I wonder," he muttered at last—"I wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan to go over and tweak that bird's whiskers a little."

"For heaven's sake, Hilary!" I cried in alarm.

"I don't like him," said Hilary. "I don't like him at all. Let's go."

To my dismay Hilary made for the exit directly beside the table where sat the object of his dislike. As usual I was too late to stop him, so I followed along behind, praying that there would be no misadventure. My prayers were not answered, for Hilary, as he passed the table, put his open hand to the side of his mouth and without turning his head said in a loud, sibilant whisper, "The game's up, you old scoundrel! You'd better leave the country before the police get busy."

Now I imagine that nine men out of every ten who have reached maturity have some secret and more or less trivial sin on their conscience. It is only reasonable that this should be so, since the flesh is weak, temptations are many and the laws of these United States are more numerous and shifting than the sands on the seashore. I feel that I am the more qualified to point this out because as a psychoanalyst I have had occasion to delve into the innermost depths of uneasy consciences.

Hilary's victim, I must admit, did not react in a way that indicated he had committed any major crime; but he did not, either, display the perplexed interrogative composure of a man completely innocent. He flushed an angry red and his pale eyes darted nervously about, to see, doubtless, if anybody were within earshot. Then gathering himself in hand he glared scornfully and indignantly at Hilary until we had passed out of the room.

"I suppose," I said to my charge, "that you're proud of yourself."

Hilary for the first time seemed crestfallen and a little ashamed.

"That man, whoever he is," said I, rubbing it in remorselessly, "knows—er—Semiramis, and you can be sure he'll take out his rage on her next time he sees her. I trust you realize that by giving in to a mad impulse you have injured someone besides yourself. It should be a lesson to you."

"Don't," he pleaded, "please don't. I know I was an ass."

"Well," I said, satisfied that he was properly contrite, and eager to impress upon him the moral, "remember in the future to think twice before you speak or act."

To tell the truth I was more encouraged than discouraged by the outcome of the day.

Hilary had, as I have indicated, behaved himself like a normal person until the very last minute, and his remorse then for his abnormal conduct was a good sign. I had an optimistic report to submit to Mrs. Tamerlaine that evening.

But the next morning at breakfast he evidenced the symptoms of a severe relapse.

He insisted on reading aloud to his mother and myself a poem that he had composed, as he said, during the long, still watches of the night. I set the thing down here merely as a document of pathological interest to my fellow practitioners, and distinctly not as a creditable contribution to twentieth-century poetry.

"It is called," said Hilary, "Semiramis, or Jonah Was Wrong." Then he began to read.

(Continued on Page 133)

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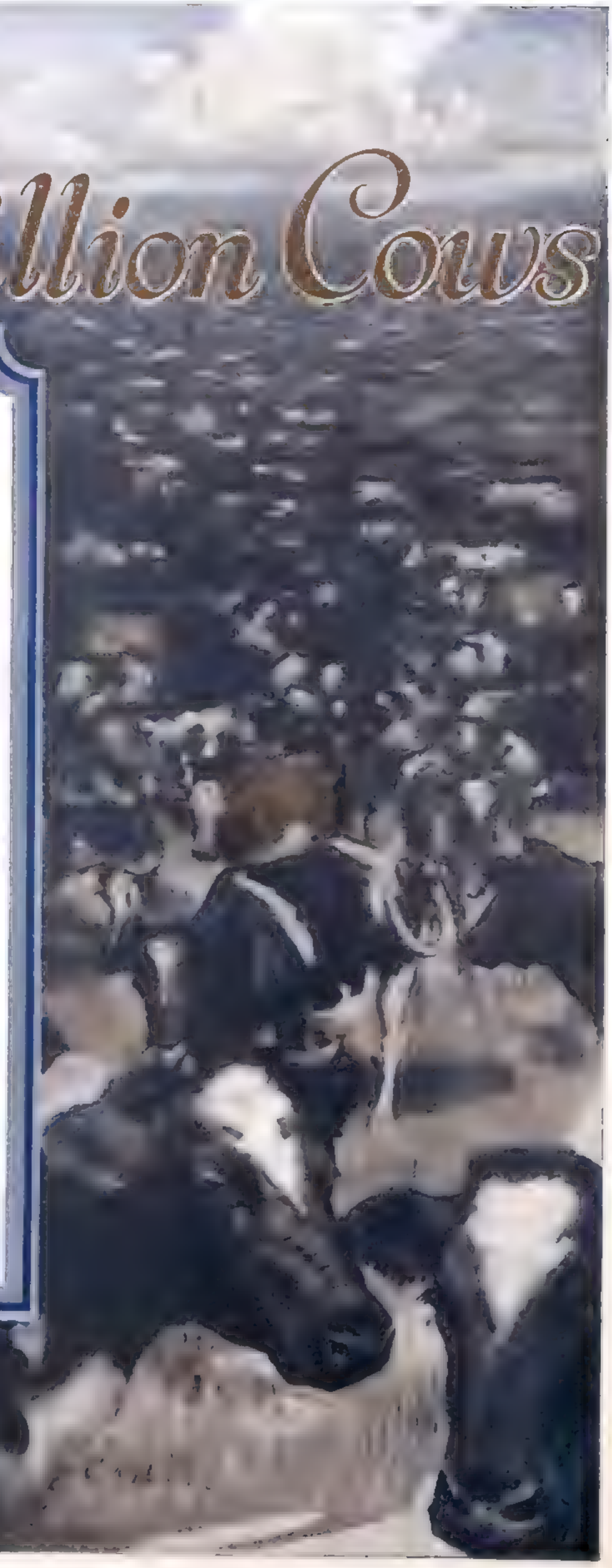

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Makes Cotton Look and Feel Like Linen

(Continued from Page 128)

"I met my love in Nineveh,
And I'm here to state she's a whale.
For one touch of the skin of her
I'd risk being sent to jail—
That dimple in the chin of her
Would get me out on bail.

Old Jonah, he cursed out Nineveh,
But my love he had never met.
If he'd even seen the twin of her
He'd be in Nineveh yet.
And 'twas just for a glimpse of a grin of her
That he jilted the whale, I'll bet.

"Of course," explained Hilary, noting our distressed silence—"of course the last part isn't very consistent, because it's obvious that if Jonah hadn't even seen Semiramis he wouldn't have gone to such lengths for a glimpse of her smile. However, there is such a thing as poetic license."

I hastened to him and felt his pulse. As I expected, it was high and irregular.

"An ice bag?" suggested Mrs. Tamerlaine with worried eyebrows.

"No," said I, "I think that a little repose followed by a walk in the fresh air will be best. We are lunching in the Park today, so we might with benefit walk as far as the Casino."

When we found Semiramis—I am forced at last to call her by that name—at the Grand Central Station, she agreed that it would be nice to walk. We chose Park Avenue as far as Fifty-ninth Street.

It was a splendid April day, I remember, bright and warm and redolent of early spring. The broad sidewalks were crowded with children—healthy, rosy-cheeked little specimens in sky-blue or fawn-colored coats, dashing recklessly about and superintended by chattering nurse maids; and we were forever interrupting some one of their sports by treading on the chalked diagrams of hopscotch or straddling a misdirected hoop or getting tangled up in a skipping rope.

Semiramis, in spite of the cheerfulness about her, seemed unusually grave and taciturn. Even in the Park, where the forsythia was in bloom and the willows wept golden catkins into the tranquil pond, she failed to react to the stimulant of clean air and running sap and bursting buds.

"It's been pretty good fun, anyhow," she said once, so wistfully that Hilary himself lost some of his sprightliness.

"Look here," he said, "are you worrying about that fellow we saw at tea yesterday? Who is he and what is he and what can he do to upset you? You tell me and I'll upset him first. I might as well admit that I tried something of the sort after you left us. I hope I didn't let you in for any additional trouble, Semiramis."

She asked him what he had done to the man, and Hilary told her. Then she laughed that deep quiet laugh of hers.

"I ought not to have done it," said Hilary.

"Oh, well, it makes no difference," she assured him. "All this would have to stop soon in any case. It's just been a rather wild but delightful holiday. I think even Professor Packer has enjoyed it."

"I wish," said Hilary petulantly, "that you wouldn't talk as if the world were coming to an end. Why has everything got to stop? Why can't we go on seeing each other?"

"I'll tell you some day, perhaps," said she, and began to talk of other things—books and pictures and music and poetry, about which, especially the last, she seemed to have a knowledge surprising in a young woman. Hilary, too, had browsed a good deal in the pastures of the fine arts, and could talk glibly about people of whom I had never heard—Derain and Marie Laurencin and Stravinsky and Satie and James Joyce and Walter de la Mare. Hilary and the girl seemed to have many tastes in common.

We lingered late over our luncheon, and the afternoon was no longer young when we finally came out by the Seventy-second Street gateway to Fifth Avenue. It was on Fifth Avenue that the amazing contretemps took place.

At the corner of Sixty-eighth Street one of those armies of schoolgirls, marching two abreast with a stern teacher encouraging the van and another harassing the rear, wheeled abruptly into the Avenue. Semiramis gave a little gasping cry of surprise and, I suspected, of dismay; and before we could step aside we found ourselves surrounded and overwhelmed by a swarming hive of young ladies ranging from fourteen to eighteen years. Through the clamor of shrill voices we could hear, like a recurring theme in an orchestral composition, the phrase, "Why, if it isn't Miss Macauley! Why, girls, it's Miss Macauley!"

The grim spectacled teacher who was leading the parade shook hands with Semiramis not very enthusiastically; and I judged that had not the ranks of her army been almost irretrievably broken she would have preferred to pass on with nothing more, perhaps, than an infinitesimal nod. The teacher from the rear, likewise grim and spectacled, panted up to see what was amiss. The presence of Hilary and me in the center of a mass of excited exclamatory girls horrified her as much as it did us. Two dogs among her chickens, she must have thought; but when she perceived Semiramis a change came over the spirit of her alarm, and she, too, added her voice to the chorus, "Why, if it isn't Miss Macauley!"

There followed a period of relative calm, during which the two teachers exerted violent efforts to restore discipline and to reform the shattered ranks. Before this was accomplished, however, Hilary and I could not help but hear several of the wondering and affectionate remarks addressed to Semiramis by the young ladies. "We thought you were sick, Miss Macauley!" and "We thought you were in Utica or Troy or somewhere, Miss Macauley!" and "When are you coming back to the school, Miss Macauley?"

To each of these Semiramis made no reply, but one or the other of the teachers was always quick with a reprimand. Gladys, for instance, was told to keep still, Dorothy to get back into her place in the line, Mary was summarily deprived of Saturday matinée privileges for two weeks, and Mimi was urged for heaven's sake to pull up her stockings—"for the twentieth time."

You can imagine that we extricated ourselves from the tangle as soon as possible and resumed our progress down the Avenue. The face of Semiramis was crimson. It was Hilary, of course, who broke the uneasy silence.

"Well, Mother of the Gracchi," said he, "I've seen your jewels."

She looked up at him quickly, smiled and sighed a little.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I suppose I'll have to explain everything now. It's such a nuisance!"

"Don't do it, then," said Hilary. "Explanations are always boring and usually unpleasant."

"It can't be helped," she sighed. "Where can we go to have it out?"

"Well," Hilary suggested tentatively, "there are quantities of unoccupied benches in the Park, and we're just about opposite the menagerie. What do you say to having a look at the penguins?"

So we sat on a bench and contemplated the absurd penguins while Semiramis explained.

It was a rather fantastic story, one that, I fancy, would have given Harun-al-Rashid another sleepless Arabian Night.

To begin at the beginning—which she did not—she was born and bred in Troy, New York, where her parents still lived. Her father was a chemist connected vaguely with a large shirt factory—dyes and that sort of thing. Her mother was a militant suffragist out of a job. Their name was Macauley, and she, herself, was Barbara Macauley. Her parents were intelligent but too impractical, too taken up with theories either to make money or to keep it; and it was thanks mainly to a kindly spinster aunt that she had been able to go from high school to Hunter College, in New York. Upon being graduated she had obtained a position as English instructor in the Wintergreen School for girls.

"This is my fourth year there," she said. "I can't tell you how I loathe it! It isn't the girls I object to—they're all right as girls go—and it isn't the routine of teaching. I enjoy teaching, especially teaching English literature. No, it isn't that—it's the way the school's conducted and the people at the head of it that I find abominable."

"Um," said Hilary. "And who is at the head of it?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Wintergreen," she replied, and shuddered a little. "Mr. Wintergreen is the gentleman with the whiskers whom we saw yesterday at the Beldmore."

"The swine!" exclaimed Hilary, and taking one of his three rubber balls from his pocket he hurled it deftly and accurately at an anteater that was sunning itself in a near-by inclosure. "Does he annoy you?" he questioned her. "Does he make love to you or anything?"

She drew him down to the bench with a hand on his arm. "If you're going to get excited about it I won't go on," she said.

"Well, tell me what he does, then."

"Oh," she said impatiently, "he makes what are known euphemistically as improper proposals. He's the kind of man that one hesitates to pass in a dark hallway. He's forever touching one. And he wants me to run away with him to South America."

"Oh," said Hilary in a small still voice. "So that's what he wants, is it? Well, I'll make him run further than that, but he'll run alone."

I gathered by Hilary's manner that I should have to keep a close watch over him in the immediate future lest he be inspired to break bones or shed blood. I foresaw the possibility of a great deal of trouble.

"Go on," said Hilary.

The girl drew a long breath and continued in her splendid, deep voice.

"Three weeks ago my aunt died. I got leave to go home to Troy for the funeral. In her will she had left me five thousand dollars. Then I did a crazy thing."

"You too, Brutus?" put in Hilary grimly.

She regarded him with eyes full of distress.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I never think of you as being—that way. I don't believe you are either."

"He is considerably improved," I volunteered, feeling that she doubted my professional acumen. "He is a different man since I arrived."

Hilary laughed suddenly. "Or since Miss Macauley arrived," he said, and he hurled another rubber ball in the direction of the anteater. "I intend even to give up my juggling," he said. "Will you please proceed, Miss Macauley? Just what was the crazy thing that you did?"

"I telegraphed the school, saying that I was seriously ill and asking for two weeks' leave of absence. They granted it and I immediately packed up and came to New York with my mind made up to blow in that five thousand dollars in two weeks. After that—oh, the deluge!"

"Bully for you!" exclaimed Hilary.

"Perhaps," she said, "you can understand. I determined to live like an heiress for those two weeks—to do exactly what I wanted, live as I wanted, dress as I wanted, treat myself to all the things that I'd never had, and damn the expense. A suite at the Beldmore, frocks and furs from Fifth Avenue, theaters and concerts and caviar and terrapin and even a hired limousine to carry it off in style. I don't know what they think of me at the hotel. They must be puzzled."

"Why?" asked Hilary.

She hesitated and blushed and turned her eyes away to look at the anteater.

"Well," she said, "you see, in spite of all my luxury I was always alone until—until you spoke to me the other day. You'll think I'm not very complimentary, but I'll give you my word that I was so lonely I'd have been glad to talk to a Chinaman. I sat there in the lobby just hoping somebody would come up and be fresh. I'm very glad it happened to be you."

"So am I," said Hilary with wholehearted gusto. Then, after an interval of silence, he asked, "When are your two weeks up?"

"Day after tomorrow; but I doubt if it makes much difference now. Mr. Wintergreen will never let me return to the school after having caught me playing hooky, so to speak. You see, I'm supposed to be lying on a sick bed in Troy; instead of which he catches me, merry and bright, having tea with two charming gentlemen in the palm room of the Beldmore; and the next day, just to clinch it, the entire Wintergreen School and two of its cattiest teachers catch me, still merry and bright, strolling down the Avenue with the same two gentlemen. Darn the luck, I say! And yet I don't know—I didn't look forward much, in any case, to finishing out the term with the prospect of constantly fighting off Mr. Wintergreen."

"It shouldn't be difficult for you to find another and more—er—peaceful position," I ventured.

"No," she said, "I don't think I'll look for one. I think I'll go back home for a while and annoy my family. I'm having a sort of reaction, I suppose, after the fever of riotous and extravagant living. I'm beginning to understand that I've behaved like an idiot."

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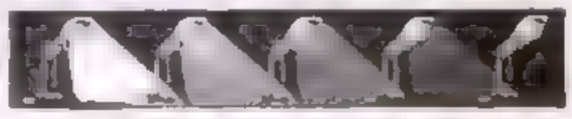

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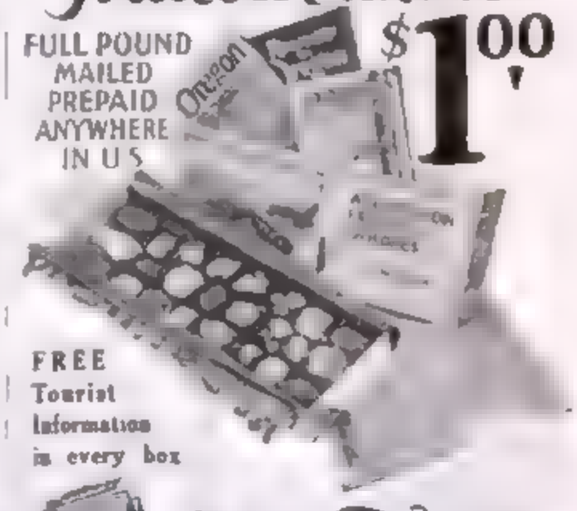

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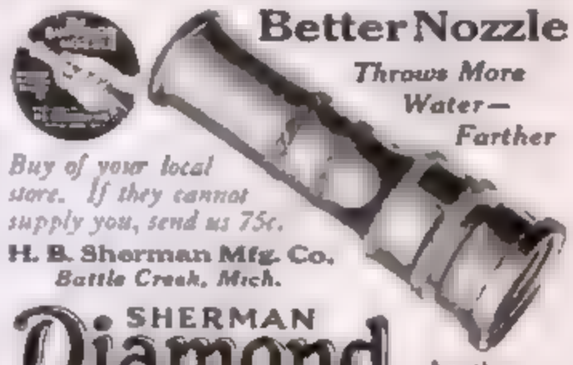

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"The inferiority complex, dear lady," I murmured.

"I have it bad," said she. "But I've bored you both long enough. I wanted to explain everything because it's probable that I shan't see you again."

"Where is the school located?" asked Hilary irrelevantly, making intricate patterns in the hard dirt with his stick.

"East Sixty-eighth," said she.

"And Wintergreen is the owner—the sole owner?"

"He owns the building and all that is in it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking to what abominable hands the education of the modern young girl is intrusted. Something ought to be done about it. Now I want you to promise me," he went on, "that you will let me know immediately should you hear anything from this Wintergreen fellow. Immediately, do you understand? Telephone me at any hour of the day or night. Will you promise?"

"It's nice of you to take an interest, but there's nothing you could do. However, I promise."

"Splendid!" he cried, and threw the last of his rubber balls at the indignant anteater.

She kept her promise, for the next morning at ten o'clock Hilary was called to the telephone. Naturally I could hear only his share of the conversation, and in spite of my hints he refused to enlighten me further at the time.

"Hello," I heard him say. . . . "Yes, this is Mr. Hilary Tamerlaine. . . . Oh, it's you! . . . You have, eh? . . . Well, what did he say? . . . Read it aloud to me, word for word, will you please? . . . Um. . . . Uh-huh. . . . The dirty beast! Has he really got the nerve to say that in writing? . . . Well, he ought to be horse-whipped, that's all. . . . What? . . . Oh, I see; he puts it on that ground. . . . Go on, read it all. . . . About me? Never mind, I can stand it. . . . Drunk or crazy, eh? Well, at least I wasn't drunk. . . . Yeah, yours sincerely and you're fired! I know. Now listen, please. I'll meet you at the Beldmore at five o'clock this afternoon. Don't make any move until I've had a talk with you. . . . No, I'm going to be busy until then—some foolish business with lawyers and bankers and real-estate men and things. Quite over my head, but it has to be done. I'll see you at five, then, at the Beldmore. Good-by."

He hung up and confronted me with a gleam in his eye—a gleam of anger mixed with a certain exhilaration. He reminded me of a war horse when the bugles are calling, or of a hunter when it hears the hounds.

"Professor, my boy," he said, "I am planning this morning to make an informal call. I suspect that your sense of duty will compel you to accompany me to see that I don't get into mischief. You're not half a bad scout and I shall be pleased to have you come along. It's possible that you may enjoy yourself."

"Hilary"—we had become intimate enough for that—"Hilary," I said, "I beseech you not to do anything rash. Your condition has improved so decidedly of late that it would be a pity to overexcite yourself, which you would undoubtedly do in any discussion with this Mr. Wintergreen."

"Aha!" cried Hilary. "So you've guessed where I'm going, eh? Well, get into your hat and coat and don't worry. Whatever I do will be done calmly, I give you my word."

At the hatrack in the hall he selected, instead of his usual heavy ash stick, a flexible, harmless-looking thing of light bamboo.

"My only weapon, you observe," said he, whipping it in the air.

We hailed a taxicab and drove to the Wintergreen School in East Sixty-eighth Street. We rang the bell and asked to see the principal. A maidservant took our names and presently returned to lead us to Wintergreen's private office. There we beheld him, a pompous but furtive little man, behind a big desk.

Hilary carefully closed the heavy, old-fashioned door behind us, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Wintergreen started up from his chair in a fine fury.

"Here, you!" he gurgled. "Here, you! What do you mean by this?"

"I mean not to be interrupted," explained Hilary politely.

"I know you!" shrilled Wintergreen. "I know you now! You're the man that was with Barbara Macauley. And you're drunk again."

"On the contrary," said Hilary, "I'm still quite sober."

"Well, you get out of here right away or I'll have you put out. Here, you"—and he turned indignantly to me—"you look like a sane man. What's the matter with this fellow? What's he want, anyhow?"

"I haven't the remotest idea," I said, more than half truthfully.

"Well, tell him to go before I ring for the police."

"Listen to me," said Hilary soothingly. "You don't really want to get mixed up with the police—a dirty old rascal like you! Oh, no, Mr. Wintergreen. Why, something might come out in court that would force you to fly to South America—alone. Alone, Mr. Wintergreen; do you hear?"

"You can't prove anything against me, young fellow," Wintergreen snarled.

"If I can't, then there's nothing for me to do but to administer justice myself. If you were a bigger man, Mr. Wintergreen, I should lay violent hands on you and beat you to a pulp. As it is, I'll be gentle—very, very gentle."

Deliberately he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and seized the bamboo cane. Mr. Wintergreen, white with fear, pressed his finger madly on an electric bell in the side of his desk. We could distinctly hear its frantic buzzing in the hallway.

"This—this is getting beyond a joke," he stammered.

"It's not my fault if you've lost your sense of humor," retorted Hilary lightly. "Now, Mr. Wintergreen, if you'll kindly step this way I propose to lay you across my knees and gently apply the bamboo to your worthy rear."

"Madman!" shrieked Wintergreen, his finger pressed to the buzzer.

There came a knocking at the door.

"Help!" cried Mr. Wintergreen. "Help! Break down the door! Call the police! Help! I'm being murdered!"

Hilary seized the schoolmaster deftly about the waist, and carried him, kicking and biting, to a wide leather divan, where, with the least difficulty imaginable, he stretched him flat, and administered, I should say, about a dozen smart strokes of the cane. At the last stroke the lock of the door burst and a frightened vociferous mob of women and girls streamed into the room. Hilary released Mr. Wintergreen and coolly rolled down his sleeves and reassumed his coat.

"That's what we do to bad boys," he remarked to the bewildered audience, "and Mr. Wintergreen has, I fear, been a very bad boy indeed. Come, professor, shall we be going?"

He picked up his cane and started for the door.

"Stop him!" cried Wintergreen. "Stop him! Where's the police?"

"We've sent the cook out to find a policeman," explained a female whom I identified as one of the teachers we had encountered the day before. "She hasn't come back yet," she added rather superfluously.

"Perhaps," said Hilary, "I'll meet her and the policeman on my way out. Come, professor."

We passed, unmolested, through a lane of fluttering girls, teachers and maids. There was, of course, no manservant in the house, and I gave thanks inwardly that Mr. Wintergreen had adhered, in this instance at least, to the code of propriety that governs a young ladies' school.

At Lexington Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street a panting policeman passed us on the run, followed by the even more breathless cook.

"Swift are the feet of the law," commented Hilary.

I was surprised but immensely gratified at the calmness with which he had conducted this apparently quixotic enterprise. At no time had he displayed a trace of the wild-eyed fanatic, crazed with the thirst for vengeance. He had, rather, gone about the job methodically, coolly, in a most businesslike way. I could not help feeling that my treatment had accomplished wonders for him and that he was in a fair way to complete recovery; and already I found myself looking forward to describing this miraculously rapid cure of mine to my fellow psychoanalysts at the next national conference. Almost I could hear the cheers and huzzas.

"We have one more call to make, professor," said Hilary, breaking in on my pleasant thoughts—"purely a business call, this time. I'm going to Mooney & Blade's, my real-estate fellows. We shan't be long."

(Continued on Page 137)

Series Six "A" Special Sedan, $1695

Series Six "A" Special, $1295 f. o. b. St. Louis

Series Six "A" Roadster, $1350

Series Six "A" Standard Sedan, $1595

Equipped with Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes and balloon tires without extra cost.

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The more contempt he shows for the word "assembled", the more sharply he ought to be questioned about the new models *he* has to offer.

Let him talk less about new "body lines" and "refinements"—and more about the new engineering qualities which ought to show themselves in the *chassis units.*

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Moon can do this because of its sound methods of operating.

The Moon car is built 100% of mechanical units produced by the top-notch specialists.

Each specialist manufacturer prizes his Moon connection. He is striving constantly to give a better money's worth.

The engine is not only a Moon-Continental Red Seal Motor—but it is a new design Moon-Continental.

So with the Moon-Timken Axles, front and rear.

The Moon-Delco Starting, Lighting, Ignition.

And the Moon-Warner transmission.

This is carrying out the Moon program of giving the car buyer the outstanding money's worth.

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In the light delivery field, this Martin-Parry Body stands alone. Far above all competition in quality and value—away below all competition in price.

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All parts are interchangeable. In case of accident, a damaged part can be quickly replaced at trifling cost —as easily as changing a tire.

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MARTIN-PARRY CORPORATION, *General Offices*: York, Pa. *Factories*: York, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Lumberton, Miss.

MARTIN-PARRY NATIONAL ASSEMBLING AND SERVICING BRANCHES

LARGEST COMMERCIAL BODY BUILDERS IN THE WORLD

Martin-Parry Commercial Bodies

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF FORTY COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

(Continued from Page 134)

Mr. Blade, the junior partner, proved to be a young man of about Hilary's age, a plump, ruddy young man with a startling taste in dress, as evidenced by his orange-brown suit and his lemon tie. He laughed at almost everything he said.

"Hello, Hilary, old boy, how's the nut?"

"Crest of the wave," replied Hilary. "I want to introduce you to Professor Packer, my psychoanalyst friend and my severest critic. Don't though, for heaven's sake, let him know what you dream about."

"Ha, ha, ha!" went Mr. Blade. "Well, what's on your mind today, Hilary? Can I sell you Central Park or the Public Library, or what do you say to a ninety-nine-year lease on the Brooklyn Bridge? Ha, ha, ha!"

"No," said Hilary. "I'm not interested in any of those. What I do want is to purchase a building on East Sixty-eighth Street that is now being used for a girls' school. I want the property and the good-will or the clientele or whatever you call it that goes with it."

Mr. Blade stared with round blue eyes.

"You must have hit your head one hell of a crack, Hilary," he remarked at last. "What on earth do you plan to do with a girls' school?"

"Run it the way it should be run," said Hilary promptly. "I've thought for a long time that the education of the modern young female left everything to be desired. If women are taught nothing when they are young, how can we expect them to show any intelligence later?"

"Well," observed Mr. Blade, "we don't."

"No; but that's no reason why we shouldn't. For example, I should establish a compulsory course in logic. Picture to yourself, Sam, the difference that that one thing alone will make in the happiness of the world. Year by year I shall graduate a dozen or more logical women who will be the leaven in the vast mass of illogical dough. Think of the demand there'll be for those women! Why, any man would jump at the chance to marry a logical wife—a wife with whom reason would have some weight!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Sam.

"It's not a joke," Hilary rebuked him. "Another compulsory course would be a series of lectures on how to avoid the personal in thought and in conversation. We shall preach the glory of the abstract; and if you should ask one of my graduates, let us say, 'What is your opinion of prohibition from the point of view of economics?' she would not answer, 'Oh, I got sweetly stewed last week on apricot brandy. I do adore apricot brandy!' Do you see what I mean, Sam? It will revolutionize the relations of the sexes, it will promote marriages and diminish the frequency of divorce. I shouldn't be surprised if we eventually succeed in teaching our girls how to spell, and from there it's but a short step to training them to speak the English language intelligibly. You see, Sam, I aim high—I hitch my wagon to a star."

"Well," said Sam, "if you ask me, I like the little cuties as they are, and I notice that as soon as they get intellectual they put on flat-heeled shoes and cotton stockings and cover up everything God gave 'em below the neck. But let's get back to business, Hilary. Are you serious about this thing or not? And if you are, have you got any reason to believe that the property's on the market?"

"I'm completely serious, Sam, and I've every reason to believe that owing to certain measures which I myself took within the last hour, the property is or will be for sale. You see, I've just been calling on the owner and superintendent. His authority over the girls and the teachers has, I fear, suffered heavily. His cloak of dignity has been torn from him, and he stands—metaphorically, of course, Sam—stripped and trembling and laughable. Yes," he concluded with a gentle smile, "I think that Mr. Wintergreen will accept any reasonable offer for his school. I suggest, Sam, that you strike while the iron is hot—this afternoon if possible."

"Well," said Sam, "if you think it's all right, I will."

"Good boy," said Hilary; "and, by the way, you'd better keep my name out of it. I'm not exactly *persona grata* with Mr. Wintergreen."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Sam vaguely.

We started back to Hilary's house in a taxicab. My patient was in the best of spirits, feeling, no doubt, that he had accomplished an excellent day's work.

"I am not sure," I said, "that your mother will be pleased at your purchasing a girls' school so—so casually. It seems, even to me, who can, I think, divine your motives, rather unnecessary. It may prove to be a white elephant on your hands."

"It will give me an interest in life," he protested, "something to occupy my mind; and what more worthy pursuit could one indulge in, professor, than the education of the young female? As they say in the dramas, there is a man's work to be done in that wilderness. Think of the joy I shall take in trying to produce the fruit of knowledge from hitherto barren soil. Think ——"

But destiny permitted him no more thinking for several hours, for at the corner of Seventy-third Street our diminutive taxi ran head-on into a superb limousine about the size of a Cunarder. The limousine was almost an immovable body, and we, not being an irresistible force, came to a hideously abrupt standstill. There was a crunching of steel and wood and a crashing of glass, and Hilary, thrown forward out of his seat, struck his head a great blow against the front partition.

When I, shaken but unhurt, opened my eyes to look for him, he was lying unconscious on the floor, his face streaked with slow rivulets of blood.

Well, the fat, prosperous people in the fat, prosperous limousine were persuaded with difficulty to transport Hilary and me to the Tamerlaine house, fortunately only a block away. We bore the poor fellow up the stairs and laid him, still unconscious, on his bed, and we telephoned for a surgeon and for Doctor Faber.

From noon until four o'clock Hilary showed no signs of reviving. The surgeon labored over him, applying every known aid and remaining unflaggingly by the bedside. Doctor Faber, full of importance but of no actual use, came and went at intervals of about an hour. Mrs. Tamerlaine, as was eminently proper, waited on the landing outside Hilary's door; and I remained in my room, asking only that I be summoned as soon as he should regain consciousness. I was, probably, the least pessimistic of all who were in the house, for I clung to the much despised theory of the efficacy of a hair of the dog that bit you. If a blow had warped something or other in Hilary's brain, why shouldn't another blow straighten it out?

Shortly after four o'clock the nurse was sent to inform me that Mr. Tamerlaine was coming out of the coma. I went to the sick room immediately; and just as I reached the bedside Hilary opened the eye that was not covered by the bandages.

"Ah," said the surgeon, his fingers on the patient's pulse, "he's coming around nicely."

"It's the mental reaction that we're worried about," Doctor Faber reminded him pompously.

Then Hilary spoke. "What goes on?" he asked. "What's happened?"

"You got a nasty crack on the head, that's all," I volunteered.

"Huh!" said Hilary, and raised his disengaged hand to feel his bandages. "It seems to be a habit of mine," he said. "What time is it, professor, my boy?"

"A little after four."

"Well, I've got to get up then. I've an important date at five."

His mother, the surgeon and Doctor Faber assured him in unison that that was out of the question. He became querulous.

"Listen, professor," he said, "you know how important my date is. Tell 'em it's all right for me to go and keep it."

It was only then that I remembered the engagement he had made to meet Barbara Macauley at five o'clock. I wondered that he, after all he had gone through, should have recalled it so promptly. I took it as a favorable symptom.

"Hilary," I said, "I don't think you ought to get up today. I agree completely with the others on that point. But what would you say to my going to the Beldmore at five o'clock and asking the person in question to come back here with me? Wouldn't that suffice?"

He said that it would. "A busy day for both of us, eh, professor?" he added.

"You recollect everything, then?"

"Of course I do."

"And how does your head feel?"

"Sore—and big and heavy as a medicine ball. Did Sam Blade telephone yet about that real-estate deal?"

I told him that he hadn't, and the surgeon advised him not to talk so much, especially about business.

"But this," explained Hilary, "is pleasure. Ask the professor if it isn't."

As I was on the point of leaving to go to the Beldmore, the telephone on Hilary's night table rang, and Hilary himself insisted on answering it. I knew by the snatches of conversation that followed that Mr. Blade was on the other end of the wire.

Presently Hilary hung up the receiver and said coolly, "I've just purchased a girls' school for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. That about finishes my day's work."

Mrs. Tamerlaine gave a cry of dismay and despair; Doctor Faber shook his head gravely; the surgeon looked sorry and sympathetic. I, alone, if I may say so without seeming to boast, was aware that this startling realty transaction of Hilary's was not the result of a disordered mind. What he had done that day he had done with deliberate forethought and purpose. He had laid his plans—quixotic, fantastic, romanesque plans, perhaps—and he had executed them with remarkable success and ability. I realized at last that he was genuinely in love with Barbara Macauley, and that I was forced to admit that it was not my psychoanalytical treatments or even the recent blow on the head that was responsible for driving out the demon that had possessed his brain. No, my friends, I was convinced that the demon had been driven out by love, which, the cynical will hasten to say, is simply another form of demon.

I ran into Hilary and his wife by happy accident one day last summer. Their school was closed up, of course, for the vacation period.

"Hello, professor, my boy, it's splendid to see you again!" he exclaimed with warming cordiality.

Barbara, too, was extremely friendly. They urged me to dine with them, but I was forced reluctantly to regret, since I was booked to leave on a late afternoon train.

"How is the school coming on?" I inquired.

"Well," said Hilary, "it holds its own. I had to modify some of my theories, however."

"You mean," I suggested, "that you couldn't teach the girls to be logical and impersonal?"

"No," he said meditatively, "it wasn't that. I could teach them to be logical and impersonal. I succeeded, even, in teaching a few of them to spell, but ——"

He hesitated, a little shamefacedly, I thought.

"But what?" I prompted.

"But when I'd taught them those things they—well, they ceased to be attractive. They lost all their feminine charm."

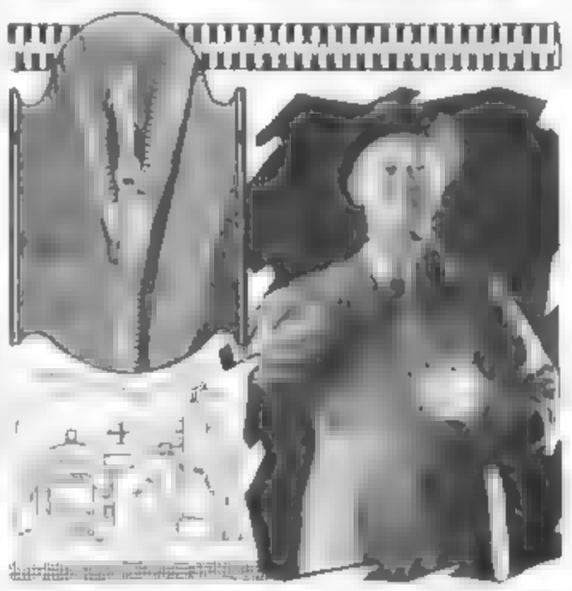
"I see," said I. "What, then, do you consider the important things that a young girl should be instructed in? What do you now emphasize in your school curriculum?"

Barbara laughed that nice deep laugh of hers and answered for Hilary.

"We teach them," she said, "to walk gracefully up an aisle in time to music. That is all they know on earth and all they need to know."

Lake Arrowhead, California

Jiffy Suit



You've no idea how fast you can get in and out of this work suit. It's on and off in a jiffy. The hookless fastener does the speedy work. No buttons to catch and come off. Great for every man. Get one into your tool box.

If your dealer does not have it in stock we will ship postpaid on receipt of price, $4.95.

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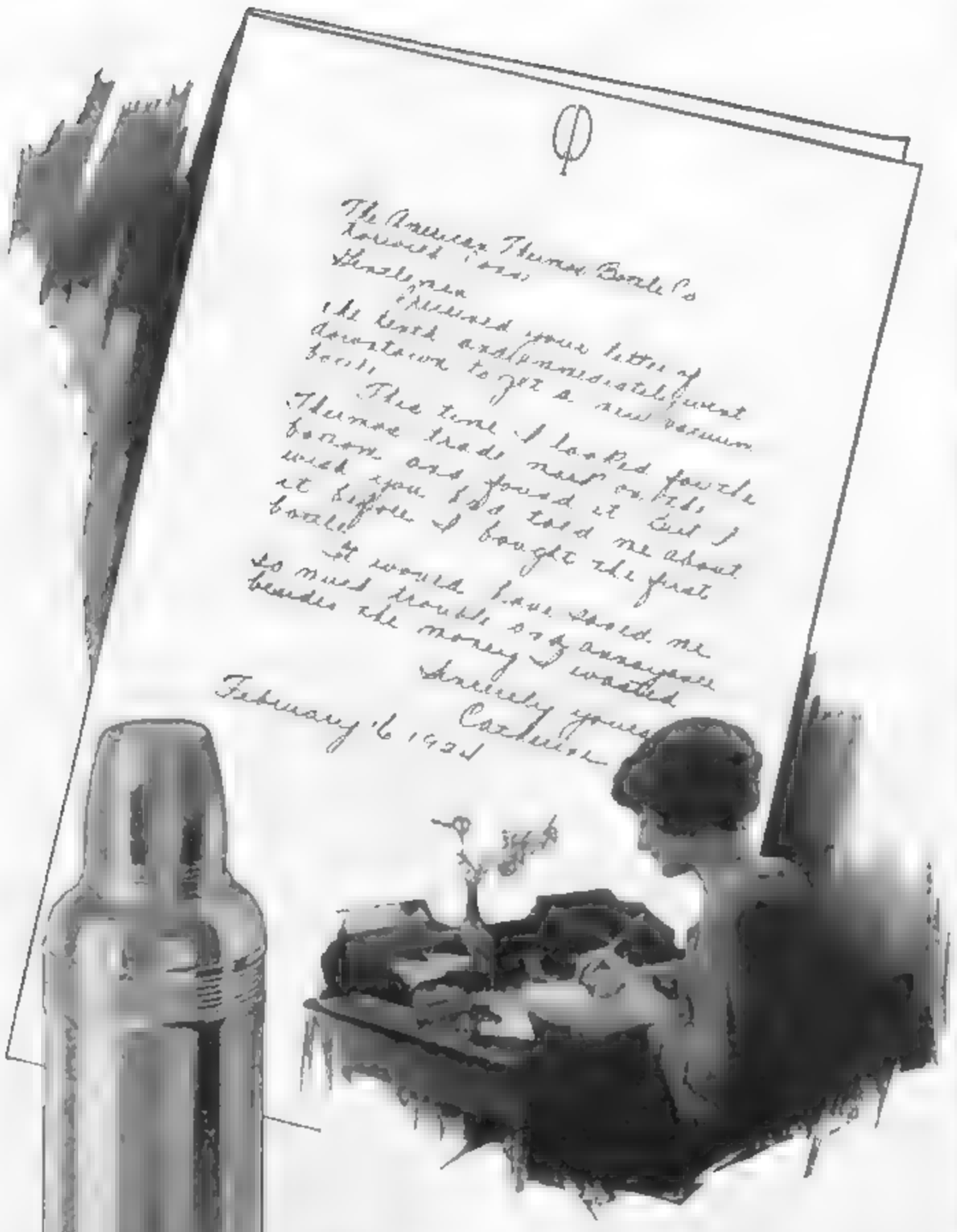

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A WOMAN recently wrote us that her vacuum bottle wouldn't keep things hot or cold.

We asked her to send us the bottle so that we could examine it.

When it came we discovered that it wasn't a genuine *Thermos* Bottle at all. We told her so.

She wrote again, complaining because she had asked for a *"Thermos"* at the store and supposed she was getting a *"Thermos."*

"I'd like to know," her letter went on to say, "how you expect the public to know the difference?"

We answered that all genuine *Thermos* vacuum bottles are stamped on the bottom with the word *"Thermos"*—our exclusive, registered trade mark.

We had one more letter—it is reproduced on this page.

* * *

If you don't know how to tell the difference between *Thermos* and other vacuum bottles here is one sure way of finding out—

Look on the bottom of the bottle.

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In England Thermos Limited London
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GENUINE
THERMOS
REG U S. PAT OFFICE
VACUUM BOTTLE

CONCENTRATED NEW ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 11)

election, where more voters cast their ballots for him than they did for their own favorite son. He will interpret out of his own inner consciousness the meaning of those votes and the things that the voters want him to do, even though their desires may be only partly formulated in their own minds.

Calvin Coolidge is a modest man and a shy man. Probably the first and the most lasting impression that he makes on persons who are quick to sense the characteristics of any individual is an impression of pleasing modesty. Nor is there any false modesty about him. He would not hesitate to say, for example, that there has been nothing unusual or dramatic about any part of his career, or that he thinks he has never done anything extraordinary, or that he is not particularly brilliant. But he would also be quick to say that he thinks the people of the country, in general, like him; that they like him because he goes along like the ordinary run of folks; that they understand him more than they understand a brilliant man, because they say to themselves that he's one of their own sort.

This shyness and modesty is more than likely to make it somewhat difficult for the gentlemen who, when the presidential campaign waxes hot and begins to wither the leaves on the trees and cause the little birds to lie palpitating in their nests, advocate the blowing of the loudest bazoo obtainable and the noisiest possible ringing of the welkin for publicity purposes.

There are, in Washington, large numbers of potential presidential candidates and persons in high positions who maintain expensive publicity agents to send out tons of press notices and laudatory articles whenever their employers rid themselves of a few well-chosen words on any subject, ranging from the effect of string beans on the growth of children to the damning effect of a bootlegger's testimony on the future of a great political party.

If other people want to do such things, Coolidge hasn't the slightest objection; but he has never had any desire to do them himself, just as he seems to have had little desire to do the conventional political things in the conventional political ways. He knows that he does a lot of things every day that have good publicity value; but at the end of seven months in the White House he had made no effort to get publicity on them—a fact which causes great anguish to his political friends. His attitude has been that whatever publicity he received was purely voluntary; that such publicity was pretty substantial and very difficult to break down; and that it had an enduring quality that couldn't be achieved by the bales of publicity that were sent out by the more enterprising advertisers.

The Dignity of Simplicity

It is probable that he will be forced by circumstances to use publicity representatives during his campaign for the presidency; and if this happens, there are going to be some violent and hair-raising brain storms among the publicity men and the political friends, for he is going to keep right on doing as he pleases in his old familiar way. One of his high-minded publicity experts, for example, is going to come rushing into the President's office all aglow with some wonderful idea for publicity and place it proudly before the President; whereupon the President is probably going to stare at his desk with the pale and peaked look that is peculiar to him and say, in his best Plymouth, Vermont, manner, "No; don't want an'thing to do with it." He won't bother to explain or elaborate on his decision, and the high-minded young publicity man will be very apt to walk right out past Pat McKenna and blow up with a loud annual report.

The President's manner of speech, incidentally, might almost be regarded as an example of the steadfastness that he evidences in so many things. Owing to the limits of the English language, there is no manner in which the peculiar flatness and at the same time sharpness of his speech can be reproduced. It is, however, characterized by the same general sort of accent that is used by the vaudeville farmer who twiddles his chin whiskers and says, "How be ye, Si, gol-durn it?"

The President, of course, commits none of the grammatical blunders that are affected by the stage farmer; but there are times in his private conversation when he is a bit careless with his g's. Usually the New England farm boy who goes to the city to live eventually loses a great deal of this twang. The President has lost very little of it, in spite of being mayor of Northampton and governor of Massachusetts and holding many other high positions; and he furthermore has never laid aside the friends that he made in the Vermont academy that he attended, or in Amherst College.

There will probably be more trouble during his campaign when his friends and well-wishers begin to froth at the mouth over the attacks that will inevitably be made on him and urge him to train the presidential guns on his attackers and blow them out of the water. Here again the President's friends will find themselves caught up a blind alley, for he has the feeling that his attackers are following an old-established political custom, and that they have a right to this custom. He has never cared to use this weapon himself; and attacks of this nature cause him little irritation because of his feeling that the position of President of the United States is above such attacks.

If, however, some overenthusiastic congressman, let us say, should deliver himself of an attack on the rights of the Chief Executive under the Constitution instead of a personal kick at Calvin Coolidge, it would probably prove to be a bird of another feather—of several other feathers in fact—and the President would be quite likely to take his pen in hand and knock about six nonrefillable holes in his attacker before he knew what had hit him.

Senatorial Knuckles Rapped

Two good instances of this are his sharp messages to the Senate—the first when the Senate attempted to insert its mischievous senatorial fingers into the President's cabinet, and again when a Senate committee essayed to thrust its prying senatorial nose into the Treasury Department. In the first instance he told the Senate that the dismissal of an officer of the Government is exclusively an executive function and that he regarded it as a vital principle of government; also that he did not propose to sacrifice any innocent man for his own welfare, nor propose to retain in office any unfit man for his own welfare. This was equivalent to applying a rattan smartly to the senatorial fingers.

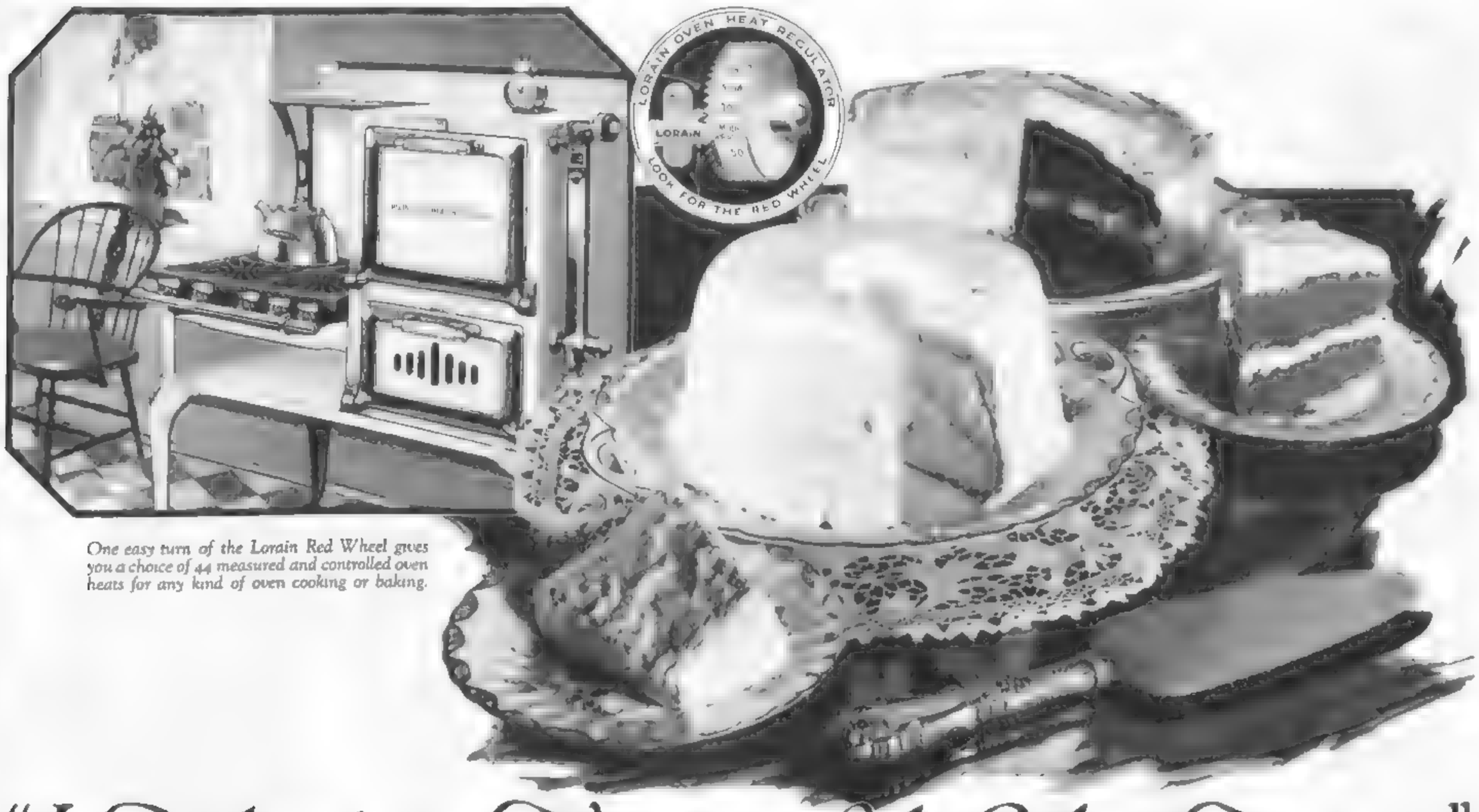
The second instance also was an attack on the rights of the Chief Executive, and he conveyed to the Senate the equivalent of a good spanking in the following words:

"The constitutional and legal rights of the Senate ought to be maintained at all times. Also the same must be said of the executive departments. But these rights ought not to be used as a subterfuge to cover unwarranted intrusion. It is the duty of the Executive to resist such intrusion and to bring to the attention of the Senate its serious consequences. That I shall do in this instance.

"Under a procedure of this kind" [the investigation of the Bureau of Internal Revenue by a senatorial investigating committee] "the constitutional guaranty against unwarranted search and seizure breaks down, the prohibition against what amounts to a government charge of criminal action without the formal presentment of a grand jury is evaded, the rules of evidence which have been adopted for the protection of the innocent are ignored, the department becomes the victim of vague, unformulated and indefinite charges, and instead of a government of law we have a government of lawlessness. Against the continuation of such a condition I enter my solemn protest, and give notice that in my opinion the departments ought not to be required to participate in it. If it is to continue, if the Government is to be thrown into disorder by it, the responsibility for it must rest on those who are undertaking it. It is time that we returned to a government under and in accordance with the usual forms of the law of the land. The state of the Union requires the immediate adoption of such a course."

For days after the administering of the last spanking, the entire Senate, which is constantly on the qui vive for insults, was in an uproar over the President's sharp

(Continued on Page 141)



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

"I Baked a Wonderful Cake Today"

"I BAKED a wonderful cake today. But first I must tell you how and why. You remember how I used to complain about the oven of my old range? Well, Frank finally told me I could buy the finest stove on the market.

"I read all the advertisements I could find, shopped all over town, and then bought a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator—the stove with the little Red Wheel at the side of the oven.

"It was hard to believe all the wonderful things the salesman told me, but when he said I could return the stove if I wasn't satisfied, I took it.

"They gave me a direction book which tells the exact temperature and time to use when roasting meats, boiling vegetables, baking pies, cakes, biscuits and—oh, yes, puddings, too,—in the oven. You simply turn the Red Wheel to the correct temperature and set your alarm clock to ring when the time's up. You don't have to go near the stove, peek in the oven, or worry a bit.

"The salesman said, 'Follow the directions in that book and you can't fail.' I think you'll agree with him after you've tasted this cake, and after I tell you that I haven't had a single failure since I got the stove.

"Last Thursday I went to the matinee and left a whole meal cooking in the oven—for 5 hours at 250 degrees. When I returned at six o'clock I found everything deliciously done, hot and ready to serve. Isn't that wonderful?

"Also, the direction book tells how to pack fresh fruits and vegetables in ordinary glass jars, place the jars in the oven for an hour or so, remove them, tighten the lids, and your canning's done. Isn't that easy?

"I bought my stove from the gas company, but I understand there are six different makes that have the Lorain Regulator and I'm told that they're sold by good dealers everywhere. And if I were you, Ethel, I'd get one of these wonderful gas ranges even if I had to go without some new clothes. What good are nice clothes if you have to work in a hot kitchen all day?"

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

Quick Meal—Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo
Reliable—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Illinois
Dangler—Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
Direct Action—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

If you've never seen a "Lorain" recipe, a recipe which gives the exact Time and Temperature for baking, thereby insuring positive success, we suggest you mail the coupon below for a free copy of Lorain Cake Recipes—Angel Cake, Gold Cake, Sunshine Cake, Plain Cake, White Layer Cake, Chocolate Layer Cake, Jam Cake.

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners which apply a clean, odorless intense heat directly against the cooking utensil

Look for the RED WHEEL **LORAIN** HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of Lorain "Time and Temperature" Cake Recipes.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Check your favorite stove

☐Clark Jewel ☐New Process ☐Dangler
☐Quick Meal ☐Direct Action ☐Reliable

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Have You Seen The New, Improved Fenestra Basement Window?

It has all the advantages of the original steel basement windows and many important new ones. It is the greatest improvement since steel replaced wood in the basement windows of modern homes.

Jambs and sill are one solid, continuous piece, making the window absolutely rigid. A self-centering wedge locking device insures that the sash seat properly, prevents a rattle, and provides a convenient means of holding the window open. Glazing is done from the inside. These are only a few of the many advantages of the new Fenestra Basement Windows, yet they cost no more than before.

These windows, besides saving the builder both time and money, help him complete a more attractive and more useful home *and sell it quickly.* Complete literature, of course, free on request—or ask your lumber dealer about them.

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The rapidly increasing use of Fenestra Basement Windows offers exceptional business and profit opportunities for lumber and building material dealers—less money invested; smaller stocks; more rapid turnover. Write for our 100% Dealer Proposition.

Those New Basement Windows Will Help Sell the House

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It's not surprising that a bright, airy basement helps the builder sell his houses. Who wants a dark, dingy cellar when at little, if any, additional cost Fenestra Basement Windows will flood the WHOLE basement with light? Because of their narrow steel bars and their larger panes of glass, they admit 80% more daylight and fresh air and being built of solid steel they cannot warp nor stick. They'll last as long as the building.

Surely you will want a useable basement under the home you plan to buy or build—especially when you can have it so easily. There is a lumber or supply dealer in your town who will gladly help you. He carries Fenestra Basement Windows in stock and can deliver them quickly. Let us send you his name together with helpful literature.

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Fenestra
BASEMENT WINDOWS

Fenestra
The name of the ORIGINAL steel WindoWall.
The symbol of superior QUALITY in material, patented design, workmanship and service.

(Continued from Page 138)

words. Many distinguished senators called Mr. Coolidge all the names that they could call him without having the Congressional Record barred from the mails; but owing to the fact that they were in somewhat the same position as a tramp who has been stopped by a policeman from setting fire to a farmhouse, their cries of rage brought them little sympathy from the people.

The President is something of an expert at this business of taking his pen in hand; and he was so considered as far back as 1895, when he was a senior at Amherst College and the Sons of the American Revolution offered a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gold medal to the one man out of the senior classes of all American colleges and universities who should produce the best essay on the causes of the American Revolution. Young Mr. Coolidge took his pen in hand in competition with the best thought of the senior classes of all the ivy-clad institutions of advanced education, and when he laid it down again he had produced the essay that took the great gold medal—and this, considering the competition, was no slouch of an accomplishment.

Since that time Calvin Coolidge has written a large number of essays in the form of speeches, which have been published in book form; and they are well worth the study of the many people of prominence who, without knowing anything at all about Coolidge except that he isn't particularly chatty, keep spreading the inaccurate information that he spends so much of his time in keeping silent that he is shallow and superficial and weak and timid and indecisive, and so on. These good folk might take a few minutes on some rainy afternoon to ponder his message to Samuel Gompers during the Boston police strike, in which he bluntly informed him that "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime." The threatening letters which poured in on him for months after this—even after he had come to Washington as Vice-President—were so violent that a uniformed policeman was supposed to accompany him whenever he walked out alone.

Walking Out a Speech

Calvin Coolidge has frequently said that he is not a brilliant man; but it is probable that if there is any truth in the statement that genius is merely the infinite capacity for taking pains he is more of a genius than he realizes. As a taker of pains he easily deserves a place on the All-American pains-taking team. He takes a good part of them in digging out the exact facts concerning matters that come before him for decision; and most of the rest of his pains are taken in the writing of his speeches and public documents. Most of his speeches and public documents are so simple and easy to read they sound as though little work went into their composition; and occasionally, it is true, Coolidge writes a speech with no great amount of effort. But usually the task of pursuing the reluctant ideas to their lair, marshaling his thoughts in proper alignment and setting them all down on paper entails—just as it does for most authors—violent effort and extreme mental anguish. The ideas simply will not emerge from the old bean; and when this misfortune befalls Mr. Coolidge, as it does all writing folk, he adopts the method commonly adopted by writers and either walks them out of his system or talks them out.

When he is walking a speech out of his inner consciousness, he strides around and around his room if he is restricted to one room, or from one room to another and back again if he has more space at his disposal, with his head down, his eyes fixed on the floor and his feet kicking out ahead of him in a peculiar exaggerated scuffle. During this walking-out method he becomes so absorbed in his thoughts that he loses all sense of his surroundings. While trying to walk a speech into existence during his vice-presidential term, he scuffed his foot into the base of a floor lamp with such whole-hearted vigor that he broke a toe.

When he is using the thinking method of working out a speech or arriving at a conclusion, he merely sits and thinks. At such times it pleases him to have the companionship of some safe and soothing personality at whom he can direct chance observations as they come into his head. His idea in this is probably that of the author who, when he reaches a difficult spot in his story, rushes to someone to whom he can tell the story. The mere vocalization of the difficult part frequently suggests to the author the proper solution of his difficulty.

This accounts for the presence in the White House of an intellectual shock absorber in the person of Frank Stearns, a fellow graduate of Amherst, whose chief rôle is that of safe-and-silent attendant at the President's frequent sessions of more or less silent thought.

Persons who have been called to sit in on these thought fests are occasionally left in some doubt as to whether the President is thinking about something, whether he has forgotten his companion, or whether he has just plain gone to sleep. Mr. Coolidge, however, seems to derive the necessary benefit from his brooding; for after many hours—and sometimes days—of it, he plunges into his speech or document or whatever it is, and it rolls out of him in such form that changes are rarely necessary.

He is no intellectual aristocrat in his mental functioning. He does not feel that he was born with a heaven-sent insight into everything; so he frequently spends weeks on end in questioning all sorts of people in regard to the facts in some case that he is considering—one question today and another question tomorrow. At the end of two or three weeks or a month he rolls all his facts together in his mind, lets them settle and emerges with the solution.

The President and His Prophet

He wants nothing from those whom he questions except the facts. The conclusions that are reached from these facts are reached entirely by Calvin Coolidge, without outside assistance, and they are based on the facts.

Many Presidents have been what is known as reachable in many matters; that is to say, they have had intimates and trusted assistants whose recommendations were frequently asked and frequently taken. Coolidge is wholly unreachable; and one of the few things that irritate him is the attempt on anyone's part to use the influence of someone who has access to him in order to get him to do some particular thing. Such an attempt, he feels, shows that somebody evidently considers him incapable of reacting properly to the facts. Having proved through long public service that he can be depended on to react honestly to facts, he is most unpleasantly affected by any intimation to the contrary. His disgust may be shown by only a slightly elevated eyebrow or by a slight lowering of the corners of his mouth, but it will nevertheless be enthusiastic and sincere.

One of his most important acts while he was governor of Massachusetts was the reorganization of the departments of the state, their reduction in number from something like one hundred and eighteen to twenty, and the appointment of seventy new state officials. In this reorganization the Coolidge ax knew no friend. He had seventy appointments to make; and after conferring and consulting day and night as to who the seventy should be, he locked himself in his office alone for about ten days in order to think the matter out. His nearest friend had done some fluent guessing as to who the seventy would be, and he was successful in guessing only three of them. None of the three was appointed to the positions that the friend had guessed. Nobody reached him on any of the seventy. The only man who had a hand in the selecting of them was Calvin Coolidge, and his selections were of such quality that the governor who succeeded him reappointed every man.

Frank Stearns, leading member of the not overly large number of people who are justified in calling themselves friends of the President, is a wealthy Boston merchant and Amherst graduate, who contracted a strong attachment for Mr. Coolidge when he was lieutenant governor of Massachusetts. He grew to know him while he was interested in certain legislation favorable to Amherst; and as soon as he knew him he became convinced that the greatest man in these broad United States was Calvin Coolidge. This conviction, incidentally, has been and still is held by a number of other old and new friends of Coolidge—friends who are looking for nothing whatever in return for their enthusiasm.

Stearns' method of showing the high esteem in which he held his new friend was to talk Coolidge morning, noon and night. He urged him to run for the governorship. Whenever there was a lull in the proceedings the kindly voice of Frank Stearns could be heard putting in good words for Calvin Coolidge at the rate of about one hundred and fifty words a minute. His persistence led many of his friends to think that he was suffering from a slight touch of the sun or something. When Coolidge became governor Stearns neither relaxed nor increased his efforts. He was seen frequently in the vicinity of the State House; and whenever he was seen he was making the welkin ring with his encomiums of Coolidge, according to his usual custom. Coolidge, he said, would be President. Coolidge was the greatest American since Lincoln. Coolidge, Coolidge, Coolidge, Coolidge! He refused to allow private affairs to interfere with his new occupation; so he turned over the management of his large and profitable business to younger men in order to have more time in which to spread the glad tidings concerning Calvin Coolidge.

Pressed to define his relationship with the President, Stearns says that his personal relationship to him is that of a father to a son, and that his political relationship is that of a son to a father. He sits in the lobby of the White House offices day after day, smiling amiably at those who come and go, handing out cigars, listening noncommittally to those who have some real or fancied reason for seeing the President, and seizing every opportunity to let it be known in a way at which the most hard-boiled White House reporter cannot take offense that Calvin Coolidge is the greatest American since Lincoln, and that he will be the next President of the United States. His remarks nowadays don't provoke the same gusts of mirth that they did in Boston some time ago.

There has been more than a little talk of late of the terrific strain of the presidency; but the greatest amount of strain that can be observed around the White House nowadays is evinced by the tourists who line up to march through the President's office three or four times a week. President Coolidge is the healthiest President that has occupied the White House in many years. Not long ago there was a symposium by various White House doctors as to the methods used to keep various Presidents physically fit. Some of the accounts were almost a column long. At the very end was a brief statement from Mr. Coolidge's doctor, the general drift of which was that he kept Mr. Coolidge fit by leaving him alone.

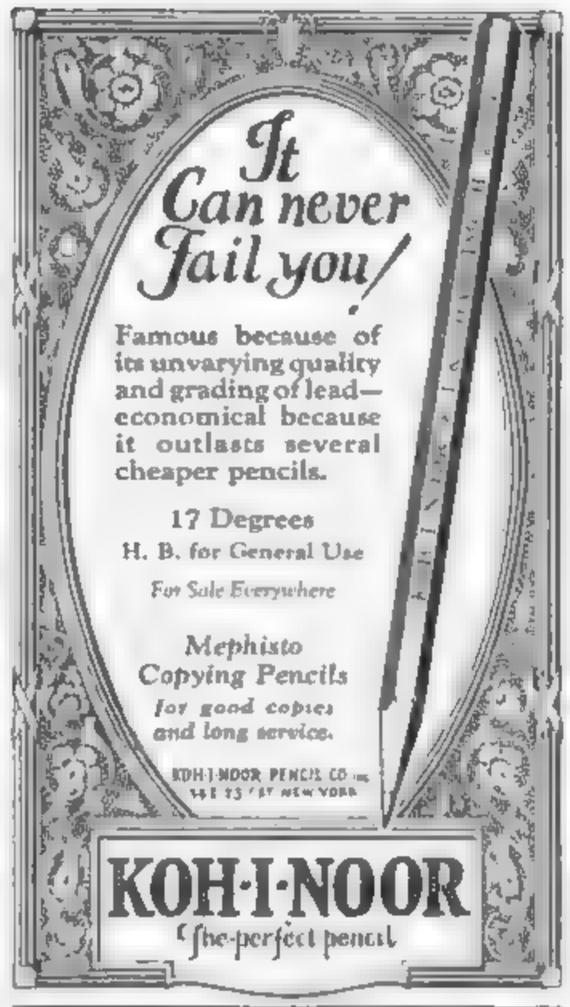
Mr. Coolidge's one and only hobby, unless running for office can be regarded as his hobby, is the form of exercise familiarly known as a nice long walk. He believes that everyone should walk more, and so preserve and improve his health. He furthermore doesn't care overmuch about walking alone, in as much as walking alone gives him a feeling to which he refers as "a sort of naked feeling." This naked feeling is really New England shyness.

The Handshaking Pests

Every morning at seven o'clock he walks for an hour in various parts of the city, accompanied by the ever-present secret-service man. Occasionally a friend accompanies him, but not often. For a time a certain senator affected athletic tastes and joined him in his morning walks. Unfortunately this senator, having failed to walk his candidate into a judgeship, went back to his morning slumbers. There is no such thing as walking into a job with Coolidge.

At nine o'clock he goes to his office. After he has disposed of his personal mail the appointments begin and continue from a little before ten to a little before one—two minutes for this man, five minutes for another, fifteen for another, and so on. On Tuesdays and Fridays he meets the newspaper men; and on other days the handshakers are poured into his office by one door and out by another—one of the greatest nuisances to which a President is subjected.

His secretary, Bascom Slemp, recently persuaded a day's grist of visitors to walk past his desk and watch him at work instead of holding up proceedings while they clutched his hand for a moment—a change which, if permanent, would be a great relief to any President. President Harding was popularly supposed to take great pleasure in his daily handshaking séance; but those who were closest to him frequently saw him exhibit marked signs of annoyance when the handshaking hour fell due. President Harding's record for White House handshaking was two thousand and seventy on one day in Easter week.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Each Thursday afternoon, as our boy salesman for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*, you can earn a dollar or more in cash commissions. Best boys' prizes—*cost-free*, besides!

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Your new selling job will be easy, for in your neighborhood (in U. S. A.), you'll find dozens of people, already readers, who'll be glad to buy from you. Have you tried

Mother and Dad	Your School-teacher
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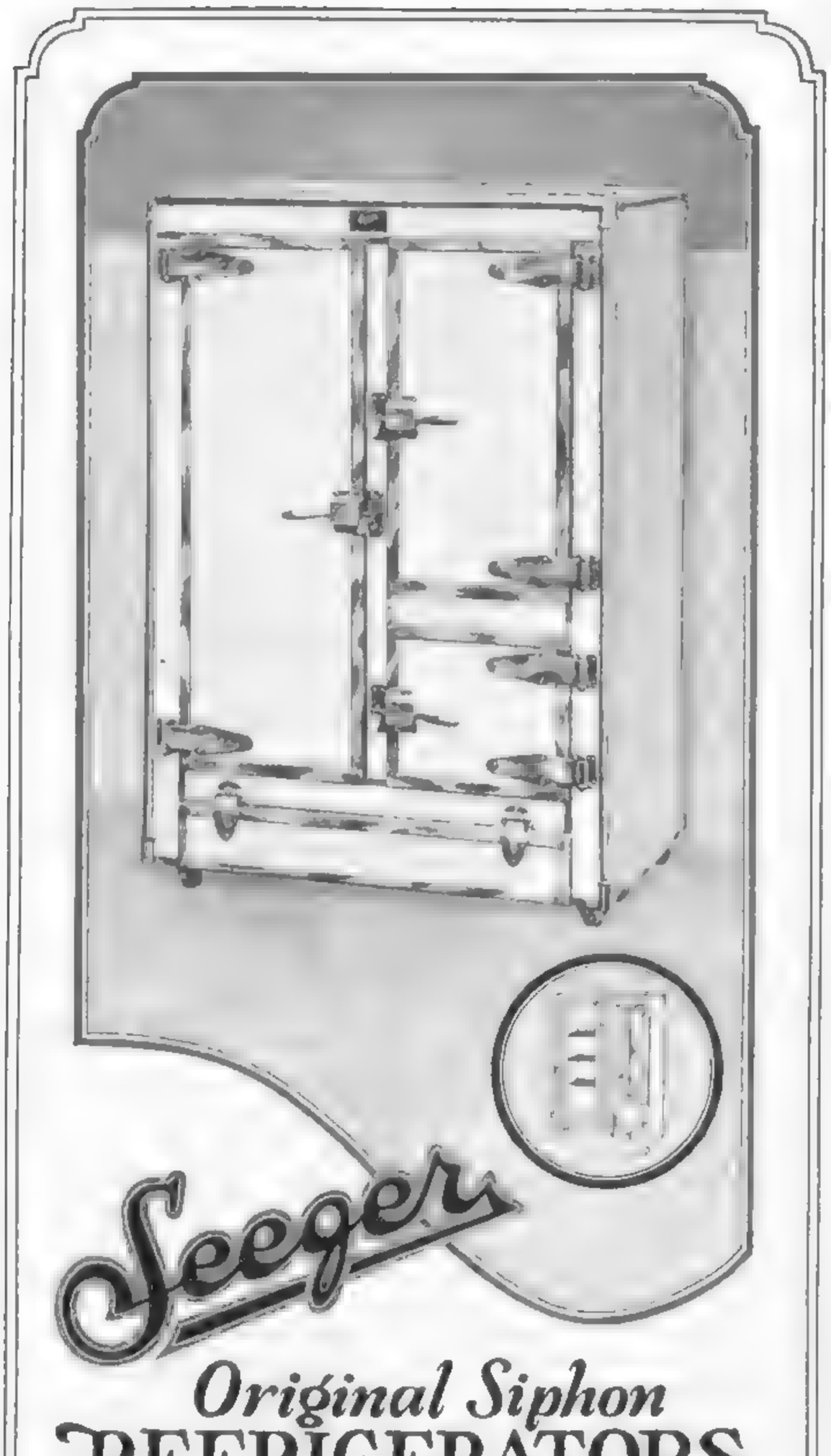
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President Coolidge returns from lunch at 2:30 and is allowed to devote as much as possible of the afternoon to going over his official mail. The White House staff says that his mail is 50 per cent larger than that which any President has ever received. They are not quite sure how they ought to account for it. One of his secretaries thinks that Coolidge seems to act as the average citizen acts, whereas other Presidents have frequently been represented in the daily press as constantly engaged in pursuits that are foreign to the great mass of people, and that the average citizen therefore feels freer to write to Mr. Coolidge than to any other President. At any rate, he gets a very large mail; and the average letter explains that the writer doesn't know the President and that the President doesn't know the writer, and that the President probably won't see the letter, anyway, but that the writer is a farmer—or a farmer's wife—and that he believes the President is an honest, God-fearing man, and that he hopes he will be reëlected.

Specialists on various national matters give information to the President on certain afternoons, and cabinet officers are frequently called in for talks, as are influential members of Congress. Then there is the day's accumulation of dotted lines on which the President must sign—a task which proves more irritating to Mr. Coolidge than any other that he is called on to perform. There are many requests for autographs on cards, album pages and photographs, and very many documents that could easily be signed on behalf of the President by someone else if it were not for the fact that the law specifically demands his signature.

The Signing of Documents

The law, for example, requires that he must sign the appointment of every postmaster; the nomination of every officeholder confirmed by the Senate; the commission of every United States marshal; the commission of every collector of internal revenue or customs; the commission of every appraiser of a port and of every surveyor of a port; the commissions of all United States attorneys, of all registrars of the Land Office and all notaries public in the District of Columbia; the commissions of every army officer with the rank of general and every naval officer with and above the rank of captain; all withdrawals or restorations of public land—which are very numerous; all expenditures by United States marshals before their quarterly accounts are approved; all pardons and commutations of sentence; all court-martial proceedings; all letters of credence for all ministers, and the exequaturs of all foreign diplomatic and consular representatives; all consular commissions and all consular changes; the commissions of all secretaries of embassy and legation; all extradition papers; the authorization for the signing of a treaty and the ratification of all treaties; the credentials of all public-health officers ordered abroad; every bill passed by Congress; and every deed and every will made by any Indian not a citizen of the United States and most Indians are not citizens.

It is interesting to note, as a side light on President Coolidge's shyness and reticence, that he does not have and has never had an autographed photograph of President Harding. Having been through the autograph requirements of the governorship of Massachusetts, he refused to burden President Harding by even one additional request.

All the White House staff agree that the President is a tireless and tremendous worker. His desk is always clean—a statement that could not be made of his predecessors. His secretaries frequently refer to him as a human thinking machine.

The News of the World

There was unrest in the White House offices one hot Saturday afternoon in April; for the President had gone out, and the White House staff would have liked to do a little wandering on its own account. Unfortunately, nobody knew for certain whether the President intended to come back, and argument consequently ran high. At length Pat McKenna, guardian of the outer door, went into the President's room and looked at all the clews in sight. Then he returned to his coworkers with the definite information that the President was coming back. They at once wanted to know how he knew.

"Why," said Pat, "there are two papers on his desk. Of course he'll come back." And he did.

Again, late in the afternoon, the President walks about the city, and at dinner there are nearly always guests. After dinner he goes to his study, usually with one or two guests, reads the newspaper clippings, which are pasted on yellow sheets of paper by the White House staff, and talks—or listens—until bedtime.

These yellow sheets covered with newspaper clippings do not appeal to the President as the last word in information. He believes that every President ought to be allowed to employ a staff to prepare and place before him every morning a brief digest of the news of the world, together with an explanation of its meaning. This is done for the King of England, and as a result the King of England is the best-informed executive in the world.

The person who comes in close contact with Calvin Coolidge must be a singularly insensitive person if he does not feel sure of his sincerity, his honesty, his modesty, his reliability, his determination to do what is right. And it seems reasonably apparent that for any person who dislikes or is suspicious of simplicity, stability of character, loyalty, thrift, sound judgment based entirely on the evidence, and a desire to alleviate ills with remedies that will cure instead of newfangled and half-tried nostrums, Calvin Coolidge must always be a disappointing President.

Scene at the Cape of Good Hope, the Tip of Africa

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Beside the pedals on the floor boards—just where you prefer it, is located a tough but resilient rubber bulb—the most comfortable cushion that your foot ever rested upon. You can shift this bulb wherever you want it. This bulb is connected by a thick rubber tubing to a rubber expansion diaphragm. Pressure on the bulb compresses the air and expands this diaphragm. The diaphragm on expanding pulls the rod that opens the carburetor and regulates the flow of gas into the engine. It is perfectly simple—just like opening the shutter on a camera. The Pneumatic Accelerator, of course, operates independently from the hand lever.

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The air in the cushion takes up jars and road shocks. It prevents them from being passed on to the carburetor or jiggling the accelerator. Jerking and bucking are gone forever. No matter how suddenly you step on the bulb you cannot starve or choke your engine. Acceleration is always smooth, swift and even.

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Drive your Ford to the nearest Authorized Ford Dealer or any other dealer where good accessories are sold and let him demonstrate this Pneumatic Accelerator. If he can't supply you, write to us and we will send one to you. You can install it in three minutes. There are no holes to bore—no screws or bolts—no connections that make it difficult to remove floor boards.

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If you once try a Pneumatic Accelerator you will never be without one. You won't be able to realize that you are driving the same car. And there are no parts to work loose or rattle—never any need for adjustment. At our risk, put a Pneumatic Accelerator on your Ford for 30 days. If at the end of that time you are not 100 per cent sold, your money will be immediately refunded.

Remember, too, The Pneumatic Accelerator is unconditionally guaranteed for *one year*. You risk nothing. *So act now!*

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(5-4)

He didn't put this plant in a Museum!

Production Manager: "That son of yours ought to be stopped. He will never earn a nickel on that new plant, the way he is sinking money into it."

President: "What have you noticed? I've been watching it and I want to see if your observation checks with mine."

Production Manager: "Why, he has given the Consulting Engineer carte blanche on the selection of piping contractors. You know what that means—the work is not being let on a price basis at all. I don't believe a single low bidder has landed a contract."

President: "Just what I thought. But I don't want to stop him—if it teaches him a lesson it's money well spent. Just get out your figures on Plant No. 2 that we built. It's a duplicate of the new one. When the time comes I'll make him compare those figures with his costs—then he will see once and for all that you've got to keep your finger on first costs and insist on placing contracts on a price basis." * * * * * * * * *

"There, my boy, is your mistake in black and white," said the President to his son a morning later. "On the heating, sprinkler and power piping work you spent $10,000 more than I did on exactly the same kind of plant—just wasted that money. Good thing you didn't have charge of anything more than the piping or the plant would have been a certain failure from the beginning."

President's Son: "But your figures don't go far enough. What were your starting costs?"

President: "Starting costs? What do you mean?"

President's Son: "Simply this. It took two weeks longer to install the piping in your plant than it did in mine. Even when your plant was *supposed* to be finished it stood absolutely idle for two weeks while essential changes were being made in the power piping. And for another two weeks you got only 25% production because only one end of the building was warm enough to work in. In short, my plant was working at full capacity six weeks before yours. It made a profit of $22,000 which *you* lost through delays in getting your plant started. You were so busy seeking a low price that you forgot you were building a plant to make money—not to put in a museum for the edification of low bidders."

President: "But your $10,000 *extra* cost is tied up as long as the plant lasts."

Auditor: (seeing the light) "And the $22,000 extra profit is turning over as capital as long as the plant lasts."

President: "Why, you young scamp—where did you pick up—"

President's Son: "The Consulting Engineer told me at the beginning if I'd let him choose the contractors just as he specified materials, there would be no delay in getting capacity production. He awarded all piping contracts to the Grinnell Company. Said they specialized in accuracy—not in bargains."

President: "Specify the contractor, eh! Never thought of it—but it sounds O. K.—it worked all right—just push that buzzer for Miss Burrows, please. I want to dictate a memorandum to all the plants on this, and, by Jove, it gives me just the idea I've been looking for—that article for the Chamber of Commerce *Bulletin* you know—good stuff—new stuff—say, boy, you'd better take the new runabout and send the bill to the old man."

* * * * * * * * *

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A PARTY UP IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 20)

it begins. If he gets to dominate, it will be by a slow and difficult process of elimination and attrition, by ballot after ballot of fierce fighting, by processes of combination and conciliation. It will be the same with any other candidate. The Cleveland convention will be a tea party, thus signifying, as the Republican leaders will say, a united, enthusiastic and coherent political entity. The Democratic convention in New York will be a battle from which the victor will emerge with the scalps of a dozen or more opponents and the toupees of half a hundred who tried to be opponents, thus signifying, as the Democratic leaders will say, the real triumph of our American democracy and arriving at a result truly representative of the spirit of our institutions

That is what they will say. The truth of it is that the Republicans will nominate President Coolidge because circumstances have forced their hands, and this in no way disparages the President as a candidate; and the Democrats will nominate whomsoever they do nominate for the very same reason. The difference between the two parties is that the circumstances were long ago determined and operative as to the Republican program, but are still in the making for the Democratic. The candidatorial troubles of the Republicans are behind them, but the difficulties of the Democrats are of the future. And there will be much trouble, travail and turbulence before they are solved. Madison Square Garden will be a political shambles before some at present undetermined standard bearer is shoved up through the welter on the floor.

All shades of Democratic opinion are represented in the list of the better known of the candidates for the nomination. They run from extreme and cautious conservatism to rather wild and woolly radicalism, and they are wet, dry, moist, sectarian, antisectarian, nationalist, agrarian, left, right, Eastern, Western, Southern and middle-of-the-road. The question of religion enters with some and the question of section with others. They are various in their economic viewpoints and versatile in their political policies. They make about every possible political appeal, and they all troop forward because someone has told them or they have told themselves they are entitled to the job.

Smith, Underwood and McAdoo

It would require too much space to catalogue them, and be a futile task, because the bulk of them will be decatalogued before the echoes of their nomination speeches have died away among the dusty girders of the Garden. There are three who should, as matters stand in mid-April, have the greatest numbers of apparent votes. These are Alfred E. Smith, of New York; Oscar Underwood, of Alabama; and William G. McAdoo, of California. Smith is a governor, Underwood is a senator and McAdoo a former cabinet member; all have been considerably in the public view for varying lengths of time. Underwood, as a member of the House and of the Senate, has been a public man for more than twenty years. McAdoo came into national political prominence when President Wilson made him Secretary of the Treasury in 1913; and Smith, elected governor of New York, then defeated and elected again, captured a certain support by his antiprohibition proclivities and his excellent record as governor.

In these three men we find typified the most pressing of the political questions the convention must decide—not necessarily with one or the other of them, but through them and their supporters. Underwood is a conservative and also a Southerner. McAdoo is a Liberal, but a dry one. Smith is a wet and a Roman Catholic.

If the situation in the latter days of June is approximately level with the developments of a few weeks earlier, it is probable that at the beginning McAdoo, Smith and Underwood will lead in the balloting, although neither will be within hailing distance of the required two-thirds. It is unlikely that either will have one-third. The others will have their scattering vote. This will give the manipulators their chance to test out the strength of each, and also to test the relative holds the liberalism of McAdoo and the conservatism of Underwood have on the delegates, as well as the consideration in which the various co-related questions are held—prohibition, sectionalism, religion, race prejudice, sectarianism and the economics.

Until Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, died late in April he was active in the support of Governor Smith, of New York, and this fight would have centered about him to a considerable extent. Murphy had the advantage of a local candidate, a Tammany man born in New York. Moreover, at the convention Tammany men will not be freaks to the assembled Democrats as they were in Kansas City and in St. Louis and in Denver. They will be in their own front yard, and they will have tangible evidences of what they can do for a ticket to impress on the visitors. They will have behind them galleries filled with local supporters. They will go into battle on their native heath. At the start they will have the psychological better of the situation.

The judgment of serious and seasoned Democrats is that, much as they like him, Governor Al Smith cannot be nominated because of his religion and because of his antiprohibition proclivities. Smith is an engaging figure, with a career that we Americans like to exult over as typical of the opportunities of our democracy. He was born a poor boy on the East Side of New York and he has been twice elected governor of New York, the greatest state in the Union. He is popular and intelligent. He has a strong personal appeal.

Attitude of the Local Boss

The serious and seasoned Democrats admit all this, but point to his political wetness and to his religion. Now this man Murphy was not the dolt that his opponents set him down to be, and, in addition, he had experienced political advisers. It was possible that back in the mind of Murphy there was a determination to make a finish fight for Smith, not despite these objections raised against him by Democrats outside of New York, but because of those alleged disqualifications. That was possible. It was even probable.

The attitude of a political boss like Murphy toward a presidential nomination is never understood by politicians from states where there are no large cities, where populations are small and scattered. The Democratic politicians from the South are particularly dense in the matter. With them the presidency is the supreme end to be desired. Everything is subordinated in their minds to the winning of the national election and the glory that comes therefrom. The President typifies all they are fighting for.

They discuss the candidate as a personality and work for him as such. They are for an individual who represents a cause.

Federal Patronage

The attitude of old-line bosses of the Murphy type is directly antithetical. Such men do not look on a presidential candidate with a national consideration, and do look at him from a purely local viewpoint. Murphy's attitude toward a presidential candidate was influenced mostly by local considerations, and not by national demands. What Murphy wanted in a presidential candidate first was a strength that would help him with his state and local tickets. The presidency meant nothing to Murphy, or very little, in terms of his organization requirements. Federal patronage in New York, for example, consists of postmasters, revenue officers, law officers, and so on, not one per cent of the patronage Murphy controlled when his mayor was elected, and his governor and his judicial ticket.

Federal patronage is a bother and a vexation to a boss like Murphy when there is a Democrat in the White House. He pays small attention to it. What he is after is control of the city offices, of the state offices, and all that goes with that vast machine.

And his dominating lookout, so far as a presidential candidate is concerned, is whether that candidate will help pull his state and local tickets through. His idea of a good candidate for President is a man who will add votes to the Tammany ticket in New York, and that is the attitude of every boss of that type.

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A NEW way of teeth cleaning has come into world-wide use. Dentists of some 50 nations are advising it today. Millions know the benefits it brings.

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Your teeth are coated with a film—that viscous film you feel. Unless you combat it daily, it threatens constant harm.

That clinging film, if left on teeth, soon becomes discolored. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Most people have suffered more or less from troubles caused by film.

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Modern research has discovered two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Dental authorities have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth-paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

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Pepsodent embodies several factors which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant.

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This test will show

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Then decide your future course by what you see and feel.

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P. S. And please remember, there's *always* room for the guest who reserves a room by wire, phone or post.

To contribute to your summer enjoyment, several new features are provided. The Roof Garden has been entirely renovated. Ernie Golden, the popular leader, and his Hotel McAlpin Orchestra will furnish the music.

Dine and dance on the tallest Roof Garden in the world, twenty-four stories above the sultry sidewalks.

Outdoors—if you prefer—there will be Bagdad on the Roof—a riot of beauty and color, a picturesque setting in which you may dance to the strain of the El Patio Orchestra. (The famous El Patio—fascinating dancing place, reminiscent of Old Spain, will be closed for the summer.)

Madrano, Argentine's latest dance sensation, an exclusive McAlpin engagement, will dance nightly, except Sundays, with Senorita Maria Montero, premiere artiste from Andalusia, Spain. The El Patio Troubadours will also contribute to the entertainment.

When making your reservation, be sure to request the handy, colored service map of New York City, which shows clearly and simply all subway, "L" and other stations—an exclusive McAlpin feature, of course. Ask for Map FP.

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Plenty of national politicians do not understand this, and they never will understand it. If they could get a comprehension of it they would be far more effective in their endeavors. Of course Murphy did not often get what he wanted in the way that filled all his specifications, but that did not prevent him from working for that end each time he had a chance. Circumstances so placed Murphy this year that he had an alluring gamble. He had as a member of his own organization a man who is beginning to be well and favorably known nationally, and who has already received some support outside of New York State. With this as a nucleus, Murphy felt he could go a long way with Smith, because for the first time since he became a leader he had a made-to-order situation back of him.

Tammany's Chance

Here is Smith, a wet. Here is New York, the greatest city in the country, also wet. Here is Smith, a Roman Catholic; here is New York, one of the greatest Roman Catholic cities in the world, and one of the greatest, probably the greatest, Jewish city in the world. If the successor to Murphy can, as undoubtedly he can, capitalize these elements, he will be aided enormously in his state campaigns in the fall, in his next fight for a mayor and a governor, no matter what may happen to the national ticket. Wherefore, we see the genesis of the Murphy proposal and support of Smith, and the reason the New York Democrats indorsed Smith for President. The sentiment Murphy capitalized with Smith is not local to New York. It more or less extends from one end of the country to the other.

If Tammany can nominate Smith, well and good. If Tammany cannot, this fight for Smith will endear Tammany to the forces Smith typifies.

It requires a two-thirds vote to nominate in a Democratic convention. Three hundred and sixty-seven votes against can stop any candidate and hold him in suspension short of the nomination until he is eliminated. Notwithstanding the strong sentiments throughout the country to which Tammany will appeal with Smith, it is not improbable that enough of the Democratic delegates can be solidified against Tammany's plan to defeat him. That would seem an easy political maneuver. However, in making a Smith fight, Tammany, if it loses it, will be in a powerful situation, because it will have a big block of votes to throw to some other candidate, and it can demand almost any terms it chooses for that support.

The successor to Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, on his own battle ground, in his own city, will be a large factor in the result of the convention.

Brennan's Leadership

But it will not be to Tammany that the Democrats eager for success next fall will look for final guidance, and it will not be the successor of Murphy who will be the great power of the convention. That part will be played by George E. Brennan, the Democratic leader of Illinois, who will come to New York at the head of an uninstructed delegation, who will come with assurances of coöperation from a very considerable block of delegates from other states, and who will come with a great political sagacity, a keener political intelligence and a wider political vision than any other leader who will be there.

Brennan, climbing up to the leadership of the great Democratic organization in Cook County, Illinois, which comprises Chicago, from the bottom of a coal mine, has established his status as the chief Democrat of Illinois, solidified his support, and has reached out through the Mississippi Valley until he commands a following that will make him most formidable in a convention that is controlled in its nominations by the two-thirds rule. Having no announced candidate of his own, Brennan will be in a position to canvass the claims of all other candidates and to throw his support to the man who, in the final showdown, has the greatest claim on the nomination, not only politically but popularly and in an American sense. Brennan is a boss, but he is sanely progressive and keenly instinct of the national situation. A great many important things in that convention will revolve about this burly, smiling, versatile and able Illinoisian.

Technically, the politics of the leaders will be to make a combination, such as, say, Brennan, Taggart, Hague, of New Jersey, and a few others, and with that combination, controlling enough votes to defeat any candidate and enforce any policy, sit tight and let the underlings fight it out until they are destroyed. However, aside from Brennan, the big controlling bosses are mostly of the East, and thus conservative. Brennan comes from the Midwest, and realizes the sort of liberalism that is required, albeit he is by tendency conservative also. Therefore he will be of value in the platform making, as well as in the selection of a candidate. Nor is he much of a combiner. He is ready to form an alliance with others that will go as far as to pledge the members of it to take no vital step without informing the others, but it is not in his book to make a sink-or-swim combination in a case like this. He has ideas of his own, and you may take it from a man to whom he has expounded them, they are good American ideas, and not the ideas of a politician who is merely a local boss.

On the professionally political side of the convention these men, Brennan and the successor to Murphy, will be the first figures in a loosely bound but operative association of other men of Democratic political parts, such as Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, and Frank Hague, of New Jersey. Taggart has a candidate in Senator Samuel M. Ralston, of Indiana, who will be pushed forward at the proper time as the savior of the situation; and Hague has two, Governor Silzer and former Governor Edwards. Thus the styles of Taggart and Hague will be somewhat cramped. Brennan, with no candidate, is in the commanding position. It will not be necessary for him to go to anybody, and it will be necessary for everybody to come to him, thus showing a fair-sized sample of that political sagacity on his part of which mention has been made.

McAdoo's Legal Activities

These men are the fellows who stand out in front, avowedly politicians and convention mechanicians. Scores of littler leaders, candidate managers, politicians in ordinary, platform cranks, influence seekers, vote mongerers, prominent citizens, leading Democrats, present and retired statesmen, and all other and similar representatives and examples of the necessary and excess baggage of a national convention will batter constantly against them. In addition, there undoubtedly will be formed other combinations to fight them—combinations fostered by candidates who have not the sympathy of these leaders, and chief among these will be the combination of the followers and supporters of William G. McAdoo.

The candidacy of McAdoo was in fine swing until the fact was brought out in the oil investigation in Washington that he was in the employ, as a lawyer, of Doheny. Washington was in a panic at the time, and any man who was mentioned in that investigation as having owned and operated a kerosene lamp was immediately condemned out of hand and cast into the outer darkness. Washington fell upon McAdoo and marked a black cross opposite his name, and it was loudly heralded that he was down and out forever as a presidential candidate.

McAdoo refused to accept this verdict, claiming that in accepting legal employment from Doheny he was clearly within his right, and showing he had nothing whatever to do in connection with the oil leases under investigation. He continued his fight and had some successes; but later, in response to a Senate inquiry, it was developed that soon after he left the cabinet Mr. McAdoo prosecuted a claim before the Navy Department for a private client, and the statement was made that he had also appeared in tax cases. What the effect of this information will have on the fortunes of McAdoo cannot be known precisely until the convention is in session. A crucial test of his candidacy will be the Texas verdict on it, which will be given May twenty-seventh.

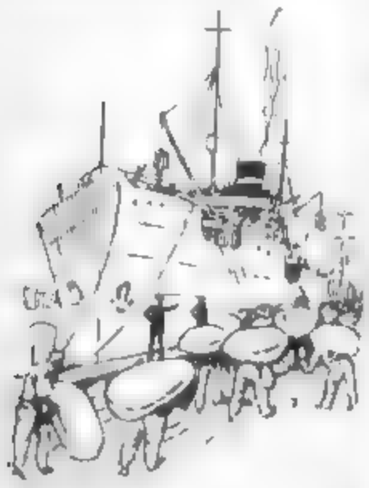
McAdoo is not in favor with the professionally political Democratic leaders, and can hope for little support from them. It will be necessary for him to make and manage his own combination, which no doubt will be done. He represents the Western radicalism of the party, and has announced a position that has a considerable element of strength in it from the progressive Democratic viewpoint. His

(Continued on Page 149)

What is the Best Upholstery for My Closed Car?

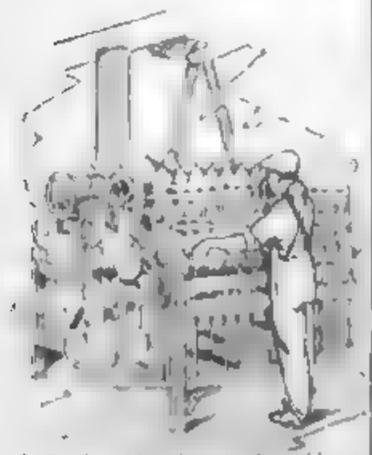
Questions often asked by the man or woman who wants to know why Mohair Velvet is used for upholstery in the finest types of limousines, sedans and coaches.

Herds of white goats have roamed the hills of Angora, Turkey, for thousands of years. From them comes the silky, silvery-white fleece used to weave Chase VELMO, the luxurious Mohair Velvet.



Before being packed into huge sacks, the selected hair is inspected by an expert from Sanford Mills. It is then loaded into ships and brought to America.

Shepherds still weave goat hair into quaint, durable fabrics for tents, rugs and garments on primitive hand looms, as they have done since the days of Abraham.



At Sanford Mills improved machinery spins the Angora hair into the wonderful, soft, resilient yarn from which beautiful, lasting Chase VELMO, the Velvet Mohair of quality, is woven.

Q. What kind of upholstery will last longest and look best in my closed car?

A. Unquestionably Chase Mohair Velvet, made by Sanford Mills, at Sanford, Maine.

Q. Why?

A. Because its superiority as a *Travel Fabric* has been established by over forty years of trial as seat coverings by railroads. No other fabric has been found to wear so long, or look so well.

Q. How about appearance?

A. Chase Mohair Velvet is made today in an infinite variety of patterns and colorings, and one glance at a car upholstered with this wonderful *Travel Fabric* will convince you that it excels all other fabrics in luxurious beauty.

Q. Is Chase Mohair Velvet easy to clean; and to keep clean?

A. Yes. You can use a vacuum cleaner on back and seats, or a whisk brush, or beat the upholstery with a rattan, or scrub it with soap and water, and the color and the appearance will remain unchanged. If a grease spot gets on the seat, gasoline can be used to remove it without leaving a ring around the spot.

Q. Is Chase Mohair Velvet easy to ride on?

A. Very! In every square inch of fabric there are 45,000 tiny upright hairs which act like springs. You can't slip and slide on Mohair Velvet Upholstery. The high pile also prevents it from soiling dainty dresses, and the resilient surface does less harm to fur coats and clothing than any other upholstery fabric.

Q. How can I be sure that I get Chase Mohair Velvet in my closed car?

A. Chase Mohair Velvet is made and sold under the name VELMO, to identify it from other pile fabrics of less merit. The name VELMO was adopted and registered for your protection. Ask for VELMO and you are sure to get Genuine Chase Mohair Velvet. In many of the higher types of closed cars Chase VELMO is a feature of their standard equipment, but you can get Chase VELMO, perfected Mohair Velvet, in any closed car if you insist.

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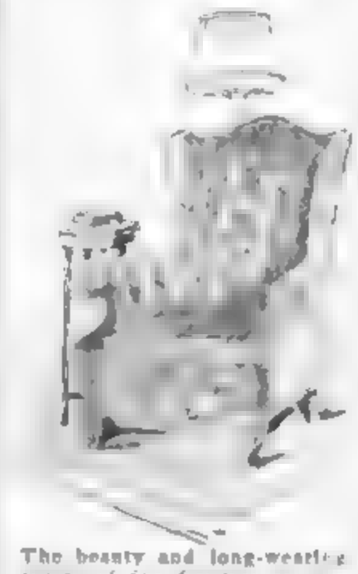
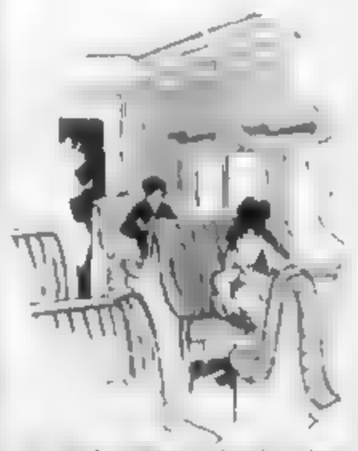
Like deerskin for springy resilience, like silk for richness and like ermine for regal beauty, Chase VELMO is used as upholstery in the finest types of closed cars.



The beauty and long-wearing qualities of fine furniture are [illegible] by the art of [illegible] fect expressed by Chase VELMO.



America's cabin railroad upholstered [illegible] Velvet, the [illegible] Travel Fabric.

The artistry and skill of specially trained weavers, closely guarded secret dyeing processes, and the pride and integrity of Sanford Mills are expressed in every yard of Chase VELMO, the wonderful *Travel Fabric*.

Perfected Mohair Velvet *woven from* Lustrous Angora Fleece

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Exceptional high quality of coach-work—graceful lines—distinctive appearance—with unbeaten economy and real comfort—mechanically right

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All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

Balloon Tires furnished on all models at small additional cost.

GRAY MOTOR CORPORATION
Detroit, Mich.

GRAY SEDAN
$895

(Continued from Page 146)

course when he was director of railroads during the war gained him much favor with labor, and especially with the four great railroad labor organizations. His stand on the prohibition question, the bonus, the Esch-Townsend Railroad Law and other similar policies is in good alignment with the thought of the progressive element of his party.

Underwood's position is almost exactly in reverse to that of McAdoo. Underwood is well esteemed by the professional Democratic leaders and the conservative forces; but he suffers the political handicap of coming from the South, and the greater handicap of his conservatism—or, rather, the conservatism that is imputed to him. Many of the men who will be powerful in the Democratic convention would like to have Underwood in the White House, but they do not see how they can put him there. The difficulties of nominating him seem insuperable. Underwood had 117½ votes on the first ballot of the 1912 Democratic convention at Baltimore, where Woodrow Wilson was nominated on the forty-sixth ballot, and remained a fluctuating contender until near the end. As the primaries are still in process as this is written, no conjecture can be made of his initial strength in the New York convention.

The convention will split into three approximate parts. Applying a political rule of thumb, it may be said that about one-third of the delegates will be from the South, one-third more or less tinged with the radical tendencies of the West and one-third boss controlled.

This, of course, is the roughest sort of a division, but it is as close a computation as can be made. The strongest tendency of the Southern delegates is the tendency toward conservatism; and the leading Southern candidate, Underwood, is a conservative. Naturally, the big bosses are conservative also, because the big bosses come from the big cities. Therefore there would seem to be a chance for a conservative combination that might be manipulated into the required two-thirds, but when you get west of Buffalo, apart from the big cities, you find a radicalism in the Democratic Party that must be recognized. It would avail the Democrats nothing to nominate a conservative against a Republican conservative, because that would lose the radical Democratic support in a measure, and split the conservative vote. To be sure, there could be a palliation of this situation by the nomination of a fairly radical Vice President and the careful preparation of a platform that would reflect the radical thought, but it is doubtful if those expedients would suffice.

A Possible Combination

As it stands, the radicals will come, in whatever proportion he can control them, under the leadership of McAdoo; and if McAdoo cannot win, his state leaders may be able to swing votes; but it is not probable that they would trade through McAdoo himself. This will create a situation where the men who are most expert in making combinations will control the situation, where the experienced politicians, fortified with their own large blocks of votes—such as the successor of Murphy, with ninety delegates, and Brennan, with fifty-eight, and their associates with solid and deliverable blocks—can have a commanding influence on the final result.

One may venture the muld, qualified, hesitant prediction that as it looks now neither Smith, Underwood nor McAdoo can be nominated. It is easily conceivable that a situation may arise after much balloting where a combination can be made between the votes of any two of these of sufficient strength to bring in with it enough of the scattering and indecisive delegates to make up a two-thirds; but, considering the known temper of the party at large, this does not seem probable. In any event, it can be accomplished only after the hardest and most grueling sort of a fight.

The safest prediction concerning that convention and the outcome of it is that some candidate, held in the balloting from the first, or injected into the balloting after the struggle has proceeded for a few days, will rise up through the turmoil to victory, fostered by such forces as can be rallied for an assault on the impasse.

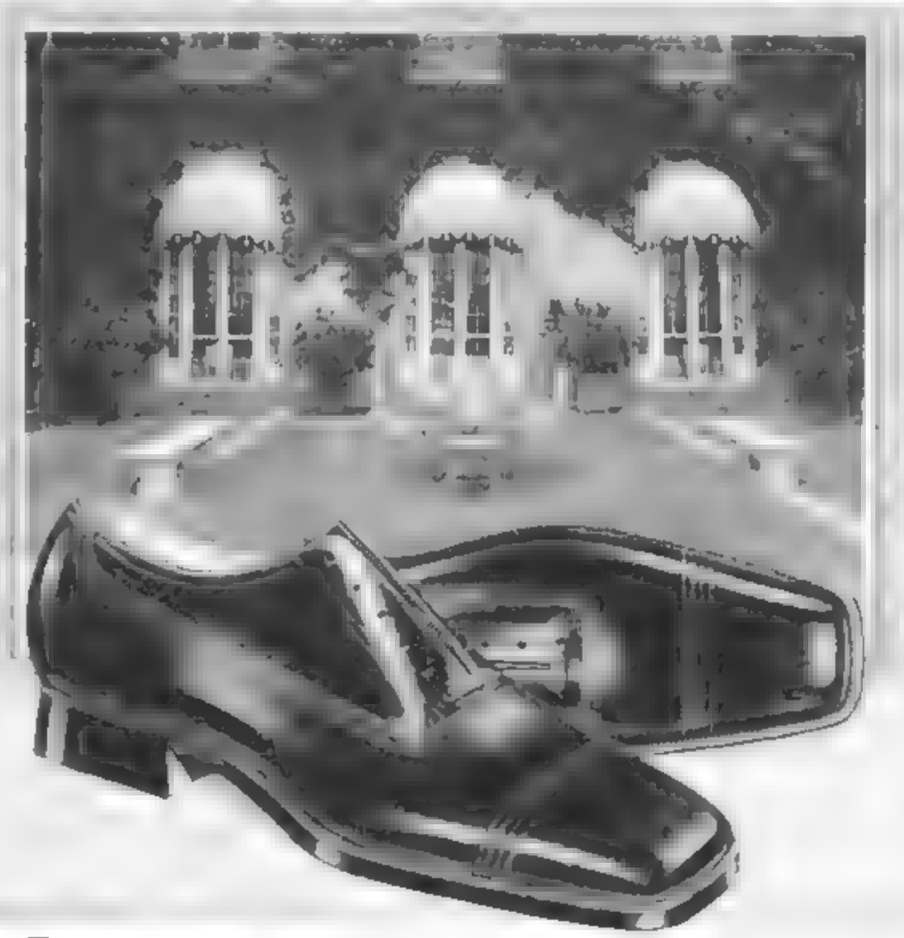
There is where Taggart hopes to plant his man Ralston. There is where Brennan may introduce his dark horse. There is where Tammany may have its John W. Davis or Senator Royal S. Copeland in reserve. There is where the West may trot out a man who complies with Western specifications. There is where anything may happen, and that is why no person, least of all the Democrats who will be the chief leaders, managers and manipulators of the convention, knows, or will know until after the fight begins, who will be the nominee.

Basic Qualifications

The successful candidate must have several basic qualifications. If the Democrats are wise he will be a dry. If they accede to the ideas of the radical contingent, he must be opposed to the Esch-Townsend Law. To be politically available, he must be strong in Ohio and Indiana, two states the Democrats think they can carry next fall. And so on. The right man, the man sought by the Democrats and not yet found, must be a versatile citizen, of sufficient adaptability to cover all these points; or he must be a colorless citizen, neutral on most of them and thus malleable to the demands of the party. The latter qualification is most appealing. If they can get an amenable middle-of-the-roader they will take him, no doubt; but to get him they must wade through oceans of radical blood, must slaughter scores of conservative battlers, must stand platoons of wets against the wall, must have their sharpshooters constantly at work picking off useful individuals here and there, must bludgeon, salve, assault, conciliate, throw out and coax in all the diverse elements that are to be combined in that necessary and difficult two-thirds.

Who? There are forty avowed candidates, forty more who are open to the invitation—wide open—and a select lot who are held in the dark. Milling around, through and over these will be 1098 delegates, all thinking that the right sort of nomination will bring success at the polls, and all certain their man is the right man; and five times that number of outsiders seeking to be insiders who have candidates, planks, policies, reforms, retaliations and every other sort of a political ulterior motive. The pressure will be enormous. The intrigue will be universal. The battle will be fierce.

Sooner or later someone must be shoved up through the mass, someone must be given the palm; but before that elevation is accomplished, before the guerdon is bestowed, there will be more politics on Manhattan Island than there has been in any fortnight since the visiting Dutchmen showed the local Indians their bag of Old World tricks.



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THE BLACK GOLCONDA

(Continued from Page 32)

extent, in the Dutch East Indies. The so-called American Group, including some of the leading Standard companies and the most powerful independents, has a fourth interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company, which has the concession for the potential oil fields of Mesopotamia. An American company also has—or thinks it has—the right to operate in the four northern provinces of Persia.

Whether American companies will continue to have access to these essential foreign fields rests upon the lap of our government gods. One reason why the British and the Dutch oil interests have corralled so much of the known recoverable oil areas outside the United States—the Dutch have even got their hooks into our fields—is because they have support from their governments. In the specific case of the Royal Dutch-Shell group, progress has been due not so much to the superior generalship on the part of Sir Henri Deterding—the European Rockefeller—as to the freedom he has enjoyed from legislative restriction against combination to operate abroad. He has been able to organize any number of subsidiary companies in different parts of the world, including the United States, without fear of running afoul of a Sherman Act. In addition to this freedom from the limitations which have hedged American companies, he has enjoyed both the financial and physical support of the Dutch and British governments in furthering his projects

Instead of encouraging the American oil man overseas, our Government has usually done the opposite. As I remarked in a previous article, the British and Dutch Foreign Offices anticipate oil opportunities while Washington holds post-mortems. Not only does the American Government usually trail in the world procession to secure raw materials or trade opportunities for our people, but in the specific case of oil it contemplates a serious handicap. This is embodied in the suggested embargo on the export of petroleum and its products.

Dependence on Foreign Crude

The result of such an embargo in times of peace would be that other countries possessing petroleum resources would adopt similar measures. In addition, our claims to participation in the newly discovered foreign oil fields such as Mesopotamia would be removed. This would be a natural procedure, because the knowledge that the United States, the world's greatest petroleum producer, deemed such a drastic step necessary would arouse the instinct of self-preservation in other nations, and America would suffer in the recoil. Apparently it has not soaked into the consciousness of legislators and the public that we not only produce more than two-thirds of the world supply of crude oil but—what is of even greater importance—that we are the largest consumers.

Examine the facts about imports and exports and you readily see that despite the mighty flow of our petroleum, we need foreign crude and will probably continue to need it in increasing quantities save in such an unusual period of overproduction as obtained last year. The best basis of calculation would be the figures for 1922, which was a normal year so far as production is concerned. We will take gasoline, the product which most affects the average person. From imported crude and naphtha we extracted 14,812,654 barrels. We exported 13,740,000 barrels, leaving us 1,072,654 barrels, or approximately 45,000,000 gallons, to the good by the transaction. This shows that the gasoline obtained from imports was about 10 per cent of the total production in the United States compared with exports of approximately 9 per cent.

Before we leave production, another possible means of enhancing crude recovery through efficiency of operation can be disclosed. It is estimated that from 50 to 90 per cent of the average oil pool remains in the ground after all the wells have ceased to produce. How can it be salvaged?

Some day we shall go down into the oil sands that have been exhausted, so far as the producing well can be operated, and recover part of the remaining petroleum through mine shafts and galleries, as is being done in some parts of Europe. An alternative—and it is in use in the older fields of New York and Pennsylvania—is to pump compressed air or water down an abandoned well in one part of a depleted field in order to set up a flood which will spread radially through the oil sand, driving the remaining oil ahead of it toward surrounding wells through which it can escape to the surface.

In connection with a foreign supply of oil for our consumption is an interesting speculation which concerns the future of the American industry. What would happen if America were bereft of an appreciable part of her crude-oil resources? I can best answer in the words of one of the most constructive of our oil leaders to whom I put this question. He said:

"If the source of a considerable part of the American people's crude-oil requirements be transferred from domestic to foreign fields the American petroleum machine can go into reverse without much more effort than throwing out the clutch. It was built to do that."

Our Ebbing Oil Supply

"The trunk pipe lines from the interior to Atlantic and Gulf ports will carry crude as cheaply to the interior as away from it. Should the American producing field be changed into a consuming market, the problem of supplying the refineries dependent upon it would present no great difficulties, and the cost need not necessarily be much higher. Once afloat and in large bulk, crude oil can be transported in tankers at a surprisingly cheap rate as compared with any other method. The big tankers of from 10,000 to 20,000 tons, with which the industry has equipped itself, and which are now engaged in the movement of crude oil from California and Gulf ports to various seaboard refinery points, could be used for the movement of crude from, say, a Mediterranean port, which would be the terminus of a pipe line from Mesopotamia, at a lower cost than is now incurred in moving crude through the Panama Canal from California to a North Atlantic port. The longer the water route the cheaper the cost per ton mile. It is as feasible to bring crude by water from foreign fields to be refined in the Atlantic, Gulf or Pacific Coast refineries, exporting the surplus, as to refine the crude at the point of origin and be under the necessity of exporting all the variety of finished products derived from it.

"The American petroleum industry has an enormous investment in transportation facilities and refinery capacity in this country, a considerable portion of which would be scrap but for the industry's foreign trade. In addition to this, it has a large investment in marketing and distributing organizations all over the world. Given access to a foreign producing field, the industry could protect American consumers of petroleum products against danger of shortages and hold and increase its foreign trade. It would not matter in what remote corner of the globe the fields were situated if American tankers could tap them. Diminution of our native crude supply would not in the slightest degree mean the impairment of America's position as the greatest petroleum exporting country of the world."

In consequence you need no diagram to realize that whether we have a ten, fifteen or twenty year supply of petroleum in the ground, a foreign source of crude is absolutely essential not only to the maintenance of our monster motor machine but to keep the wheels of productivity whirring. The latter would stand idle if its lubrication depended on the fish oil and animal fats as was the case before the great era of petroleum refining.

With the word "refining" we come to the phase of petroleum which represents much of the hope of the future. It means that if our consumption exceeds the supply available from both foreign and domestic sources, prices will rise to the point where two principal tendencies will become effective in maintaining a balance. These tendencies are: First, increased efficiency in the utilization of the crude; second, the development of oil products and substitutes from sources other than petroleum.

The average man who fills the gasoline tank of his car at a service station does not realize that the fuel that speeds him on his way represents an interesting evolution.

(Continued on Page 153)

America's foremost fine candy

Huyler's

THE TIDBIT PACKAGE

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A delicious assortment of Bonbons and Chocolates or all Chocolates. 1, 2, 3, and 5 lb. sizes, $1.50 per lb.

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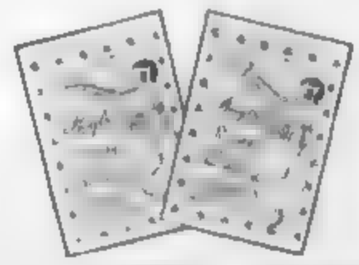
Make your Summer desserts with Huyler's Cocoa and Chocolate

CREAM PEPPERMINTS

½ lb. box—40c

THE GIFT PACKAGE

A splendid box of Huyler's finest bonbons and chocolates. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes. $1.75 per lb.



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"FRESH EVERY HOUR"

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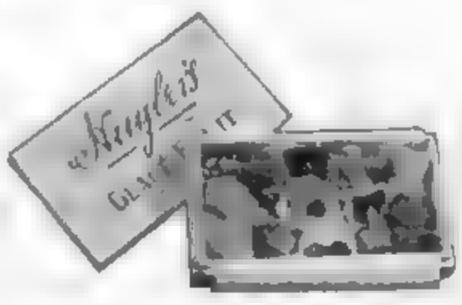

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Use Huyler's Breakfast Cocoa. Quality and Flavor unsurpassed. ½ lb. tins 25c.

THE WINNER OF THE RECENT TIDBIT PRIZE CONTEST

is Evaline C. Sellors, Fort Worth, Texas. We want to take this opportunity to congratulate her on the beautiful cover design which she submitted and to express our appreciation for the thousands of suggestions which were received from friends all over the country.

The Tidbit assortment will appear in its new dress during the summer. In the meantime you will find at all Huyler's agents this same delicious assortment in the familiar silver package.

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Controlled ventilation in the home is very different from the uncertain kind that comes from open windows.

You can put an end to overheated kitchens, filled with greasy air that soils walls and furnishings and cooking fumes that penetrate everywhere. You can do away with the nuisance of tobacco smoke in dining and living rooms. By drawing in a flood of cool outdoor air, you can banish the discomfort of sleepless summer nights.

All of these and other benefits of *controlled* ventilation in any room are made possible by the new American Blower Home Ventilating Fan (also suitable for small offices) that fits any standard width window, is easily transferred from room to room and that is *reversible* as well as *portable*.

The fan is mounted in an adjustable frame, easily installed, that fits securely in the upper part of the window yet is instantly removable. Operating in one direction, the fan draws out the used or tainted air from indoors; reversed it brings in pure, invigorating outside air.

It is extremely good looking, with blades of polished aluminum, nickeled fittings and finish in gray and black enamel. It is completely dependable, silent in operation—a product of an organization that has been a leader in the development of all kinds of air handling equipment for more than forty years.

For further interesting information on the many benefits of electric ventilation in the home, send for the new illustrated folder on the American Blower Home Ventilating Fan, or see your electrical dealer.

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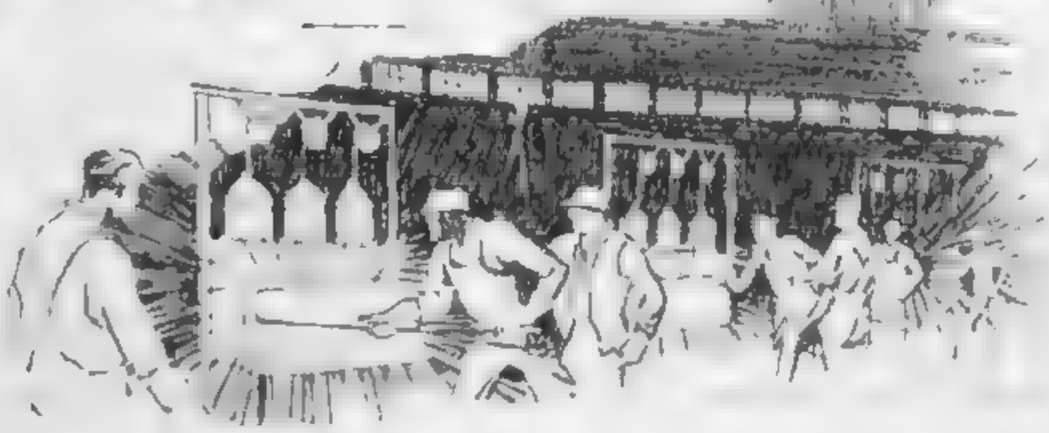

(Continued from Page 150)

He is apt to suppose—if he supposes at all—that crude petroleum is dumped into a big still, heated up, and the result is his much-needed juice.

In the early refineries the process was almost as simple as this, because the raw material was vaporized in cast-iron vessels cased with bricks, out of which the vapors were passed off to a copper worm cooled with water. There was no salvage of the full content of the crude. Kerosene was the only commercial product of refining, and the much desired and widely used gasoline of today was either burned as waste or allowed to run into nearby creeks.

With the coming of the automobile, gasoline took on a new value and effort was concentrated on its extraction. Yet as recently as 1909 only four gallons of gasoline were produced from a forty-two-gallon barrel of crude. This proved to be inadequate because of the growing demand for motor fuel. Some means had to be devised to increase the gasoline recovery.

It arrived in the shape of the cracking process, which, in the simplest terms, means the forcing out of the crude of a larger quantity of gasoline through heat and pressure. Cracking today yields from 40 to 45 gallons of gasoline out of every 100 gallons of crude, when the other valuable by-products are also obtained. Where gasoline is the only objective, 75 gallons can be and have been produced from 100 gallons of crude.

When the crude supply shrinks there must be a more intensive refining so as to obtain a correspondingly larger quantity of gasoline. It means, of course, that kerosene and fuel oil which, with gasoline, comprise the three major products of ordinary refining, will be produced in much smaller quantities. We have seen how kerosene is a constantly dwindling factor in our life. The puzzle therefore is with fuel oil. Before we get through you will see that it is not such an enigma after all.

At this point, and in order to understand subsequent statements, it may be well to say that gasoline today is obtained in three ways. One is the straight distillation of crude from which the bulk of supply is obtained. It is called topping, because literally the top distillate, gasoline, being the lightest, is removed. The second is from cracking operations. Third is the compression or absorption of the gasoline vapors out of the gas that escapes from oil wells. The gasoline is squeezed or scrubbed out of the gas. This is called casing-head, or natural gasoline. Through this little-known and recently developed agency 22,000,000 barrels of gasoline was obtained last year, a quantity equal to the total gasoline production ten years ago.

Wasteful Production

These facts are incidental to the larger problem. It lies in the wasteful consumption of fuel oil. You comprehend it when I say that exactly one-half of all the crude produced in this country, after the gasoline and kerosene have been removed, goes as fuel to be burned under boilers. This 50 per cent contains the hundreds of commercially valuable by-products, including lubricants. They merely go up the flue.

This extravagant performance can be emphasized in another and more homely way. If all our hogs were slaughtered merely to obtain pork chops and ham, and the remainder burned up, it would duplicate what is going on in the waste of crude oil. I say "waste," because, while the fuel oil generates power, it could be converted into products more valuable. The same amount of steam-making could be obtained from the more abundant coal and no impairment wrought to productivity or progress.

The task of the future therefore is so to utilize the oil produced as to obtain from it adequate supplies of those products for which there are no available substitutes. When this is achieved, shrinkage in the crude supply will work no hardship, because one barrel will be made to do the work of four or five.

There is nothing particularly new in this idea. Back in 1915 Franklin K. Lane, when he was Secretary of the Interior, in speaking of petroleum, said, "An absolute government would prohibit a barrel of it being used for fuel before every drop of kerosene, gasoline and other valuable constituents had been taken from it."

Up to the present time it has not been necessary to reach this stage of complete utilization of petroleum, because the production of crude has been more than sufficient to meet all requirements, including its uneconomic use as fuel oil.

To understand the fuel-oil problem it is important to know that there are four main uses of petroleum as fuel. Gasoline propels the automotive engine; refined oil or kerosene is used in the ordinary illuminating lamp; the lighter distillate oils are employed in the Diesel engine; and the residual oils are burned as fuel under boilers for power purposes.

In times of overproduction, and because of the excessive cost involved in storing it in large quantities—in California last year $47,000,000 was spent on new storage—much crude is sold as fuel in direct competition with coal. This is wasteful, as petroleum is much too valuable a product to be burned when coal is available. During these periods of overproduction the industry has no other alternative than to exert every energy to push the sale of fuel oil.

With these facts in mind, you can appreciate the argument advanced by the oil conservers that should there be a material falling off in the production of petroleum the public at large would suffer no inconvenience or annoyance through the substitution of coal for the fuel oil now being used for the generation of power afloat and ashore. They point to the fact that there are but few places in which heavy oils are used as fuel where coal cannot be used as a substitute.

Diesel-Type-Engine Economies

As soon as the selling price of fuel oil is higher than that of coal—and this is altogether likely at no distant date unless new pools are discovered—there will be a change from oil to coal, with a corresponding reduction in the consumption of the heavier oil products. The fuel oil so released will be available for conversion into products of higher value. In this way the increasing demand for gasoline can be met, provided that the price of gasoline is such as to make the conversion profitable and justify further investment in cracking facilities.

Whereas coal can readily supersede fuel oil in most instances, a corresponding substitution for gasoline is much more difficult. Up to the present time the cost of producing gasoline has been materially below that of manufacturing alcohol, benzol and like substitutes in large quantities.

Analyze the figures for petroleum for 1923 and you get some inkling of the extent of the fuel-oil business, which also measures the extent of the waste in petroleum. Out of our total production of 725,000,000 barrels exactly 317,000,000 barrels, or 43.5 per cent, was disposed of as liquid fuel for power purposes and refinery fuel at a price below its fuel value, as compared with coal. In other words, coal could have performed the work of this oil, and thus have made available a bigger percentage of the more valuable petroleum products, including gasoline.

Using an average yield of 40 per cent from cracking, it follows that if the demand for gasoline had existed last year, and the price justified it, by cracking the 317,000,000 barrels of heavy oils burned as fuel we could have produced an additional 126,800,000 barrels of gasoline and still have had left a residue of 190,200,000 barrels to be sold for power purposes.

The question naturally arises, does this procedure—that is, the burning of so much heavy oil under boilers—conserve our national resources or utilize them to the fullest economic value? Obviously it does not.

No matter how high the price of petroleum products may go, fuel oil will be in demand and use. It is likely that as fuel oil becomes more expensive it will be used in internal-combustion engines of the Diesel type, where a much larger portion of its potential energy can be transformed into useful work. An illuminating example of the possible economy came under my observation in Texas.

A pipe-line engineer replaced a temporary steam pump at a small pumping station with the permanent Diesel-engine pump which the plans specified. The steam plant, with fuel oil burned under the boilers, had consumed 150 barrels of fuel oil a day. The Diesel-engine installation did the same work on only 12 barrels.

The same application can be made for marine power. One of the vice presidents of the Emergency Fleet Corporation has stated that a vessel with a Diesel-motor power plant in which the fuel oil is burned

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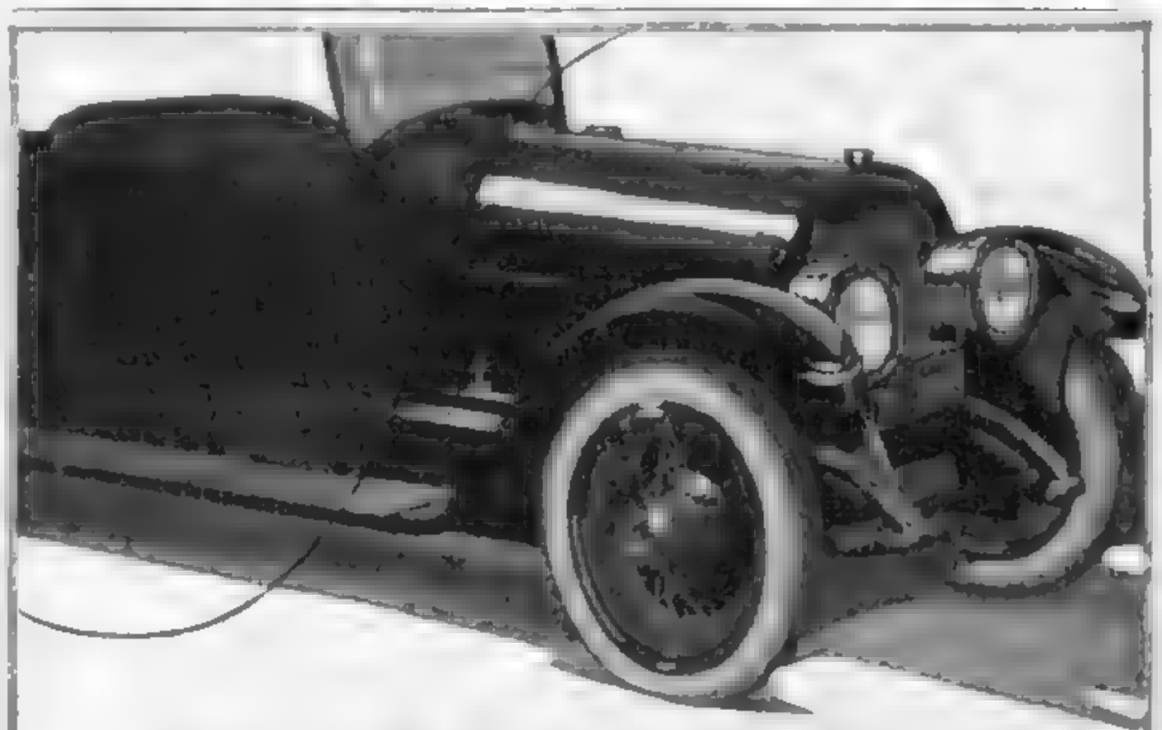

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Let's go back along the Road to Yesterday

SOMEWHERE back among the days of the old swimmin' hole and cat-fishin' along the river bank, there's *one* day that was long remembered—the day that first toy tool chest came.

Mother probably worried about you sawing up the legs of the old square piano. Dad probably looked on and smoked himself into pipe dreams of your future. And you . . . why you *knew* you'd grown up.

Why not gratify the liking that you've still got for good tools by including in your tool equipment a Simonds Hand Saw, Hack Saw and File? Simonds cutting tools are backed by 92 years of manufacturing experience. They represent the best of steel, fashioned into the best of tools by the best of craftsmanship.

But, when you buy your good tools, be sure to say SI-MONDS.

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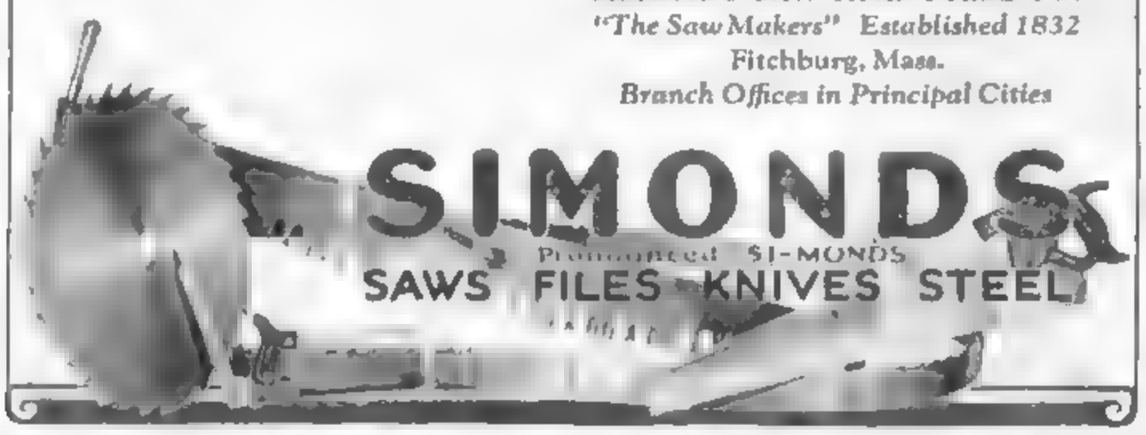

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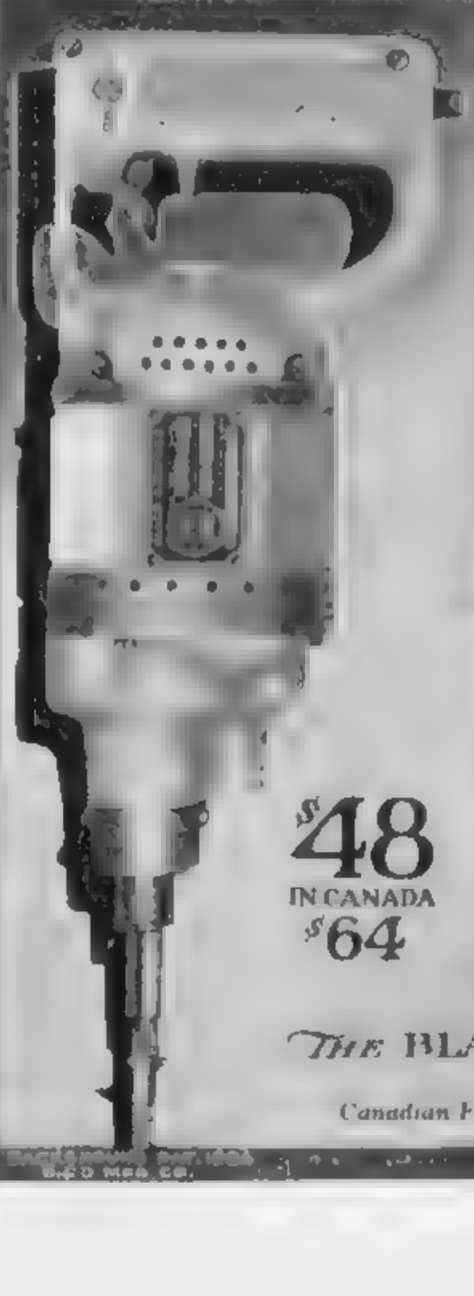

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Spare a minute wherever you may be when you read this, and look at the bottom of your chair and at other objects surrounding you. You will be surprised at the number of screws used in the things that enter into your daily life.

Some of these may have been driven by the old hand screwdriver method, but nowadays such work is being performed by electricity.

For more than a decade we have specialized in the design and construction of electric tools, and we are, therefore, particularly qualified to assist in applying the use of the Electric Screwdriver in your business. Write us.

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If you are already one of the many using Black & Decker Electric Screwdrivers, you know, of course, that these tools may be obtained from your regular supply house.

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in the engine cylinder itself, just as gasoline is burned in the cylinder of an automobile, will travel three times as far as the same ship operating on the identical quantity of fuel oil burned under the boilers for steam generation.

In other words, a Diesel-motored ship will use only one-third as much fuel oil as the ordinary oil-fired, steam-powered ship of the same size and design. Of 351 oil-burning vessels operated by the United States Shipping Board in 1923, only one was equipped with Diesel motors. If all the Shipping-Board vessels had been equipped with Diesel motors, as they probably will be when fuel oil becomes really scarce and valuable, their fuel consumption would have been only one-third what it actually was. Our fuel-oil consumption, instead of expanding indefinitely as more ships are built or converted to oil fuel, will probably decline from its present volume, just as our gasoline absorption will shrink once prices become high enough to make economy imperative.

Waste pursues petroleum wherever the fuel item crops up. Nowhere is it more evident than with the motor car.

As oil men see it, the sole reason why fuel economies have not already come into practice is that gasoline has been too cheap to make them worth while. There has been no sufficient incentive to the automobile manufacturer to make for fuel conservation. It is because Americans, alone of all the great nations of the world, are power mad. The British, French and Italians get much more mileage out of their cars than we do. As one observer put it to me:

"The heavy, luxurious, high-powered car is the present demand of the public, let gasoline consumption be what it may. Whenever gasoline becomes scarce enough to be expensive the public will demand fuel economies in automobile design. When this cry goes up they will obtain it. Even cars already in use can be adapted by special devices to obtain a multiplied fuel efficiency. For the manufacturer there will be the expense of changes in design; for the driver the necessity for more frequent gear shifting on country roads. But with these will come a gasoline economy which will permit our nation to run all the automobiles it can ever need on less fuel than it uses today."

The Temple of the Future

We have seen how fuel economy can conserve the crude supply and act as an antidote against shortage. Its full and even larger mate in constructive endeavor is science. The laboratory, which Pasteur called the temple of the future, constitutes one hope of the oil tomorrow.

Although we have been prodigal in the consumption of our natural resources—in none more so than with petroleum—we have not begun to feel the pinch of scarcity in them which has been manifest in other countries. It stands to reason, however, that just as our forests have dwindled before the ax, so will other kindred raw materials melt away. The chemist must not only utilize what remains but also provide substitutes. Chemistry and conservation are closely allied.

Just as the average citizen is unaware of what happens in the evolution of crude into the gasoline that he uses every day, so is he ignorant of the incessant research which may eventually cheapen the price of that fuel. The chemistry of petroleum is an established science and the laboratory has come to be an essential adjunct of every big petroleum organization.

The advent of science into the industry was not easy. The pioneers, untutored men that they were, who followed hunches in locating wells, resented anything that savored of the academic. Geology, for example, which has now an established place in petroleum finding and has materially reduced the hazard of the dry hole, was opposed for years by the old guard.

So, too, with research. Thirty years ago, when the first chemist joined the ranks of an oil company he had to camouflage his identity for a time. There seemed no reason for his existence.

Today the petroleum chemist is a necessity. As an evidence of how far he can travel in the business, I have only to cite the case of Dr. William M. Burton, whose name is intimately associated with the development of the cracking process. He entered the laboratory of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana as an obscure scientist. Now he is president of the company.

The first serious chemical problem in petroleum came almost without warning when what was known as the Lima oil in Ohio was discovered. This oil, at the outset, could be used only for fuel purposes on account of its high sulphur content, which gave it a skunk odor. The Pennsylvania fields had begun to decline and it was imperative that the Ohio crude be utilized for other purposes than fuel. At that time our oil domain had not expanded to its present nation-wide proportions.

The task of making this Ohio crude suitable for refining was solved by Herman Frasch, a chemist, who found that the sulphur and the vile smell could be removed by heating the oils with copper oxide during the process of distillation. Frasch's discovery saved the Ohio field and increased the value of the oil sevenfold.

The second imperative need of chemistry in petroleum developed with the coming of the automobile. Refining processes were not able to keep pace with the demand for gasoline, and research was concentrated on extracting a larger motor-fuel content. The cracking operation was one result.

Chemistry's objective is to increase the supply of gasoline, to obtain that supply at the minimum cost and to get every ounce of service, as it were, out of the petroleum by-products. The greater the number of valuable by-products that are obtained and utilized, the lower will be the eventual price of gasoline.

Chemical Possibilities

The moment you enter the field of petroleum by-products you become involved in a bewildering technical maze. Up to the present time there are more than 500 of these products, and the majority have some practical use. Not only must every by-product be utilized but some of them are so new that markets must be created for them.

Nearly every day yields some new derivative of petroleum refining which will eventually find a place in the scheme of practical things. Sometimes these findings are as unexpected as they are commercially useful. In the manufacture of a certain special oil product it was discovered during the process that one of the wastes that had formerly been thrown away was more valuable than the oil itself. The company now has both the oil and the one-time waste product.

As I write I have before me a chart showing some of the petroleum by-products obtained in a great American refinery. Although they do not begin to cover the whole field to date, they number 165. This particular chart is nearly five feet high and nearly three feet wide. To include all the by-products that have some use in industry or commerce would require a diagram nearly three times the size. The by-products on the chart range from every conceivable kind of lubricant to gas black used for rubber tires, ink and paint.

From one of the alcohols, itself a by-product, is obtained a substitute for fusel oil. This oil has a peculiar and timely significance. Before the Volstead Act all our fusel oil, which is used as a solvent in the manufacture of films, was derived from alcoholic distillation. With the passing of liquor, some new source had to be devised. It was found in a petroleum by-product.

There is every reason to believe that the chemistry of petroleum is at the threshold of its career and service. In the test tubes and retorts of the laboratories may lurk, for instance, the formula for the synthetic gasoline which would solve part of the vexing problem of crude supply.

The Germans claim to have discovered a substitute for gasoline in synthol. It is the work of Prof. Franz Fischer, former director of the Institute for Coal Research at Mülheim, and a Doctor Trosch. Synthol is a volatile oil derived from coal, coke or half coke, and is practically free from hydrocarbons. In tests it is said to be superior to benzol. Like most synthetic products, it must be further improved to make it fully adapted to commercial purposes.

This reference to the Germans brings to mind a legend widely current among oil refiners that a Leipsic scientist worked for twenty years compiling lists of derivatives from petroleum. Altogether he had fifteen volumes of statistics. Then he discovered that almost as many derivatives had been found by others, whereupon he killed himself. There is a hint of truth in the tragic

(Continued on Page 157)

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Boyce-ite, if given sufficient time, will remove from any motor, regardless of size or design, carbon knocks. Knocks caused by loose bearings, improper timing, etc., are conditions remedied only by an expert repair man. Each gallon of ***Boyce-ite*** treated gasoline removes a certain amount of carbon. Patience is necessary in some motors, but the final results are the same. Use sufficient ***Boyce-ite*** and give it a fair trial.

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These fuels usually cost more money and not infrequently are nothing but ordinary gasolines.

But you know and I know, and every chemist knows that all these fuels form carbon.

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Carbon clogs valves, fouls spark plugs, overheats the motor, wastes fuel and causes an unbelievable loss of power.

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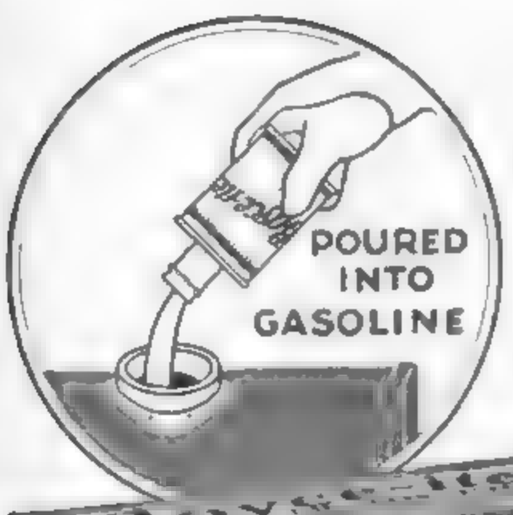

Convenient touring package fits the pocket of your car. Contains 3 cans of Boyce-ite $1.00.

Whenever ***Boyce-ite*** is poured into any gasoline the destructive carbon does go. The spark plug test proves that. And, with the elimination of carbon comes increased mileage, smoother, more velvety operation, more power and a marked reduction in your gasoline and repair bills. You never have to grind valves, clean plugs or remove carbon.

This convenient ***Boyce-ite*** can, dust-proof, leak-proof, tamper-proof, easy to use, is your protection from the carbon pest. Poured into your favorite gasoline ***Boyce-ite*** enables you to create for yourself, before your own eyes, a carbon-destroying super-fuel.

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REPUBLIC TRUCKS

Yellow *Chassis*

(Continued from Page 154)

tale, because if research continues at the present rate, petroleum will outstrip coal tar, which furnishes so many useful by-products.

This naturally leads to another objective of chemical science affecting petroleum. It is in the extraction of oil and oil substitutes from sources other than oil wells. Foremost among these potential sources of oil is shale, from which Great Britain last year produced more than 1,000,000 barrels.

Throughout the United States, and especially in Northwestern Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, are vast beds of shale from which oil can be distilled. These shales, which are close kin to certain classes of coal, are capable of yielding a barrel of oil a ton in addition to other valuable products. They constitute a reserve of oil greater, perhaps, than the volume of our original natural petroleum supply before we began to exploit it.

Many difficulties lie in the way of making the shale oil available. In the first place the task of quarrying and mining, for some of the best oil shales are deeply buried beneath barren strata, would be stupendous. We use more barrels of oil than tons of coal. Since not more than one barrel of oil can be expected from a ton of oil shale, an organization larger than our present coal-mining industry is necessary to produce enough oil shale to replace the present petroleum supply.

There is another obstacle in the shape of an incomplete distillation process. This, however, could be remedied by chemical research. The chief handicap is that the products of shale oil would be expensive, because of the tremendous cost of mining and refining. It is calculated that gasoline derived from shale would cost not less than thirty-five cents, and possibly forty or fifty cents a gallon.

Then, too, oil can be distilled from coal. For some years—and long before the dawn of the petroleum age—a goodly part of our kerosene owed its origin to coal. This is why it was called coal oil. Coal has yielded oil as a by-product in coke manufacture to such an extent that the annual output of oil products now runs into millions of barrels. The average ton of American coal, except anthracite, is capable of supplying a barrel of oil in addition to gas for fuel, ammonium nitrate and other valuable distillates. Since our coal resources are immense, we can therefore obtain a considerable portion of oil products from the coal-distillation industry which is already established. Here is a second insurance policy against the failure of the petroleum supply.

The Cost of Motor Fuel

In alcohol, made from waste plant products, is a third possible source of petroleum substitutes. Alcohol can be used as a fuel for internal-combustion engines either in mixture with gasoline in the present type of engine as so widely obtains in France or by itself in engines of special design. Industrial alcohol is produced in the United States at the rate of more than 50,000,000 gallons a year. This is less than one per cent of the volume of our present gasoline consumption and its present output would cut little figure as a substitute. At best it can merely supplement our gasoline supply.

Thus in coal and shale distillation, and in alcohol, we have three important sources of petroleum products, apart from undiscovered oil fields, to bulwark the future supply. None of these potential sources figures significantly in the immediate situation, and none will until the demand, sharpened by the ultimate inadequacy of the natural supply, and expressed in materially higher prices for products, becomes insistent.

With the price of gasoline we reach the last and, so far as the average man is concerned, the most significant lap of this expedition toward some popular understanding of the oil business. Though fuel represents only one-tenth of the cost of our automobile upkeep, it provokes more agitation than all the other items combined. It is the prize tickler of the pocket nerve. This is why gasoline is an unfailing inciter of legislative investigations.

An explanation of the machinery of the petroleum market is therefore in order as the concluding section of this article. To comprehend it you must understand the conditions under which crude oil is produced and moved, because the rather unusual system of price fixing has developed to fit the peculiarities of the commodity.

No one knows how much petroleum will be forthcoming in the year 1924, nor whence it will come. There are, of course, certain proved fields on which production statistics can be built up with some degree of accuracy; but the industry is always confronted with the necessity of opening new pools to offset the loss of production and to provide the increase due to the rapid expansion in consumption.

In no other important primary market is there so large a factor of uncertainty as in oil.

Thousands of wells may be drilling today, but no statistician can multiply these wells by an average number of barrels which they can be counted upon to produce and estimate the addition to the existing supply. The wildcat wells may prove to be dry holes, or one or more of them may come in with a big production, which would mean a race for leases in that vicinity and a flood of oil that would demoralize the situation. Price is at the mercy of the moment.

Go back for a moment to grain and cotton and you know that there are hundreds of elevators and warehouses where agricultural products can be delivered for receipts which are negotiable at the bank. Quotations on the several grades of wheat are made in the daily trading on the Chicago Board of Trade, and on cotton, in the exchanges of New York and Liverpool. The public knows the procedure followed in this kind of quotation. It has no knowledge of the agencies and influences that contribute to what is called the posted price of crude oil. I will endeavor to outline them.

The Posted Price

For every large company interested in producing oil for its own use, there are thousands of individuals and small firms engaged solely in producing or wildcatting, with no provision of their own for handling the oil after they get it. They sell their production either to the crude purchasing companies or direct to refiners, brokers or other buyers.

The purchasing companies endeavor to take all the crude oil that is offered to them and literally post a price—hence the name—which they will pay for the product purchased. They give the producer a run ticket, as it is termed, at the price in effect on the day the crude is run from his tank. This ticket is the equivalent of cash to him. The producer knows each day just what price he will be paid for the oil which he sells on that particular day.

At times the purchasing companies buy more than they are currently selling and the surplus goes into storage. Again, they sell more than they are buying and draw on their storage reserves for the difference. The refiners who do not obtain their crude requirements from some one of the purchasing companies generally contract with the producer either for a definite quantity of crude or for the producer's output, with some fixed maximum, over a definite period of time. The price basis for these purchases is, under one set of conditions, a premium above the posted price of the purchasing companies. Under the reverse conditions there is a differential below the prevailing rate.

Different prices, dependent on the gravity of the crude, are posted and paid for different grades of petroleum. Mid-Continent crude, for instance, is classified by gravity into five different grades, each grade yielding a different percentage of gasoline. California production is divided into a dozen grades, and so on.

Just how the posted price fluctuates is shown by a brief review of the situation during the summer and fall of 1923. I will take the figures for the thirty-three-gravity Mid-Continent grade as an example, although the quotations in all other fields varied more or less to the same extent. On May twelfth the price paid by the purchasing companies for this grade of Mid-Continent crude was $1.45 a barrel. In June certain of these companies found that owing to the overproduction in California more oil was being offered than they could market. As a result they were obliged to pro rate purchases, taking only a fixed percentage from each producer, and not, as previously, taking all the oil offered. Certain of the producers had to obtain an outlet for their excess production, not being able to store it themselves. This excess was sold to refiners, brokers and others at a price considerably below the posted-price quotations of the purchasing companies.

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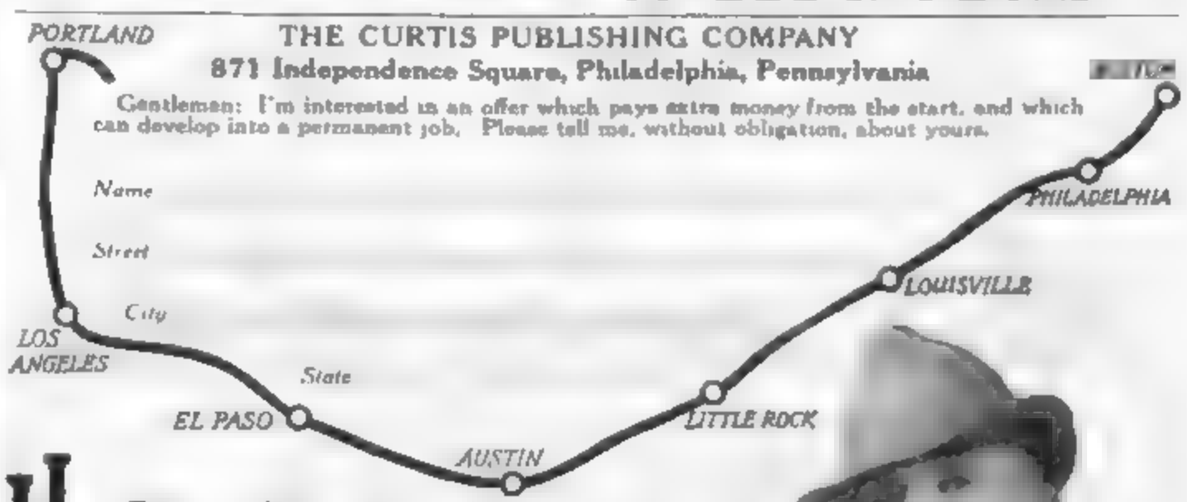

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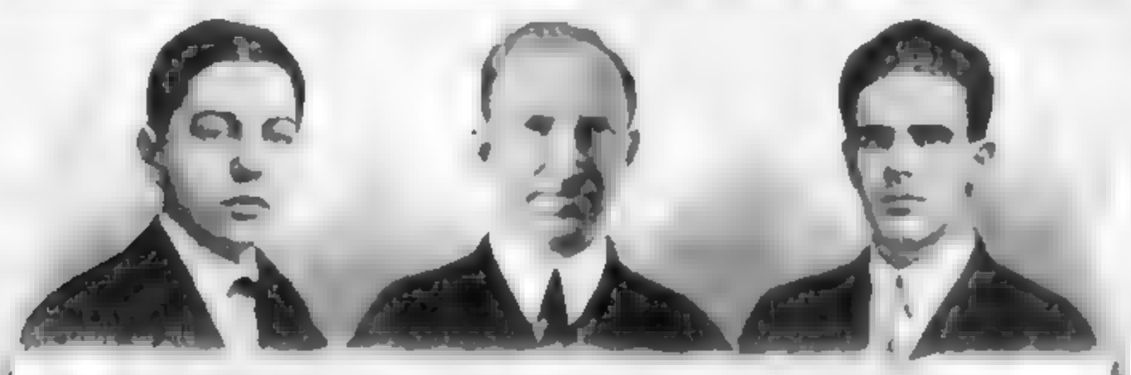

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The refiners, thus able to obtain their crude requirements at a discount, were naturally able to sell their finished products, including gasoline, at a price below that of the refiners obtaining their supplies at the posted price through the purchasing companies. To meet this condition the big buying concerns were compelled, early in September, to reduce the posted price to $1.30 a barrel, and again in November to $1 a barrel.

At this price some of those who had empty tankage decided that they were justified in buying crude to go into storage, with the result that the different purchasing companies found it possible to take more of the crude offered to them by the producers up to the point where the pro rate was lifted entirely.

With the lifting of the pro rate no crude could be purchased at less than the posted price. Those who had previously been purchasing at a discount were obliged to pay a premium. The producers, from whom they had been obtaining their supplies, said to them in effect: "You took advantage of us to the extent of twenty-five to fifty cents a barrel when we were up against it to sell our surplus oil owing to the pro rate. Now if you want to buy from us you must pay us a premium over what we are getting from the purchasing companies who paid us the posted price during the period of overproduction." These premiums, since they took crude away from the big companies, brought about an increase in the posted price on January ninth to $1.25 a barrel. This was followed by subsequent advances until on March thirty-first, when it was $1.75.

Why does the price of gasoline fluctuate so widely? Here is an enigma somewhat akin to the riddle of the sphinx.

Many factors enter into the variations. In localities adjacent to large producing fields such as Southern California the retail market is less than in places more remote, because transportation must be considered. Gasoline is moved in tank cars across the country. The rail rate is much higher than the water freight. It costs no more to send the fuel by tankers from California through the Panama Canal to New York than it does to convey it by tank car from the Pennsylvania oil regions to the same destination. Carriage charges frequently add 20 per cent to the price of gasoline

You have already seen in the analysis of the 1923 situation how some refiners can get their raw material under the posted price during periods of overproduction. Marked-down gasoline is sometimes doped with inferior elements, as the motorist finds out to his cost. Again, most of the states have a gasoline tax which adds to the charge. As a matter of fact, and although it is the butt of much abuse, gasoline, according to the Bureau of Labor reports, has ranged at a lower comparative price level during the past ten years than all the other essential commodities, including sugar, wheat, flour, cotton, copper and corn.

The real reason why gasoline, although comprising only 10 per cent of the total cost of our automobile upkeep, causes so much agitation is, as I pointed out in the first article of this series, that it is a daily or weekly charge; whereas car, tire and accessory renewal is much less frequent.

We now come to the end of the oil road. Before the reader has passed the panorama of an industry whose expansion is one of the wonder tales of these modern business times. To picturesqueness of detail and personality is added a romance of fortune not approached in any other activity. Behind all this is the bigger fact that it is vitally and distinctively American, both in the range of its operation and in the resolution with which it faces the problem of future service.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with American oil

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Jack and Jill eat down-stairs now!

Two more places at the table—two youngsters whose table manners must be equal to eating with grown-up guests. Jack and Jill eat down-stairs now! But what a strain on the silverware. To-night, for instance, with the Clarks and the Osgoods invited to dinner, Jack and Jill mean the setting of just two more places than the silverware allows. To-night Jack's forks and Jill's spoons will have nothing in common with Mrs. Clark's. But to-morrow, and forever thereafter, the children's places must be as correctly set as all the rest!

AMBASSADOR PATTERN
Child's Spoon and Fork

Has your family all the silverware it needs?

ALL that it needs when you and the children are gathered round the table together—and all that it needs when guests arrive? Perhaps not! Perhaps on some occasions certain places—the children's, maybe—have to be set sparsely and queerly.

Yet, it is quite important that all places should be set completely. And it is quite easy to have them so.

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you may buy the half-dozens or dozens of things you need less expensively than you probably suppose. And, for all its reasonableness of price, you will have in "1847 Rogers Bros." the tableware for a lifetime. It comes in every beautiful piece you could desire—salad forks, ice cream forks, iced tea spoons or serving pieces.

You may buy "1847 Rogers Bros." a few pieces at a time—and match the chosen pattern on a later occasion. Leading dealers always have the newer patterns in stock.

May we send you a copy of our booklet SS-90, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day.

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AMBASSADOR
Service Plate, Bread and Butter Plate, Whipped Cream Bowl and Water Pitcher

To match 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns, there are many useful and beautiful pieces of this kind.

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That Victrola Instruments and Victor Records are the world's finest products of their kind is universally admitted. Such things don't just happen—they are achieved. In our case contributing factors are more than twenty-five years of effort concentrated on a single purpose, enthusiastic cooperation of the greatest artists and unequalled facilities for complete manufacture in the largest plant ever devoted to the production of one musical product. Victrola Instruments are better—Victor Records are better—used together they are beyond comparison.

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WERRENRATH
Victor Artist

Werrenrath's baritone, clear, smooth and sympathetic is at its best today. He began early making records for the Victor Company and gained instant favor with the large Victor public. By sheer merit, he has won a place among the greatest in the Red Seal section, and that this was inevitable is amply indicated in the following:

	Double-faced	
Dreaming Alone in the Twilight Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses	843	$1.50
Story of the Rose Tell Me Daisy	846	1.50
Danny Deever On the Road to Mandalay	6360	2.00

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PONSELLE
Victor Artist

The voice of Ponselle is a story. She sings; she more than sings: she transforms situations and events into glorious melody. This is the more striking in her Victor Records; in playing such records as those given below we feel her presence walking across the stage of our imaginations on wings of sound:

	Double-faced	
Aïda—Ritorna vincitor Aïda—O patria mia	6437	$2.00
Ernani—Ernani involami Forza del Destino— Pace, pace mio Dio	6440	2.00

© Herner

HEIFETZ
Victor Artist

Only expert recording could hope to encompass the brilliance of such performances as those of Heifetz. Double-stoppings, harmonics, pizzicati, scatter from his flying bow in rapid profusion, a jeweled torrent. There are forty or more records which this brilliant youth has made. You may have many of them. You will not wish to deny yourself these:

	Double-faced	
Ave Maria (Schubert-Wilhelmj) On Wings of Song	6152	$2.00
Minuet (Porpora-Kreisler) Valse Bluette	673	1.50
Gypsy Airs No. 1 Gypsy Airs No. 2	6153	2.00

Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
$50
Mahogany or oak

Victrola No. 240
$125
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250; electric, $290

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